This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

D 4830

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

VE RI TAS

THIS VOLUME IS FROM
THE LIBRARY OF

GAMALIEL BRADFORD VI,

1863–1932, BIOGRAPHER AND ESSAYIST,
GIVEN BY HELEN F. BRADFORD
MAY 24, 1942

M. F. Bradford

May 30

Memoirs of Scott

William Mull.

ABBOTSFORD.

From the northern bank of the Tweed

LIFE
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
VOL. VIII.

ENGRAVED BY GEO. B. SHAW, FROM THE MARBLE BUST
BY SIR F. CHANTREY, IN THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

Walter Scott

Edin.r 17 November 1848

A&C. BLACK, EDINBURGH.

Memoirs

OF

Sir Walter Scott

BY

J. G. LOCKHART

VOL. VIII.

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1882

KD 4830

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
SAMUEL PUTNAM DEXTER VI
MAY 24, 1942

OF VOLUME EIGHTH.

CHAPTER LXIII.

PAGE

Excursion to Ireland — Reception in Dublin — Wicklow — Edgeworthstown — Killarney — Cork — Castle Blarney &c. — Letters from Moore and Canning — Llangollen — Elleray — Storrs — Lowther.....1825, 1

CHAPTER LXIV.

Life of Napoleon in progress — Visits of Mr Moore, Mrs Coutts, &c. — Commercial Mania and impending Difficulties.....1825, 61

CHAPTER LXV.

Sir Walter's Diary begun, November 20, 1825 — Sketches of various Friends — William Clerk — Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe — Lord Abercrombie — The First Earl of Minto — Lord Byron — Henry Mackenzie — Chief Baron Shepherd — Solicitor-General Hope — Thomas Moore — Charles Mathews — Count Davidoff, &c. &c. — Society of Edinburgh — Religious opinions and feelings — Various alarms about the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Co. — " Storm

PAGE
blows over" — and Song of Bonny Dundee, written at Christmas 1825, 106

CHAPTER LXVI.

Constable in London — Extract from James Ballantyne's Memorandum — Scott's Diary resumed — Progress of Woodstock — Review of Pepys' Diary — Skene, Scrope, Mathews, &c. — Commercial alarms renewed at intervals — Catastrophe of the three houses of Hurst & Robinson, Constable, and Ballantyne.....Jan. & Feb. 1826, 174

CHAPTER LXVII.

Extract from James Ballantyne's Memoranda — Anecdote from Mr Skene — Letters of January and February 1826, to J. G. Lockhart, Mr Morritt, and Lady Davy — Result of the embarrassments of Constable, Hurst, and Ballantyne — Resolution of Sir Walter Scott — Malachi Malagrowther.....1826, 228

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Diary resumed — Anecdote of Culloden — Letter from Mackintosh — Exhibition of Pictures — Modern Painters — Habits of Composition — Glengarry — Advocate's Library — Negotiations with Creditors — First Letter of Malachi Malagrowther — Chronique de Jacques de Lalain — Progress of Woodstock and Buonaparte — Novels by Galt, Miss Austen, and Lady Morgan — Second and third Epistles of Malachi — Departure from Castle Street —
Feb. & March 1826, 244

CHAPTER LXIX.

Domestic afflictions — Correspondence with Sir Robert Dundas and Mr Croker on the subject of Malachi Malagrowther.....1826, 294

CHAPTER LXX.

PAGE
Diary resumed — Abbotsford in solitude — Death of Sir A. Don — Review of the Life of Kemble, &c. — Conclusion of Woodstock — Death of Lady Scott — Chronicles of the Canongate begun — Letter to Miss Edgeworth — April — May 1826, 306

CHAPTER LXXI.

Woodstock — Reception of the Novel — Mrs Brown's lodgings — Extract from a Diary of Captain Basil Hall — Buonaparte resumed, and Chronicles of the Canongate begun — Uniform labour during Summer and Autumn — Extracts from Sir Walter's Journal.....June—Oct. 1826, 353

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Excursion to Ireland — Reception in Dublin — Wicklow — Edgeworthstown — Killarney — Cork — Castle Blarney, &c. — Letters from Moore and Canning — Llangollen — Elleray — Storrs — Lowther.

1825.

BEFORE the Court of Session rose in July, Sir Walter had made considerable progress in his Sketch of the French Revolution; but it was agreed that he should make his promised excursion to Ireland before any MS. went to the printers. He had seen no more of the sister island than Dunluce and the

Giant's Causeway, of which we have his impressions in the Lighthouse Diary of 1814; his curiosity about the scenery and the people was lively; and besides the great object of seeing his son and daughter-in-law under their own roof, and the scarcely inferior pleasure of another meeting with Miss Edgeworth, he looked forward to renewing his acquaintance with several accomplished persons, who had been serviceable to him in his labours upon Swift. But, illustriously as Ireland has contributed to the English Library, he had always been accustomed to hear that almost no books were now published there, and fewer sold than in any other country calling itself civilized; and he had naturally concluded that apathy and indifference prevailed as to literature itself, and of course as to literary men. He had not, therefore, formed the remotest anticipation of the kind of reception which awaited him in Dublin, and indeed throughout the island wherever he traversed it.

On the day after he dispatched the following letter, he had the satisfaction of seeing his son gazetted as Captain.

"*To Walter Scott, Esq., 15th Hussars, 10 Stephen's Green, Dublin.*

"Edinburgh, 16th June 1825.

"My Dear Walter,

"I shall wait with some impatience for this

night's Gazette. I have written to Coutts to pay the money so soon as you are in possession.

"On Saturday 11th, I went to Blair-Adam, and had a delicious stroll among the woods. The roe-deer are lying as thick there as in the Highlands, and, I daresay, they must be equally so at Lochore: so you will have some of the high game. They are endeavouring to destroy them, which they find very difficult. It is a pity they do so much mischief to the woods, for otherwise they are the most beautiful objects in nature; and were they at Abbotsford, I could not I think have the heart to make war on them. Two little fawns came into the room at tea-time and drank cream. They had the most beautiful dark eyes and little dark muzzles, and were scarce so big as Miss Fergusson's Italian greyhound. The Chief Commissioner offered them to me, but to keep them tame would have been impossible on account of the dogs, and to turn them loose would have been wilfully entailing risk on the plantations which have cost me so much money and trouble. There was then a talk of fattening them for the kitchen, a proposal which would have driven mamma distracted.

"We spent Monday on a visit to Lochore, and in planning the road which is so much wanted. The Chief Commissioner is an excellent manager, and has undertaken to treat with Mr Wemyss of East Blair, through a part of whose property the line lies.

but just at a corner, and where it will be as convenient for his property as Lochore.

"I am glad Jane looks after her own affairs. It is very irksome, to be sure; but then one must do it, or be eaten up by their servants, like Actæon by his hounds. Talking of hounds, I have got a second Maida, but he is not yet arrived. Nimrod is his name.

"I keep my purpose as expressed in my last. I might, perhaps, persuade mamma to come, but she is unhappy in steam-boats, bad beds, and all the other inconveniences of travelling. Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson, as I hear, are thinking of stirring towards you. I hope they will allow our visit to be over in the first instance, as it would overtax Jane and you —otherwise I should like to see the merry knight in Ireland, where I suppose he would prove *Ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, more Irish than the natives.

"I have given Charles his choice between France and Ireland, and shall have his answer in two or three days. Will he be *de trop* if we can pack him up in the little barouche?

"Your commentary on Sir D. Dundas's confused hash of regulations, which, for the matter of principle, might be shortened to a dozen, puts me in mind of old Sir William Erskine's speech to him, when all was in utter confusion at the retreat from before Dunkirk, and Sir William came down to pro-

tect the rear. In passing Sir David, the tough old veteran exclaimed, 'Davie, ye donnert idiot, where's a' your *peevioys* (pivots) the day?'

"As to your early hours, no man ought to be in bed at seven in summer time. I never am; your four o'clock is rather premature. — Yours, with kindest remembrances to Jane, WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. — Yours just received, dateless as was your former. I suppose it is a family fault. What I have written will show that the cash matters are *bang-up*. A comparison of the dates will show there has been no voluntary delay on my part; indeed, what motive could I have for leaving money without interest in the hands of a London banker? But we are corresponding at a triangle, when you write to me and I to London. I will write to Jane to scold her for her ladylike fears about our reception: to find you happy will be the principal part of my welcome; for the rest, a slice of plain meat of any kind — a cigar — and a little *potheen*, are worth turtle and burgundy to my taste. As for poor dear stupid ———, there is only one answer, which the clown in one of Shakspeare's plays says will be a fitting reply to *all* questions — *Oh Lord, sir!!!*"

It did not suit either Lady Scott or her eldest daughter to be of the Irish expedition; Anne Scott and myself accompanied Sir Walter. We left Edin-

burgh on the 8th of July in a light open carriage, and after spending a few days among our friends in Lanarkshire, we embarked at Glasgow in a steamer for Belfast. Sir Walter kept no diary during this excursion, and the bustle and tumult throughout were such that he found time to write but very few letters. From my own to the ladies left at home, I could easily draw up a pretty exact journal of our proceedings; but I shall content myself with noting a few particulars more immediately connected with the person of Scott—for I am very sensible, on looking over what I set down at the moment, that there was hardly opportunity even for him to draw any conclusions of serious value on the structure and ordinary habits of society in Ireland, to say nothing of the vexed questions of politics and administration; and such features of natural beauty and historical interest as came under his view have been painted over and over again by native writers, with whom hasty observers should not be ambitious of competing.

The steam-boat, besides a crowd of passengers of all possible classes, was lumbered with a cargo offensive enough to the eye and the nostrils, but still more disagreeable from the anticipations and reflections it could not fail to suggest. Hardly had our carriage been lashed on the deck before it disappeared from our view amidst mountainous packages of old clothes; the cast-off raiment of the Scotch beggars

was on its way to a land where beggary is the staple of life. The captain assured us that he had navigated nearly forty years between the West of Scotland and the sister island, and that his freights from the Clyde were very commonly of this description; pigs and potatoes being the usual return. Sir Walter rather irritated a military passenger (a stout old Highlander), by asking whether it had never occurred to him that the beautiful checkery of the clan tartans might have originated in a pious wish on the part of the Scottish Gael to imitate the tatters of the parent race. After soothing the veteran into good-humour, by some anecdotes of the Celtic splendours of August 1822, he remarked that if the Scotch Highlanders were really descended in the main from the Irish blood, it seemed to him the most curious and difficult problem in the world to account for the startling contrasts in so many points of their character, temper, and demeanour; and entered into some disquisition on this subject, which I am sorry I cannot repeat in detail. The sum of his opinion was, that while courage and generous enthusiasm of spirit, kindness of heart, and great strength and purity of domestic affection, characterised them equally, the destruction, in the course of endless feuds, and wars, and rebellions, of the native aristocracy of Ireland, had robbed that people of most of the elements of internal civilisation; and avowed his belief, that had the Highlanders been deprived,

under similar circumstances, of their own chiefs, they would have sunk, from the natural poverty of their regions, into depths of barbarity not exampled even in the history of Ireland. The old soldier (who had taken an early opportunity of intimating his own near relationship to the chief of his sept) nodded assent, and strutted from our part of the deck with the dignity of a MacTurk.—"But then," Sir Walter continued (watching the Colonel's retreat)—"but then comes the queerest point of all. How is it that our solemn, proud, dignified Celt, with a soul so alive to what is elevating and even elegant in poetry and feeling, is so supereminently dull as respects all the lighter play of fancy? The Highlander never understands wit or humour—Paddy, despite all his misery and privations, overflows with both. I suppose he is the gayest fellow in the world, except the only worse-used one still, the West-India nigger. This is their make-up—but it is to me the saddest feature in the whole story."

A voyage down the Firth of Clyde is enough to make anybody happy: nowhere can the home tourist, at all events, behold, in the course of one day, such a succession and variety of beautiful, romantic, and majestic scenery: on one hand, dark mountains and castellated shores—on the other, rich groves and pastures, interspersed with elegant villas and thriving towns—the bright estuary between, alive with shipping, and diversified with islands.

It may be supposed how delightful such a voyage was in a fine day of July, with Scott always as full of glee on any trip as a schoolboy; crammed with all the traditions and legends of every place we passed; and too happy to pour them out for the entertainment of his companions on deck. After dinner, too, he was the charm of the table. A worthy old Bailie of Glasgow sat by him, and shared fully in the general pleasure; though his particular source of interest and satisfaction was, that he had got into such close quarters with a live Sheriff and Clerk of Session, and this gave him the opportunity of discussing sundry knotty points of police law, as to which our steerage passengers might perhaps have been more curious than most of those admitted to the symposium of the cabin. Sir Walter, however, was as ready for the rogueries of the Broomielaw, as for the misty antiquities of Balclutha, or the discomfiture of the Norsemen at Largs, or Bruce's adventures in Arran. I remember how this new acquaintance chuckled when he, towards the conclusion of our first bowl of punch, said he was not surprised to find himself gathering much instruction from the Bailie's conversation on his favourite topics, since the most eminent and useful of the police magistrates of London (Colquhoun) had served his apprenticeship in the Town Chamber of Glasgow. The Bailie insisted for a second bowl, and volunteered to be the manufacturer; "for," quoth he (with a sly

wink), "I am reckoned a fair hand, though not equal to *my father, the deacon.*" Scott smiled in acquiescence, and, the ladies having by this time withdrawn, said he was glad to find the celebrated beverage of the city of St Mungo had not fallen into desuetude. The Bailie extolled the liquor he was brewing, and quoted Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health and Longevity for the case of a gentleman well known to himself, who lived till ninety, and had been drunk upon it every night for half-a-century. But Bailie * * * was a devout elder of the kirk, and did not tell his story without one or two groans that his doctrine should have such an example to plead. Sir Walter said, he could only hope that manners were mended in other respects since the days when a popular minister of the last age (one Mr Thom), renowned for satirical humour, as well as for high-flying zeal, had demolished all his own chances of a Glasgow benefice, by preaching before the Town-Council from this text in Hosea:—"Ephraim's drink is sour, and he hath committed whoredom continually." The Bailie's brow darkened (like Nicol Jarvie's when they *misca'd Rab);* he groaned deeper than before, and said he feared "Tham o' Govan was at heart a ne'erdoweel." He, however, refilled our glasses as he spoke; and Scott, as he tasted his, said, "Weel, weel, Bailie, Ephraim was not so far wrong as to the matter of drink." A gay little Irish Squireen (a keener Protestant even than

our "merchant and magistrate") did not seem to have discovered the Great Unknown until about this time, and now began to take a principal share in the conversation. To the bowl of Ephraim he had from the first done all justice. He broke at once into the heart of the debateable land; and after a few fierce tirades against Popery, asked the Highland Colonel, who had replaced the master of the steamer at the head of the table, to give *the glorious memory*. The prudent Colonel affected not to hear until this hint had been thrice repeated, watching carefully meanwhile the demeanour of a sufficiently mixed company. The general pushing in of glasses, and perhaps some freemasonry symptoms besides—(for we understood that he had often served in Ireland)—had satisfied him that all was right, and he rose and announced the Protestant Shibboleth with a voice that made the lockers and rafters ring again. Bailie * * * rose with grim alacrity to join in the cheers; and then our Squireen proposed, in his own person, what, he said, always ought to be the second toast among good men and true. This was nothing else than *the heroic memory*, which, from our friend's preliminary speech, we understood to be the memory of *Oliver Cromwell*. Sir Walter winced more shrewdly than his Bailie had done about Ephraim's transgressions, but swallowed his punch, and stood up, glass in hand, like the rest, though an unfortunate fit of coughing prevented his taking part in their huzzas. This

feature of Irish loyalism was new to the untravelled Scotch of the party. On a little reflection, however, we thought it not so unnatural. Our little Squireen boasted of being himself descended from a sergeant in Cromwell's army; and he added that "the best in Ireland" had similar pedigrees to be proud of. He took care, however, to inform us that his own great ancestor was a real *jontleman* all over, and behaved as such; "for," said he, "when Oliver gave him his order for the lands, he went to the widow, and tould her he would neither turn out her nor the best looking of her daughters; so get the best dinner you can, old lady," quoth he, "and parade the whole lot of them, and I'll pick." Which was done, it seems, accordingly; and probably no conquest ever wanted plenty of such alleviations.

When we got upon deck again after our carousal, we found it raining heavily, and the lady passengers in great misery; which state of things continued till we were within sight of Belfast. We got there about nine in the morning, and I find it set down that we paid four guineas for the conveyance of the carriage, and a guinea a-piece for ourselves; in 1837, I understand the charge for passengers is not more than half-a-crown a-head in the cabin, and sixpence in the steerage—so rapidly has steam-navigation extended in the space of twelve years. Sir Walter told us he well remembered being on board of the first steamer that ever was launched in Britain, in 1812. For some

time, that one awkward machine went back and forward between Glasgow and Greenock, and it would have looked like a cock-boat beside any one of the hundreds of magnificent steamships that now cover the Firth of Clyde. It is also written in my pocket-book, that the little Orange Squireen was particularly kind and serviceable at our landing—knocking about the swarm of porters that invaded the vessel on anchoring in a style quite new to us, with slang equally Irish—*e. g.* "Your fingers are all thumbs, I see—put that (portmanteau) in your teeth, you grampus," &c. &c.

The following is part of the first letter I wrote to my wife from Dublin:—"Belfast is a thriving bustling place, surrounded with smart villas, and built much like a second-rate English town; yet there we saw the use of the imported rags forthwith. One man, apparently happy and gay, returning to his work (a mason seemingly), from breakfast, with pipe in mouth, had a coat of which I don't believe any three inches together were of the same colour or the same stuff—red, black, yellow, green—cloth, velveteen, corduroy, fustian—the complete image of a tattered coverlid originally made on purpose of small particularly patches—no shirt, and almost no breeches;—yet this is the best part of Ireland, and the best population. What shall we see in the South?

"Erin deserves undoubtedly the style of *Green Erin*. We passed through high and low country

rich and poor, but none that was not greener than Scotland ever saw. The husbandry to the north seemed rather careless than bad—I should say *slovenly*, for everything is cultivated, and the crops are fine, though the appearance is quite spoiled by the bad, or oftener the *no* fences; and, above all, to unaccustomed eyes, by the human wretchedness everywhere visible even there. Your papa says, however, that he sees all over the North, marks of an improving country; that the new houses are all greatly better than the old, &c. He is no doubt right as to the towns, and even villages on the highway, but I can't imagine the *newest* hut of the peasantry to have been preceded by worse even in the days of Malachi with the collar of gold. They are of clay without chimneys, and without any opening for light, except the door and the smoke-hole in the roof. When there is a window, it seldom has even one pane of glass, and I take it the aperture is only a summer luxury, to be closed up with the ready trowel whenever the winter comes. The filth, darkness, and squalor of these dens and their inhabitants, are beyond imagination, even to us who have traversed so often the wildest of our own Highland glens; yet your father swears he has not yet seen one face decidedly careworn and unhappy; on the contrary, an universal good-humour and merriment, and, to us, every sort of civility from the poor people; as yet few beggars. An old man at Dunleer having got

some pence from Anne while the carrriage stopt, an older woman came forward to sell gooseberries, and we declining these, she added that we might as well give her an alms too then, for she was an old *struggler*. Anne thought she said *smuggler*, and dreamt of potheen, but she meant that she had done her best to resist the 'sea of troubles;' whereas her neighbour, the professed mendicant, had yielded to the stream too easily. The Unknown says he shall recollect the word, which deserves to be classical. We slept at Dundalk, a poor little town by the shore, but with a magnificent Justice-hall and jail—a public building superior, I think, to any in Edinburgh, in the midst of a place despicably dirty and miserable."

When we halted at Drogheda, a retired officer of dragoons, discovering that the party was Sir Walter's, sent in his card, with a polite offer to attend him over the field of the battle of the Boyne, about two miles off, which of course was accepted;—Sir Walter rejoicing the veteran's heart by his vigorous recitation of the famous ballad *(The Crossing of the Water)*, as we proceeded to the ground, and the eager and intelligent curiosity with which he received his explanations of it.

On Thursday the 14th we reached Dublin in time for dinner, and found young Walter and his bride established in one of those large and noble houses in St Stephen's Green (the most extensive square in

Europe), the founders of which little dreamt that they should ever be let at an easy rate as garrison lodgings. Never can I forget the fond joy and pride with which Sir Walter looked round him, as he sat for the first time at his son's table. I could not but recall Pindar's lines, in which, wishing to paint the gentlest rapture of felicity, he describes an old man with a foaming wine-cup in his hand at his child's wedding-feast.

That very evening arrived a deputation from the Royal Society of Dublin, inviting Sir Walter to a public dinner; and next morning he found on his breakfast-table a letter from the Provost of Trinity College (Dr Kyle, now Bishop of Cork), announcing that the University desired to pay him the very high compliment of a degree of Doctor of Laws by *diploma*. The Archbishop of Dublin (the celebrated Dr Magee), though surrounded with severe domestic afflictions at the time, was among the earliest of his visitors; another was the Attorney-General (now Lord Chancellor Plunkett); a third was the Commander of the Forces, Sir George Murray; and a fourth the Chief Remembrancer of Exchequer (the Right Honourable Anthony Blake), who was the bearer of a message from the Marquis Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, offering all sorts of facilities, and inviting him to dine next day at his Excellency's country residence, Malahide Castle. It would be endless to enumerate the distinguished per-

sons who, morning after morning, crowded his *levee* in St Stephen's Green. The courts of law were not then sitting, and most of the judges were out of town; but all the other great functionaries, and the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the city and its neighbourhood, of whatever sect or party, hastened to tender every conceivable homage and hospitality. But all this was less surprising to the companions of his journey (though, to say truth, we had, no more than himself, counted on such eager enthusiasm among any class of Irish society), than the demonstrations of respect which, after the first day or two, awaited him, wherever he moved, at the hands of the less elevated orders of the Dublin population. If his carriage was recognised at the door of any public establishment, the street was sure to be crowded before he came out again, so as to make his departure as slow as a procession. When he entered a street, the watchword was passed down both sides like lightning, and the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and curtseying all the way down; while the mob and boys huzza'd as at the chariot wheels of a conqueror. I had certainly been most thoroughly unprepared for finding the common people of Dublin so alive to the claims of any non-military greatness. Sir Robert Peel says, that Sir Walter's reception on the High Street of Edinburgh, in August 1822, was the first thing that gave him a notion of "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." I doubt if even

that scene surpassed what I myself witnessed when he returned down Dame Street, after inspecting the Castle of Dublin. Baillie * * * *, who had been in the crowd on that occasion, called afterwards in Stephen's Green to show Sir Walter some promised Return about his Glasgow Police, and observed to me, as he withdrew, that "*yon* was owre like worshipping the creature."

I may as well, perhaps, extract from a letter of the 16th, the contemporary note of one day's operations. "Sir Humphrey Davy is here on his way to fish in Connemara—he breakfasted at Walter's this morning; also Hartstonge, who was to show us the lions of St Patrick's. Peveril was surprised to find the exterior of the cathedral so rudely worked, coarse, and almost shapeless—but the interior is imposing, and even grand. There are some curious old monuments of the Cork family, &c.; but one thinks of nothing but Swift there — the whole cathedral is merely his tomb. Your papa hung long over the famous inscription,* which is in gilt letters upon black marble; and seemed vexed there was not a ladder at hand that he might have got nearer the bust (apparently a very fine one), by Roubilliac, which is placed over it. This was given by the piety of his printer, Faulkener. According to this, Swift

* The terrible inscription is "Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S.T.P. &c., ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit."

had a prodigious double chin; and Peveril remarked that the severity of the whole countenance is much increased by the absence of the wig, which, in the prints, conceals the height and gloom of the brow, the uncommon massiveness and breadth of the temple-bones, and the Herculean style in which the head fits in to the neck behind. Stella's epitaph is on the adjoining pillar—close by. Sir Walter seemed not to have thought of it before (or to have forgotten, if he had), but to judge merely from the wording that Swift himself wrote it. She is described as 'Mrs Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of this cathedral.' 'This,' said Sir Walter, 'the Dean might say—any one else would have said more.' She died in 1727—Swift in 1745. Just by the entrance to the transept, is his tablet in honour of the servant who behaved so well about the secret of the Drapier's Letters.—We then saw St Sepulchre's Library, a monastic looking place, very like one of the smaller college libraries in Oxford. Here they have the folio Clarendon, with Swift's marginal remarks, mostly in pencil, but still quite legible. 'Very savage as usual upon us poor Scots everywhere,' quoth the Unknown. We then went into the Deanery (the one Swift inhabited has been pulled down), and had a most courteous and elegant reception from the Dean, the Honourable Dr Ponsonby. He gave us a capital

luncheon — the original full-length picture of *the* Dean over the sideboard. The print in the Edinburgh edition is very good — but the complexion is in the picture — black, robust, sanguine — a heavy-lidded, stern blue eye. It was interesting to see how completely the *genius loci* has kept his ground. Various little relics reverently hoarded as they should be. They said his memory was as fresh as ever among the common people about — they still sing his ballads, and had heard with great delight that Sir Walter wrote a grand book all about *the great Dane.* The

'Jolly lads of St Patrick's, St Keven's, Donore,'

mustered strong and stentorian at our exit. They would, like their great-grandfathers and mothers, have torn the Unknown to pieces, had he taken the other tack, and

'Insulted us all by insulting the Dean.'*

"We next saw the Bank, late Parliament House — the Dublin Society's Museum, where papa was enchanted with a perfect skeleton of the gigantic moose-deer, the horns fourteen feet from tip to tip, and high in proportion — and a long train of other fine places and queer things, all as per road-book. Everywhere throughout this busy day — fine folks

* See Scott's Swift (Edit. 1814), vol. x. p. 537.

within *doors* and rabble without—a terrible rushing and *crushing to see* the Baronet; Lord Wellington could not have excited a better rumpus. But the theatre in the evening completed the thing. I never heard such a row. The players might as well have had no tongues. Beatrice (Miss Foote) twice left the stage; and at last Benedick (Abbot, who is the manager) came forward, cunning dog, and asked what was the cause of the tempest. A thousand voices shouted, *Sir Walter Scott;* and the worthy lion being thus bearded and poked, rose, after an hour's torture, and said, with such a kindness and grace of tone and manner, *these* words:—'I am sure the Irish people—(a roar)—I am sure this respectable audience will not suppose that a stranger can be insensible to the kindness of their reception of him; and if I have been too long in saying this, I trust it will be attributed to the right cause—my unwillingness to take to myself honours so distinguished, and which I could not and cannot but feel to be unmerited.' I think these are the very words. The noise continued—a perfect cataract and thunder of roaring; but he would take no hints about going to the stage-box, and the evening closed decently enough. The theatre is very handsome—the dresses and scenery capital—the actors and actresses seemed (but, to be sure, this was scarcely a fair specimen) about as bad as in the days of Croker's Familiar Epistles."

On Monday the 18th, to give another extract—"Young Mr Maturin breakfasted, and Sir Walter asked a great deal about his late father and the present situation of the family, and promised to go and see the widow. When the young gentleman was gone, Hartstonge told us that Maturin used to compose with a wafer pasted on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the *sanctum* they must not speak to him. 'He was never bred in a writer's *chaumer*,' quoth Peveril. Sir Walter observed that it seemed to be a piece of Protestantism in Dublin to drop the saintly titles of the Catholic Church: they call St Patrick's, Patrick's; and St Stephen's Green has been Orangeized into Stephen's. He said you might trace the Puritans in the plain *Powles* (for St Paul's) of the old English comedians. We then went to the Bank, where the Governor and Directors had begged him to let *themselves* show him everything in proper style; and he was forced to say, as he came out, 'These people treated me as if I was a Prince of the Blood.' I do believe that, just at this time, the Duke of York might be treated as well—better he could not be. From this to the College hard by The Provost received Sir W. in a splendid drawing-room, and then carried him through the libraries, halls, &c. amidst a crowd of eager students. He received his diploma in due form, and there followed a superb *dejeuner* in the Provostry. Neither Oxford

nor Cambridge could have done the whole thing in better style. Made acquaintance with Dr Brinkley, Astronomer Royal, and Dr Macdonnell, Professor of Greek, and all the rest of the leading Professors, who vied with each other in respect and devotion to the Unknown.—19th. I forgot to say that there is one *true* paragraph in the papers. One of the College librarians yesterday told Sir W., fishingly, 'I have been so busy that I have not yet read *your* Redgauntlet.' He answered, very meekly, 'I have not happened to fall in with such a work, Doctor.'"

From Dublin we made an excursion of some days into the county Wicklow, halting for a night at the villa of the Surgeon-General, Mr Crampton,* who struck Sir Walter as being more like Sir Humphrey Davy than any man he had met, not in person only, but in the liveliness and range of his talk, and who kindly did the honours of Lough Breagh and the Dargle; and then for two or three at Old Connaught, Lord Plunkett's seat near Bray. Here there was a large and brilliant party assembled; and from hence under the guidance of the Attorney-General and his amiable family, we perambulated to all possible advantage the classical resorts of the Devil's Glyn, Rosanna, Kilruddery, and Glendalough, with its seven churches, and *St Kevin's Bed*—the scene of the fate of Cathleen, celebrated in Moore's ballad—

* Now Sir Philip Crampton, Baronet.—[1839.]

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er," &c.

"It is, says my letter, "a hole in the sheer surface of the rock, in which two or three people might sit. The difficulty of getting into this place has been exaggerated, as also the danger, for it would only be falling thirty or forty feet into very deep water. Yet I never was more pained than when your papa, in spite of all remonstrances, would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded and got in—the first lame man that ever tried it. After he was gone, Mr Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Cathleen treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr Attorney's. '*Poet!*' said she, 'the devil a bit of him—but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown.'"

On the 1st of August we proceeded from Dublin to Edgeworthstown, the party being now reinforced by Captain and Mrs Scott, and also by the delightful addition of the Surgeon-General, who had long been an intimate friend of the Edgeworth family, and equally gratified both the novelists by breaking the toils of his great practice to witness their meeting on his native soil. A happy meeting it was: we remained there for several days, making excursions to Loch Oel and other scenes of interest in Longford and the adjoining counties; the gentry everywhere exerting themselves with true Irish zeal to signalize their affectionate pride in their illustrious country-

woman, and their appreciation of her guest; while her brother, Mr Lovell Edgeworth, had his classical mansion filled every evening with a succession of distinguished friends, the *elite* of Ireland. Here, above all, we had the opportunity of seeing in what universal respect and comfort a gentleman's family may live in that country, and in far from its most favoured district, provided only they live there habitually, and do their duty as the friends and guardians of those among whom Providence has appointed their proper place. Here we found neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about. Here there was a very large school in the village, of which masters and pupils were in a nearly equal proportion Protestants and Roman Catholics, — the Protestant squire himself making it a regular part of his daily business to visit the scene of their operations, and strengthen authority and enforce discipline by his personal superintendence. Here, too, we pleased ourselves with recognising some of the sweetest features in Goldsmith's picture of

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;"

and, in particular, we had "the playful children just let loose from school" in perfection. Mr Edgeworth's paternal heart delighted in letting them make a play-ground of his lawn; and every evening after dinner we saw leap-frog going on with the highest

spirit within fifty yards of the drawing-room windows, while fathers and mothers, and their aged parents also, were grouped about among the trees watching the sport. It is a curious enough coincidence that Oliver Goldsmith and Maria Edgeworth should both have derived their early love and knowledge of Irish character and manners from the same identical district. He received part of his education at this very school of Edgeworthstown; and Pallasmore (the *locus cui nomen est Pallas* of Johnson's epitaph), the little hamlet where the author of the Vicar of Wakefield first saw the light, is still, as it was in his time, the property of the Edgeworths.

It may well be imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pic-

tures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true and immortal honours. In Maria he hailed a sister spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem, to vain and short-sighted eyes, sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds. I was then a young man, and I cannot forget how much I was struck at the time by some words that fell from one of them, when, in the course of a walk in the park at Edgeworthstown, I happened to use some phrase which conveyed (though not perhaps meant to do so) the impression that I suspected Poets and Novelists of being a good deal accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials for art. A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said—"I fear you have some very young ideas in your head:—are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with

enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart." Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes — her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched — (for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;")—but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is — Dean Swift said he had written his books, in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his, in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."

Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in his life, Sir Walter once gave in my hearing to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it — it was *vulgar*. "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only *common*; nothing that is

common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon.*"

At Edgeworthstown he received the following letter from Mr Canning:—

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart., &c. &c.*

"Combe Wood, July 24, 1825.

"My Dear Sir,

"A pretty severe indisposition has prevented me from sooner acknowledging your kind letter; and now I fear that I shall not be able to accomplish my visit to Scotland this year. Although I shall be, for the last fortnight of August, at no great distance from the Borders, my time is so limited that I cannot reckon upon getting farther.

"I rejoice to see that my countrymen (for, though I was accidentally born in London, I consider myself an Irishman) have so well known the value of the honour which you are paying to them.

"By the way, if you landed at Liverpool on your return, could you find a better road to the north than through the Lake country? You would find me (from about the 10th of August) and Charles Ellis*

* Now Lord Seaford.

at my friend Mr Bolton's, on the Banks of Windermere, where I can promise you as kind, though not so noisy a welcome, as that which you have just experienced; and where our friend the Professor (who is Admiral of the Lake) would fit out all his flotilla, and fire as many of his guns as are not painted ones, in honour of your arrival. — Yours, my dear sir, very sincerely, GEO. CANNING."

This invitation was not to be resisted; and the following letter announced a change of the original route:—

"*To John B. S. Morritt, Esq., Rokeby Park.*

"Edgeworthstown, Aug. 3, 1825.

"Your kind letter, my dear Morritt, finds me sweltering under the hottest weather I ever experienced, for the sake of seeing sights—of itself, you know, the most feverish occupation in the world. Luckily we are free of Dublin, and there is nothing around us but green fields and fine trees, 'barring the high roads,' which make those who tread on them the most complete *pie-poudreux* ever seen; that is, if the old definition of *pie-poudres* be authentic, and if not, you may seek another dusty simile for yourself—it cannot exceed the reality. I have with me Lockhart and Anne, Walter and his *cara sposa*, for all whom the hospitality of Edgeworthstown has

found ample space and verge enough. Indeed it is impossible to conceive the extent of this virtue in all classes; I don't think even our Scottish hospitality can match that of Ireland. Everything seems to give way to the desire to accommodate a stranger; and I really believe the story of the Irish harper, who condemned his harp to the flames for want of fire-wood to cook a guest's supper. Their personal kindness to me has been so great, that were it not from the chilling recollection that novelty is easily substituted for merit, I should think, like the booby in Steele's play, that I had been *kept back*, and that there was something more about me than I had ever been led to suspect. As I am LL.D. of Trinity College, and am qualified as a Catholic seer, by having mounted up into the bed of Saint Kevin, at the celebrated seven churches of Glendalough, I am entitled to prescribe, *ex cathedrâ*, for all the diseases of Ireland, as being free both of the Catholic and Protestant parties. But the truth is, that Pat, while the doctors were consulting, has been gradually and securely recovering of himself. He is very loath to admit this, indeed; there being a strain of hypochondria in his complaints, which will not permit him to believe he's getting better. Nay, he gets even angry when a physician, more blunt than polite, continues to assure him that he is better than he supposes himself, and that much of his present distress consists, partly of the recollection of former

indisposition, partly of the severe practice of modern empirics.

"In sober sadness, to talk of the misery of Ireland at this time, is to speak of the illness of a *malade imaginaire*. *Well* she is not, but she is rapidly becoming so. There are all the outward and visible tokens of convalescence. Everything is mending; the houses that arise are better a hundredfold than the cabins which are falling; the peasants of the younger class are dressed a great deal better than with the rags which clothe the persons of the more ancient Teagues, which realize the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings,

> 'One single pin at night let loose
> The robes which veiled her beauty.

I am sure I have seen with apprehension a single button perform the same feat, and when this mad scarecrow hath girded up his loins to run hastily by the side of the chaise, I have feared it would give way, and that there, as King Lear's fool says, we should be all shamed. But this, which seems once to have generally been the attire of the fair of the Green Isle, probably since the time of King Malachi and the collar of gold, is now fast disappearing, and the habit of the more youthful Pats and Patesses is decent and comely. *Here* they all look well coloured, and well fed, and well contented. And as I see in most places great exertions making to reclaim

bogs upon a large scale, and generally to improve ground, I must needs hold that they are in constant employment.

" With all this, there is much that remains to be amended, and which time and increase of capital only can amend. The price of labour is far too low, and this naturally reduces the labouring poor beyond their just level in society. The behaviour of the gentry in general to the labourers is systematically harsh, and this arrogance is received with a servile deference which argues anything excepting affection. This, however, is also in the course of amending. I have heard a great deal of the far-famed Catholic Question from both sides, and I think I see its bearings better than I did; but these are for your ear when we meet — as meet we shall — if no accident prevent it. I return *via* Holyhead, as I wish to show Anne something of England, and you may believe that we shall take Rokeby in our way. To-morrow I go to Killarney, which will occupy most part of the week. About Saturday I shall be back at Dublin to take leave of friends; and then for England, ho! I will, avoiding London, seek a pleasant route to Rokeby. Fate will only allow us to rest there for a day or two, because I have some desire to see Canning, who is to be on the Lakes about that time. *Et finis,* — my leave will be exhausted. Anne and Lockhart send kindest compli-

ments to you and the ladies. I am truly rejoiced that Mrs John Morritt is better. Indeed, I had learned that agreeable intelligence from Lady Louisa Stuart. I found Walter and his wife living happily and rationally, affectionately and prudently. There is great good sense and quietness about all Jane's domestic arrangements, and she plays the leaguer's lady very prettily.—I will write again when I reach Britain, and remain ever yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

Miss Edgeworth, her sister Harriet, and her brother William, were easily persuaded to join our party for the rest of our Irish travels. We had lingered a week at Edgeworthstown, and were now anxious to make the best of our way towards the Lakes of Killarney; but posting was not to be very rapidly accomplished in those regions by so large a company as had now collected—and we were more agreeably delayed by the hospitalities of Miss Edgeworth's old friends, and several of Sir Walter's new ones, at various mansions on our line of route—of which I must note especially Judge Moore's, at Lamberton, near Maryborough, because Sir Walter pronounced its beneficence to be even beyond the usual Irish scale; for, on reaching our next halting place, which was an indifferent country inn, we discovered that we need be in no alarm as to our dinner at all events, the Judge's people having privately packed

up in one of the carriages, ere we started in the morning, a pickled salmon, a most lordly venison pasty, and half-a-dozen bottles of champaign. But most of these houses seemed, like the Judge's, to have been constructed on the principle of the Peri Banou's tent. They seemed all to have room not only for the lion and lioness, and their respective tails, but for all in the neighbourhood who could be held worthy to inspect them at feeding-time.

It was a succession of festive gaiety wherever we halted; and in the course of our movements we saw many castles, churches, and ruins of all sorts — with more than enough of mountain, wood, lake, and river, to have made any similar progress in any other part of Europe, truly delightful in all respects. But those of the party to whom the South of Ireland was new, had almost continually before them spectacles of abject misery, which robbed these things of more than half their charm. Sir Walter, indeed, with the habitual hopefulness of his temper, persisted that what he saw even in Kerry was better than what books had taught him to expect; and insured, therefore, that improvement, however slow, was going on. But, ever and anon, as we moved deeper into the country, there was a melancholy in his countenance, and, despite himself, in the tone of his voice, which I for one could not mistake. The constant passings and repassings of bands of mounted policemen, armed to the teeth, and having quite the air of

highly disciplined soldiers on sharp service; — the rueful squalid poverty that crawled by every way-side, and blocked up every village where we had to change horses, with exhibitions of human suffering and degradation, such as it had never entered into our heads to conceive; and, above all, the contrast between these naked clamorous beggars, who seemed to spring out of the ground at every turn like swarms of vermin, and the boundless luxury and merriment surrounding the thinly scattered magnates who condescended to inhabit their ancestral seats, would have been sufficient to poison those land-scapes, had nature dressed them out in the verdure of Arcadia, and art embellished them with all the temples and palaces of Old Rome and Athens. It is painful enough even to remember such things; but twelve years can have had but a trifling change in the appearance of a country which, so richly endowed by Providence with every element of wealth and happiness, could, at so advanced a period of European civilisation, sicken the heart of the stranger by such wide-spread manifestations of the wanton and reckless profligacy of human mismanagement, the withering curse of feuds and factions, and the tyrannous selfishness of absenteeism; and I fear it is not likely that any contemporary critic will venture to call my melancholy picture overcharged. A few blessed exceptions—such an aspect of ease and decency, for example, as we met everywhere on the

vast domain of the Duke of Devonshire—served only to make the sad reality of the rule more flagrant and appalling. Taking his bedroom candle, one night in a village on the Duke's estate, Sir Walter summed up the strain of his discourse by a line of Shakspeare's—

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

There were, however, abundance of ludicrous incidents to break this gloom; and no traveller ever tasted either the humours or the blunders of Paddy more heartily than did Sir Walter. I find recorded in one letter a very merry morning at Limerick, where, amidst the ringing of all the bells, in honour of the advent, there was ushered in a brother-poet, who must needs pay his personal respects to the author of Marmion. He was a scarecrow figure—attired much in the fashion of the *strugglers*—by name O'Kelly; and he had produced on the spur of the occasion this modest parody of Dryden's famous epigram:—

"Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn;
Byron of England, Scott of Scotia's blood,
And Erin's pride—O'Kelly, great and good."

Sir Walter's five shillings were at once forthcoming; and the bard, in order that Miss Edgeworth might display equal generosity, pointed out, in a little

volume of his works (for which, moreover, we had all to subscribe), this pregnant couplet—

> "Scott, Morgan, Edgeworth, Byron, prop of Greece,
> Are characters whose fame not soon will cease."

We were still more amused (though there was real misery in the case) with what befel on our approach to a certain pretty seat, in a different county, where there was a collection of pictures and curiosities not usually shown to travellers. A gentleman, whom we had met in Dublin, had been accompanying us part of the day's journey, and volunteered, being acquainted with the owner, to procure us easy admission. At the entrance of the domain, to which we proceeded under his wing, we were startled by the dolorous apparition of two undertaker's men, in voluminous black scarfs, though there was little or nothing of black about the rest of their habiliments, who sat upon the highway before the gate, with a whisky-bottle on a deal-table between them. They informed us that the master of the house had died the day before, and that they were to keep watch and ward in this style until the funeral, inviting all Christian passengers to drink a glass to his repose. Our Cicerone left his card for the widow — having previously, no doubt, written on it the names of his two lions. Shortly after we regained our post-house, he received a polite answer from the lady. To the best of my memory, it was in these terms: —

"Mrs —— presents her kind compliments to Mr ——, and much regrets that she cannot show the pictures to-day, as Major —— died yesterday evening by apoplexy; which Mrs —— the more regrets, as it will prevent her having the honour to see Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth."

Sir Walter said it reminded him of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history said — "Let me see, sirs; first, we lost our wee callant — and then Jenny — and then the gudeman himsel died — and then the *coo* died too, poor hizzey; but, to be sure, *her* hide brought me fifteen shillings."

At one county gentleman's table where we dined, though two grand full-length daubs of William and Mary adorned the walls of the room, there was a mixed company — about as many Catholics as Protestants, all apparently on cordial terms, and pledging each other lustily in bumpers of capital claret. About an hour after dinner, however, punch was called for; tumblers and jugs of hot water appeared, and with them two magnums of whisky — the one bearing on its label KING's, the other QUEEN's. We did not at first understand these inscriptions; but it was explained, *sotto voce*, that the King's had paid the duty, the Queen's was of contraband origin; and, in the choice of the liquors, we detected a new shibboleth of party. The jolly Protestants to a man

stuck to the King's bottle — the equally radiant Papists paid their duty to the Queen's.

Since I have alluded at all to the then grand dispute, I may mention, that, after our tour was concluded, we considered with some wonder that, having partaken liberally of Catholic hospitality, and encountered almost every other class of society, we had not sat at meat with one specimen of the Romish priesthood; whereas, even at Popish tables, we had met dignitaries of the Established Church. This circumstance we set down at the time as amounting pretty nearly to a proof that there were few gentlemen in that order; but we afterwards were willing to suspect that a prejudice of their own had been the source of it. The only incivility, which Sir Walter Scott ultimately discovered himself to have encountered — (for his friends did not allow him to hear of it at the time) — in the course of his Irish peregrination, was the refusal of a Roman Catholic gentleman, named O'Connell, who kept stag-hounds near Killarney, to allow of a hunt on the upper lake, the day he visited that beautiful scenery. This he did, as we were told, because he considered it as a notorious fact, that Sir Walter Scott was an enemy to the Roman Catholic claims for admission to seats in Parliament. He was entirely mistaken, however; for, though no man disapproved of Romanism as a system of faith and practice more sincerely than Sir Walter always did, he had long before this period

formed the opinion, that no good could come of farther resistance to the claim in question. He on all occasions expressed manfully his belief, that the best thing for Ireland would have been never to relax the strictly *political* enactments of the penal laws, however harsh these might appear. Had they been kept in vigour for another half century, it was his conviction that Popery would have been all but extinguished in Ireland. But he thought that, after admitting Romanists to the elective franchise, it was a vain notion that they could be permanently or advantageously debarred from using that franchise in favour of those of their own persuasion. The greater part of the charming society into which he fell while in Ireland, entertained views and sentiments very likely to confirm these impressions; and it struck me that considerable pains were taken to enforce them. It was felt, probably, that the crisis of decision drew near; and there might be a natural anxiety to secure the suffrage of the great writer of the time. The polished amenity of the Lord-Lieutenant set off his commanding range of thought and dexterous exposition of facts to the most captivating advantage. "The Marquis's talk," says Scott, in a letter of the following year, "gave me the no tion of the kind of statesmanship that one might have expected in a Roman emperor, accustomed to keep the whole world in his view, and to divide his hours between ministers like Mecænas and wits like

Horace." The acute logic and brilliant eloquence of Lord Plunkett he ever afterwards talked of with high admiration; nor had he, he said, encountered in society any combination of qualities more remarkable than the deep sagacity and the broad rich humour of Mr Blake. In Plunkett, Blake, and Crampton, he considered himself as having gained three real friends by this expedition; and I think I may venture to say, that the feeling on their side was warmly reciprocal.

If he had been made aware at the time of the discourtesy of the Romish staghunter at Killarney, he might have been consoled by a letter which reached him that same week from a less bigoted member of the same church—the great poet of Ireland—whom he had never chanced to meet in society but once, and that at an early period of life, shortly after the first publication of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart. &c. &c.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, July 24, 1825.

"My Dear Sir Walter,

"I wish most heartily that I had been in my own green land to welcome you. It delights me, however, to see (what I could not have doubted) that the warm hearts of my countrymen have shown that they know how to value you. How I envy those who will have the glory of showing you and

Killarney to each other! No two of nature's productions, I *will* say, were ever more worthy of meeting. If the Kenmares should be your Ciceroni, pray tell them what I say of their Paradise, with my best regards and greetings. I received your kind message, through Newton,* last year, that 'if I did not come and see you, before you died, you would appear to me afterwards.' Be assured that, as I am all for living apparitions, I shall take care and have the start of you, and would have done it this very year, I rather think, only for your Irish movements.

"Present my best regards to your son-in-law, and believe me, my dear Sir Walter (though we have met, I am sorry to say, but once in our lives), — yours cordially and sincerely, THOMAS MOORE."

Scott's answer was—

"*To Thomas Moore, Esq.*

"August 5, Somerton, near Templeton (I think.)

"My Dear Sir,

"If anything could have added to the pleasure I must necessarily feel at the warm reception which the Irish nation have honoured me with, or if anything could abate my own sense that I am noways worth the coil that has been made about me, it must

* The late amiable and elegant artist, Gilbert Stewart Newton, R.A., had spent part of the autumn of 1824 at Chiefswood.

be the assurance that you partake and approve of the feelings of your kind-hearted countryfolks.

"In Ireland I have met with everything that was kind, and have seen much which is never to be forgotten. What I have seen has, in general, given me great pleasure; for it appears to me that the adverse circumstances which have so long withered the prosperity of this rich and powerful country are losing their force, and that a gradual but steady spirit of progressive improvement is effectually, though tacitly, counteracting their bad effects. The next twenty-five years will probably be the most important in their results that Ireland ever knew. So prophesies a sharp-sighted Sennachie from the land of mist and snow, aware that, though his opinion may be unfounded, he cannot please your ear better than by presaging the prosperity of Ireland.

"And so, to descend from such high matters, I hope you will consider me as having left my card for you by this visit, although I have not been happy enough to find you at home. You are bound by the ordinary forms of society to return the call, and come to see Scotland. Bring wife and bairns. We have plenty of room, and plenty of oatmeal, and, *entre nous*, a bottle or two of good claret, to which I think you have as little objection as I have. We will talk of poor Byron, who was dear to us both, and regret that such a rose should have fallen from the chaplet of his country so untimely. I very often think of

him almost with tears. Surely you, who have the means, should do something for his literary life at least. You might easily avoid tearing open old wounds. Then, returning to our proposed meeting, you know folks call me a Jacobite, and you a Jacobin; so it is quite clear that we agree to a T. Having uttered this vile pun, which is only pardonable because the subject of politics deserves no better, it is high time to conclude.

"I return through England, yet, I am afraid, with little chance of seeing you, which I should wish to do, were it but for half an hour. I have come thus far on my way to Killarney, where Hallam is lying with a broken leg. So much for middle-aged gentlemen climbing precipices. I, who have been regularly inducted into the bed of St Kevin at the Seven Churches, trust I shall bear charmed limbs upon this occasion. — I am very much, dear sir, your obliged and faithful WALTER SCOTT."

Having crossed the hills from Killarney to Cork, where a repetition of the Dublin reception — corporation honours, deputations of the literary and scientific societies, and so forth — awaited him, he gave a couple of days to the hospitality of this flourishing town, and the beautiful scenery of the Lee; not forgetting an excursion to the groves of Blarney, among whose shades we had a right mirthful pic-nic. Sir Walter scrambled up to the top of the castle,

and kissed, with due faith and devotion, the famous *Blarney stone*, one salute of which is said to emancipate the pilgrim from all future visitations of *mauvaise honte:*

> "The stone this is, whoever kisses,
> He never misses to grow eloquent—
> 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
> Or be a member of Parliament."

But the shamefacedness of our young female friends was not exposed to an inspection of the works of art, celebrated by the poetical Dean of Cork as the prime ornaments of Lady Jefferies's "station"—

> "The statues growing that noble place in,
> Of heathen goddesses most rare—
> Homer, Venus, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air."

These had disappeared, and the castle and all its appurtenances were in a state of woful dilapidation and neglect.

From Cork we proceeded to Dublin by Fermoy, Lismore, Cashel, Kilkenny, and Holycross—at all of which places we were bountifully entertained, and assiduously ciceroned—to our old quarters in St Stephen's Green; and after a morning or two spent in taking leave of many kind faces that he was never to see again, Sir Walter and his original fellow-travellers started for Holyhead on the 18th of Au-

gust. Our progress through North Wales produced nothing worth recording, except perhaps the feeling of delight which everything in the aspect of the common people, their dress, their houses, their gardens, and their husbandry, could not fail to call up in persons who had just been seeing Ireland for the first time; and a short visit (which was, indeed, the only one he made) to the far-famed "ladies" of Llangollen. They had received some hint that Sir Walter meant to pass their way; and on stopping at the inn, he received an invitation so pressing, to add one more to the long list of the illustrious visitors of their retreat, that it was impossible for him not to comply. We had read histories and descriptions enough of these romantic spinsters, and were prepared to be well amused; but the reality surpassed all expectation.

An extract from a gossiping letter of the following week will perhaps be sufficient for Llangollen.

"Elleray, August 24.

* * * "We slept on Wednesday evening at Capel Carig, which Sir W. supposes to mean the Chapel of the Crags; a pretty little inn in a most picturesque situation certainly, and as to the matter of toasted cheese, quite exquisite. Next day we advanced through, I verily believe, the most perfect gem of a country eye ever saw, having almost all the wildness of Highland backgrounds, and all the

loveliness of rich English landscape nearer us, and streams like the purest and most babbling of our own. At Llangollen your papa was waylaid by the celebrated 'Ladies'—viz. Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honourable Miss Ponsonby, who having been one or both crossed in love, forswore all dreams of matrimony in the heyday of youth, beauty, and fashion, and selected this charming spot for the repose of their now time-honoured virginity. It was many a day, however, before they could get implicit credit for being the innocent friends they really were, among the people of the neighbourhood; for their elopement from Ireland had been performed under suspicious circumstances; and as Lady Eleanor arrived here in her natural aspect of a pretty girl, while Miss Ponsonby had condescended to accompany her in the garb of a smart footman in buckskin breeches, years and years elapsed ere full justice was done to the character of their romance.* We proceeded up the hill, and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up, that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we

* It is, I suppose, needless to say, that the editor is far from vouching for the accuracy of these details. The letter in the text gives the gossip as it was heard at the time.

took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection they both wear a world of brooches, rings, &c., and Lady Eleanor positively *orders*—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the ci-devant groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything to the dressing-closets), *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking simpering compliments about Waverley, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romance (*i. e.* absurd innocence of character) one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner

of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV., down to magazine poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockingism again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them."

This letter was written on the banks of Windermere, where we were received with the warmth of old friendship by Mr Wilson, and one whose grace and gentle goodness could have found no lovelier or fitter home than Elleray, except where she is now.

Mr Bolton's seat, to which Canning had invited Scott, is situated a couple of miles lower down on the same Lake; and thither Mr Wilson conducted him next day. A large company had been assembled there in honour of the Minister — it included already Mr Wordsworth. It has not, I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light.

There was "high discourse," intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed; and a plentiful allowance, on all sides, of those airy transient pleasantries, in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the Lake by moonlight; and the last day "the Admiral of the Lake" presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr Bolton and his guests. The bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators.

On at last quitting the festive circle of Storrs, we visited the family of the late Bishop Watson at Calgarth, and Mr Wordsworth at his charming retreat

of Mount Rydal. He accompanied us to Keswick, where we saw Mr Southey in his unrivalled library. Mr Wordsworth and his daughter then turned with us, and passing over Kirkstone to Ullswater, conducted us first to his friend Mr Marshall's elegant villa, near Lyulph's Tower, and on the next day to the noble castle of his lifelong friend and patron Lord Lonsdale. The Earl and Countess had their halls filled with another splendid circle of distinguished persons, who, like them, lavished all possible attentions and demonstrations of respect upon Sir Walter. He remained a couple of days, and perambulated, under Wordsworth's guidance, the superb terraces and groves of the "fair domain" which that poet has connected with the noblest monument of his genius. But the temptations of Storrs and Lowther had cost more time than had been calculated upon, and the promised visit to Rokeby was unwillingly abandoned. Sir Walter reached Abbotsford again on the 1st of September, and said truly that "his tour had been one ovation."

I add two letters on the subject of this Irish expedition:—

"*To J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., Rokeby Park, Greta Bridge.*

"Abbotsford, Sept. 2, 1825.

"Your letter, my dear Morritt, gave me most

sincere pleasure on your account, and also on my own, as it reconciled me to myself for my stupidity in misdirecting my letters to Charlotte and you from Wales. I was sincerely vexed when I found out my *bevue*, but am now well pleased that it happened, since we might otherwise have arrived at Rokeby at a time when we must necessarily have been a little in the way. I wish you joy most sincerely of your nephew's settling in life, in a manner so agreeably to your wishes and views. *Bella gerant alii*—he will have seen enough of the world abroad to qualify him fully to estimate and discharge the duties of an English country-gentleman; and with your example before him, and your advice to resort to, he cannot, with the talents he possesses, fail to fill honourably that most honourable and important rank in society. You will, probably, in due time, think of Parliament for him, where there is a fine sphere for young men of talents at present, all the old political post-horses being, as Sir Pertinax says, dry-foundered.

" I was extremely sorry to find Canning at Windermere looking poorly; but, in a ride, the old man seemed to come alive again. I fear he works himself too hard, under the great error of trying to do too much with his own hand, and to see everything with his own eyes, whereas the greatest general and the first statesman must, in many cases, be content to use the eyes and fingers of others, and hold themselves contented with the exercise of the greatest

care in the choice of implements. His is a valuable life to us just now. I passed a couple of days at Lowther, to make up in some degree to Anne for her disappointment in not getting to Rokeby. I was seduced there by Lady Frederick Bentinck, whom I had long known as a very agreeable person, and who was very kind to Anne. This wore out my proposed leisure; and from Lowther we reached Abbotsford in one day, and now doth the old *bore* feed in the old frank.* I had the great pleasure of leaving Walter and his little wife well, happy, and, as they seem perfectly to understand each other, likely to continue so. His ardour for military affairs continues unabated, and his great scene of activity is the *fifteen acres* — so the Irish denominate the exercising ground, consisting of about fifty acres, in the Phœnix Park, which induced an attorney, writing a challenge to a brother of the trade, to name, as a place of meeting, the *fifteen acres*, adding, with professional accuracy, 'be they more or less.' Here, about 3000 men, the garrison of Dublin, are to be seen exercising, ever and anon, in order that Pat may be aware how some 2400 muskets, assisted by the discharge of twenty field-pieces, and the tramp of 500 or 600 horse, sound in comparison to the thunder of Mr O'Connell.

"All this travelling and wooing is like to pre-

* 2d *King Henry IV Act .II Scene* 3.

rent our meeting this season. I hope to make up for it the next. Lady Scott, Anne, and Sophia, join Lockhart and me in best wishes to the happy two who are to be soon one. My best respects attend the Miss Morritts,—and I ever am, most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Miss Joanna Baillie, Hampstead.*

"Abbotsford, October 12, 1825.

"It did not require your kind letter of undeserved remembrance, my dear friend, to remind me that I had been guilty of very criminal negligence in our epistolary correspondence. How this has come to pass I really do not know; but it arises out of any source but that of ingratitude to my friends, or thoughtless forgetfulness of my duty to them. On the contrary, I think always most of them to whom I do owe letters, for when my conscience is satisfied on that subject, their perturbed spirits remain at rest, or at least do not haunt me as the injured spirits do the surviving murderers.

"I well intended to have written from Ireland, but, alas! Hell, as some stern old divine says, is paved with good intentions. There was such a whirl of visiting, and laking, and boating, and wondering, and shouting, and laughing, and carousing; so much to be seen and so little time to see it; so much to be heard, and only two ears to listen to twenty voices,

that, upon the whole. I grew desperate, and gave up all thoughts of doing what was right and proper upon post-days—and so all my epistolary good intentions are gone to Macadamize, I suppose, 'the burning marle' of the infernal regions. I have not the pen of our friend Maria Edgeworth, who writes all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks, and I believe, though I do not pretend to be so far in the secret, all the time she sleeps too. She has good luck in having a pen which walks at once so unweariedly and so well. I do not, however, quite like her last book on Education, considered as a general work. She should have limited the title to Education in Natural Philosophy, or some such term, for there is no great use in teaching children in general to roof houses or build bridges, which, after all a carpenter or a mason does a great deal better at 2s. 6d. per day. In a waste country, like some parts of America, it may do very well, or perhaps for a sailor or a traveller, certainly for a civil engineer. But in the ordinary professions of the better-informed orders I have always observed, that a small taste for mechanics tends to encouraging a sort of trifling self-conceit, founded on knowing that which is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on, and, in short, forms a trumpery gimcrack kind of a character, who is a mechanic among gentlemen, and most probably a gentleman among mechanics. You must understand I mean

only to challenge the system as making mechanics too much and too general a subject of education, and converting scholars into makers of toys. Men like Watt, or whose genius tends strongly to invent and execute those wonderful combinations which extend in such an incalculable degree the human force and command over the physical world, do not come within ordinary rules; but your ordinary Harry should be kept to his grammar, and your Lucy of most common occurrence will be best employed on her sampler, instead of wasting wood, and cutting their fingers, which I am convinced they did, though their historian says nothing of it.

"Well, but I did not mean to say anything about Harry and Lucy, whose dialogues are very interesting after all, but about Ireland, which I could prophesy for as well as if I were Thomas the Rhymer. Her natural gifts are so great, that, despite all the disadvantages which have hitherto retarded her progress, she will, I believe, be queen of the trefoil of kingdoms. I never saw a richer country, or, to speak my mind, a finer people; the worst of them is the bitter and envenomed dislike which they have to each other. Their factions have been so long envenomed, and they have such narrow ground to do their battle in, that they are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead. This, however, is getting better, for as the government temporizes between the parties, and does not throw, as formerly, its

whole weight into the Protestant scale, there is more appearance of things settling into concord and good order. The Protestants of the old school, the determined Orangemen, are a very fine race, but dangerous for the quiet of a country; they reminded me of the Spaniard in Mexico, and seemed still to walk among the Catholics with all the pride of the conquerors of the Boyne and the captors of Limerick. Their own belief is completely fixed, that there are enough of men in Down and Antrim to conquer all Ireland again; and when one considers the habitual authority they have exercised, their energetic and military character, and the singular way in which they are banded and united together, they may be right enough for what I know, for they have all one mind and one way of pursuing it. But the Catholic is holding up his head now in a different way from what they did in former days, though still with a touch of the savage about them. It is, after all, a helpless sort of superstition, which with its saints' days, and the influence of its ignorant bigoted priesthood, destroys ambition and industrious exertion. It is rare to see the Catholic rise above the line he is born in. The Protestant part of the country is as highly improved as many parts of England. Education is much more frequent in Ireland and England. In Kerry, one of the wildest counties, you find peasants who speak Latin. It is not the art of reading, however, but the use which is made of it, that is to

It is much to be wished, but that the students, be considered, priests themselves were better educated, in all lege at Maynooth has been a failure. The bigotry of the lower orders, are educated by all men of the Catholic religion, unmitigated by the bigotry of the Catholic religion, unmitigated by any of the knowledge of the world which they used to acquire in France, Italy, or Spain, which returned very often highly accomplished and companionable men. I do not believe either party care a bit for what is called Emancipation, only that the Catholics desire it because the Protestants are not willing they should have it, and the want of it mortifies desire to withhold it, because the want of it mortifies the Catholic. The best-informed Catholics said it had no interest for the common people, whose dis-tresses had nothing to do with political Emancipa-tion, but that they, the higher order, were interested in it as a point of honour, the withholding of which prevented their throwing their strength into the hands of Government. On the whole, I think Go-vernment have given the Catholics so much, that withholding this is just giving them something to grumble about, without its operating to diminish, in a single instance, the extent of Popery.—Then we had beautiful lakes, 'those vast inland seas,' as Spenser terms them, and hills which they call moun-tains, and dargles and dingles, and most superb ruins of castles and abbeys, and live nuns in strict retreat, not permitted to speak, but who read their breviaries

with one eye, and looked at their visiters with the other. Then we had Miss Edgeworth, and the kind-natured clever Harriet, who moved, and thought, and acted for every body's comfort rather than her own; we had Lockhart to say clever things, and Walter, with his whiskers, to overawe obstinate postilions and impudent beggars—and Jane to bless herself that the folks had neither houses, clothes, nor furniture—and Anne to make fun from morning to night—

'And merry folks were we.

"John Richardson has been looking at a wild domain within five miles of us, and left us in the earnest determination to buy it, having caught a basket of trouts in the space of two hours in the stream he is to call his own. It is a good purchase, I think; he has promised to see me again and carry you up a bottle of whisky, which, if you will but take enough of, will operate as a peace-offering should, and make you forget all my epistolary failures. I beg kind respects to dear Mrs Agnes and to Mrs Baillie. Lady Scott and Anne send best respects.—I have but room to say that I am always yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

CHAPTER LXIV.

Life of Napoleon in progress—Visits of Mr Moore Mrs Coutts, &c.—Commercial Mania and impending Difficulties.

1825.

WITHOUT an hour's delay Sir Walter resumed his usual habits of life at Abbotsford—the musing ramble among his own glens, the breezy ride over the moors, the merry spell at the woodman's axe, or the festive chase of Newark, Fernilee, Hangingshaw, or Deloraine; the quiet old-fashioned contentment of the little domestic circle, alternating with the brilliant phantasmagoria of admiring, and sometimes admired, strangers—or the hoisting of the telegraph flag that called laird and bonnet-laird to the burning of the water, or the wassail of the hall. The hours of the closet alone had found a change. The preparation for the life of Napoleon was a course of such hard reading as had not been called for while

"the great magician," in the full sunshine of ease, amused himself, and delighted the world, by unrolling, fold after fold, his endlessly varied panorama of romance. That miracle had to all appearance cost him no effort. Unmoved and serene among the multiplicities of worldly business, and the invasions of half Europe and America, he had gone on tranquilly, enjoying rather than exerting his genius, in the production of those masterpieces which have peopled all our firesides with inexpensive friends, and rendered the solitary supremacy of Shakspeare, as an all-comprehensive and genial painter of man, no longer a proverb.

He had, while this was the occupation of his few desk-hours, read only for his diversion. How much he read even then, his correspondence may have afforded some notion. Those who observed him the most constantly, were never able to understand how he contrived to keep himself so thoroughly up to the stream of contemporary literature of almost all sorts, French and German, as well as English. That a rapid glance might tell him more than another man could gather by a week's poring, may easily be guessed; but the grand secret was his perpetual practice of his own grand maxim, *never to be doing nothing*. He had no 'unconsidered trifles' of time. Every moment was turned to account; and thus he had leisure for everything — except, indeed, the newspapers, which consume so many precious hours now-

s-days, with most men, and of which, during
period of my acquaintance with him, he certainly
less than any other man I ever knew that had
habit of reading at all. I should also except
ing generally, the Reviews and Magazines
time. Of these he saw few, and of the few
little. He had now to apply himself doggedly
mastering of a huge accumulation of historical
terials. He read, and noted, and indexed
pertinacity of some pale compiler in the British
scum; but rose from such employment, not
and buoyant, as after he had been feasting
among the teeming harvests of Fancy, but
aching brow, and eyes on which the dimness
had begun to plant some specks, before
subjected again to that straining over small
difficult manuscript which had, no doubt,
liar to them in the early time, when (in
phrase) "he was making himself." It
sant sight when one happened to take a
into his den, to see the white head erect,
smile of conscious inspiration on his lips,
pen, held boldly and at a commanding
glanced steadily and gaily along a
Page of "The Talisman." It now
sorry to catch a glimpse of him, stooping
with his spectacles, amidst piles of authorities,
note-book ready in the left hand, that had

used to be at liberty for patting Maida. To observe this was the more painful, because I had at that time to consult him about some literary proposals, the closing with which would render it necessary for me to abandon my profession and residence in Edinburgh, and with them the hope of being able to relieve him of some part of the minor labours in which he was now involved—an assistance on which he had counted when he undertook this historical task. There were then about me, indeed, cares and anxieties of various sorts, that might have thrown a shade even over a brighter vision of his interior. For the circumstance that finally determined me, and reconciled him as to the proposed alteration in my views of life, was the failing health of an infant equally dear to us both. It was, in a word, the opinion of our medical friends, that the short-lived child of many and high hopes, whose name will go down to posterity with one of Sir Walter's most precious works, could hardly survive another northern winter; and we all flattered ourselves with the anticipation that my removal to London at the close of 1825 might pave the way for a happy resumption of the cottage at Chiefswood in the ensuing summer. *Dis aliter visum.*

During the latter months of 1825, while the matter to which I have alluded was yet undecided, I had to make two hurried journeys to London, by which I lost the opportunity of witnessing Sir Walter's re-

ception of several eminent persons with whom he then formed or ratified a friendship;—among others the late admirable Master of the Rolls, Lord Gifford, and his Lady—who spent some days at Abbotsford, and detected nothing of the less agreeable features in its existence, which I have been dwelling upon; Dr Philpotts, now Bishop of Exeter; and also the brother bard, who had expressed his regret at not being present "when Scott and Killarney were introduced to each other." No more welcome announcement ever reached Scott than Mr Moore's of his purpose to make out, that same season, his long meditated expedition to Scotland; and the characteristic opening and close of the reply will not, I hope, be thrown away upon my reader, any more than they were on the warm-hearted minstrel of Erin.

"*To Thomas Moore, Esq., Sloperton Cottage, Devizes.*

"Abbotsford, Thursday.

"My Dear Sir,—Damn Sir—My Dear Moore,

"Few things could give me more pleasure than your realizing the prospect your letter holds out to me. We are at Abbotsford fixtures till 10th November, when my official duty, for I am 'slave to an hour and vassal to a bell,'* calls me to Edinburgh.

* Oldham's Satires—See Scott's Dryden, vol. xi. p. 101.

I hope you will give me as much of your time as you can—no one will value it more highly.

"You keep the great north road till you come to the last stage in England, Cornhill, and then take up the Tweed to Kelso. If I knew what day you would be at Kelso, I would come down and do the honours of Tweedside, by bringing you here, and showing you anything that is remarkable by the way; but though I could start at a moment's warning, I should scarce, I fear, have time to receive a note from Newcastle soon enough to admit of my reaching you at Kelso. Drop me a line, however, at all events; and, in coming from Kelso to Melrose and Abbotsford, be sure to keep the southern side of the Tweed, both because it is far the pleasantest route, and because I will come a few miles to take the chance of meeting you. You do not mention whether you have any fellow-travellers. We have plenty of accommodation for any part of your family, or any friend, who may be with you.—Yours, in great joy and expectation, WALTER SCOTT."

Mr Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tour, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose—no one with him at Abbotsford, but Lady and Miss Scott—and no company at dinner except the

Fergussons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of quiet conversation; and from the hour they met, they seemed to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public *in extenso* while one of them survives. The first day they were alone after dinner, and the talk turned chiefly on the recent death of Byron — from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr Moore listened with great interest to details, now no longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting, Mat Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the Poems; and "at last," says he, "to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the novels, without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c. &c.:" he concluded with saying, "they have been a mine of wealth to me—but I find I fail in them now—I can no longer make them so good as at first."—This frankness was met as it should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room next morning, "he laid his hand," says Mr Moore, "with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast, and said—*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*" They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things, the common-

ness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. "Hardly a Magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation."—Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, "Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows;" but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons."—"In complete novelty," says Moore, "he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days."

Mr Moore was not less pleased than Washington Irving had been nine years before with Scott's good friend at Kaeside. He says—"Our walk was to the cottage of Mr Laidlaw, his bailiff, a gentleman who had been reduced beneath his due level in life, and of whom Scott spoke with the most cordial respect. His intention was, he said, to ask him to come down and dine with us:—the cottage homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing all the quiet self-possession of good breeding and good sense."

At Melrose, writes Mr Moore—"With the assistance of the sexton, a shrewd, sturdy-mannered original, he explained to me all the parts of the ruin; after which we were shown up to a room in the sexton's house, filled with casts done by himself.

the ornaments, heads, &c. of the abbey—
a large niche empty, Scott said, 'Johnny,
you a Virgin and Child to put in that
ver did I see a happier face than Johnny's
s—it was all over smiles. 'But, Johnny,
ued Scott, as we went down stairs, 'I'm
there should be another anti-popish rising.'
ve your house pulled about your ears.' 'Why
d got into the carriage, I said, 'You have
at man most truly happy.'—'Ecod, then,'
uch puzzled to know what to do with
lied, 'there are two of us pleased, I was
and Child'; and mamma particularly' that
Scott) 'will be delighted to get rid (meaning
natural man would have allowed me to remain
the impression that he had really done a very
rous thing."

They called the same morning at Huntly
I could not help thinking," says Moore, "
this homely visit, how astonished some
French friends of mine would be, among
name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled the
and romantic associations, to see only
bourly manner in which he took his
good old maids, and the familiar
they treated him in return. No
deed, with but half an idea in his
fallen into the gossip of a humdrum
ith more unassumed simplicity."

Mr Moore would have been likely to make the same sort of observation, had he accompanied Sir Walter into any other house in the valley; but he could not be expected to appreciate off-hand the very uncommon intellectual merits of "those old maids" of Huntly Burn—who had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of living from youth to age in the atmosphere of genius, learning, good sense, and high principle.

He was of course delighted at the dinner which followed, when Scott had collected his neighbours to enjoy his guest, with the wit and humour of Sir Adam Fergusson, his picturesque stories of the Peninsula, and his inimitable singing of the old Jacobite ditties. "Nothing," he writes, "could be more hearty and radiant than Scott's enjoyment of them, though his attempts to join in the chorus showed certainly far more of will than of power. He confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. I told him that Lord Byron, in the same manner, knew nothing of music as an art, but still had a strong feeling of it, and that I had more than once seen the tears come into his eyes as he listened. 'I daresay,' said Scott, 'that Byron's feeling and mine about music might be pretty much the same.'—I was much struck by his description of a scene he had once with Lady —— (the divorced Lady ——) upon her eldest boy, who had been born before her marriage with Lord ——, asking her why he him-

title.) 'Dc
Scott; and
in a sort of
ve away the
uck me that
een something
hem. He de-
racter.
ce of musical
been once em-
a purchaser of
its value. He
prepare himself
ers that he could
having got the
such like, glibly
ngly through his
at ——, he found
with the Duke, who
talk upon—hunting
ting, Scott thought
lately acquired learning
Grace became quite ani-
whispered some orders to
which there soon en-
about half a dozen tall footmen,
consequence of
immediately
upon which his
bring forward his
Having exhausted
subjects he could
two
long after dinner
left alone after this,
he got
Not
tongue,
Amati,
Stradivarius,
Encyclopædia,
fiddles and
&c.;
about
all
reading
by
found it necessary,
fiddle had been
loyed as counsel upon a case
atters, Scott mentioned that he
ribed her as beautiful and full of
ore than mere friendship between
spoke of this lady as if there had
rk thoughts then in her mind, as if to
nny, some hurried airs, as if to play
n rushing to the pianoforte, play
hear that?' she exclaimed wild
Mr MOORE's ——— (the seco
was not Lord

the Duke played it, by what artist it had been made. 'By guessing and management,' he said, 'I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee.'"

In handing to me the pages from which I have taken these scraps, Mr Moore says—"I parted from Scott with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford. I give you *carte blanche* to say what you please of my sense of his cordial kindness and gentleness; perhaps a not very dignified phrase would express my feeling better than any fine one—it was that he was a *thorough good fellow*." What Scott thought of Moore, the reader shall see presently.

The author of Lallah Rookh's Kelso chaise was followed before many days by a more formidable equipage. The much-talked-of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died Duchess of St Albans, was then making a tour in Scotland as Mrs Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of

Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London during Mr Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs Coutts—her future lord the Duke of St Albans—one of his Grace's sisters—a *dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a Toady)—a brace of physicians—for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous—and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs Coutts's own person; she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts—and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something, of the ostentation almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merri-

ment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying anything that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of *the evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness), into his armorial-hall adjoining. "I said to her" (he told me), "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs Coutts's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise on her the delicate *manœuvre* called *tipping the cold shoulder*. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars

might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest Mrs Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful Peeress answered, " I thank you, Sir Walter — you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs Coutts. " Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs Coutts." Mrs Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half-an-hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her

life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She stayed out her three days* — saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow — and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests.

It may be said (for the most benevolent of men had in his lifetime, and still has, some maligners) that he was so anxious about Mrs Coutts's comfort, because he worshipped wealth. I dare not deny that he set more of his affections, during great part of his life, upon worldly things, wealth among others, than might have become such an intellect. One may conceive a sober grandeur of mind, not incompatible with genius as rich as even his, but infinitely more admirable than any genius, incapable of brooding upon any of the pomps and vanities of this life — or caring about money at all, beyond what is necessary for the easy sustenance of nature. But we must, in judging the most powerful of minds, take into account the influences to which they were exposed in the plastic period; and where imagination is visibly the predominant faculty, allowance must be made very largely indeed. Scott's autobiographical fragment, and the anecdotes annexed to it, have been

* Sir Walter often quoted the maxim of an old lady in one of Miss Ferrier's novels — that a visit should never exceed three days. "the *rest* day — the *drest* day — and the *prest* day."

printed in vain, if they have not conveyed the notion of such a training of the mind, fancy, and character, as could hardly fail to suggest dreams and aspirations very likely, were temptation presented, to take the shape of active external ambition—to prompt a keen pursuit of those resources, without which visions of worldly splendour cannot be realized. But I think the subsequent narrative, with the correspondence embodied in it, must also have satisfied every candid reader that his appetite for wealth was, after all, essentially a vivid yearning for the means of large beneficence. As to his being capable of the silliness —to say nothing of the meanness—of allowing any part of his feelings or demeanour towards others to be affected by their mere possession of wealth, I cannot consider such a suggestion as worthy of much remark. He had a kindness towards Mrs Coutts, because he knew that, vain and pompous as her displays of equipage and attendance might be, she mainly valued wealth, like himself, as the instrument of doing good. Even of her apparently most fantastic indulgences he remembered, as Pope did when ridiculing the "lavish cost and little skill" of his Timon,

"Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;"—

but he interfered, to prevent her being made uncomfortable in his house, neither more nor less than he would have done, had she come there in her original character of a comic actress, and been treated with

coldness as such by his Marchionesses and Countesses.

Since I have been led to touch on what many always considered as the weak part of his character — his over respect for worldly things in general, — I must say one word as to the matter of rank, which undoubtedly had infinitely more effect on him than money. In the first place, he was all along courted by the great world — not it by him; and, secondly, pleased as he was with its attentions, he derived infinitely greater pleasure from the trusting and hearty affection of his old equals, and the inferiors whose welfare he so unweariedly promoted. But, thirdly, he made acute discriminations among the many different orders of claimants who jostle each other for pre-eminence in the curiously complicated system of modern British society. His imagination had been constantly exercised in recalling and embellishing whatever features of the past it was possible to connect with any pleasing ideas, and a historical name was a charm that literally stirred his blood. But not so a mere title. He reverenced the Duke of Buccleuch — but it was not as a Duke, but as the head of his clan, the representative of the old knights of Branxholm. In the Duke of Hamilton he saw not the premier peer of Scotland, but the lineal heir of the heroic old Douglasses; and he had profounder respect for the chief of a Highland Clan, without any title whatever, and with an ill paid rental of two or

three thousand a-year, than for the haughtiest magnate in a blue ribbon, whose name did not call up any grand historical reminiscence. I remember once when he had some young Englishmen of high fashion in his house, there arrived a Scotch gentleman of no distinguished appearance, whom he received with a sort of eagerness and *empressement* of reverential courtesy that struck the strangers as quite out of the common. His name was that of a Scotch Earl, however, and no doubt he was that nobleman's son. "Well," said one of the Southrons to me, — "I had never heard that the Earl of —— was one of your very greatest lords in this country; even a second son of his, booby though he be, seems to be of wonderful consideration." The young English lord heard with some surprise, that the visiter in question was a poor lieutenant on half-pay, heir to a tower about as crazy as Don Quixote's, and noways related (at least according to English notions of relationship) to the Earl of ——. "What, then," he cried, "what *can* Sir Walter mean?" "Why," said I, "his meaning is very clear. This gentleman is the male representative (which the Earl of —— may possibly be in the female line) of a knight who is celebrated by our old poet Blind Harry, as having signalized himself by the side of Sir William Wallace, and from whom every Scotchman that bears the name of —— has at least the ambition of being supposed to descend." — Sir Walter's own title came unsought; and

that he accepted it, not in the foolish fancy that such a title, or any title, could increase his own personal consequence, but because he thought it fair to embrace the opportunity of securing a certain external distinction to his heirs at Abbotsford, was proved pretty clearly by his subsequently declining the greatly higher, but intransmissible rank of a Privy-Councillor. At the same time, I daresay his ear liked the knightly sound; and undoubtedly he was much pleased with the pleasure his wife took, and gaily acknowledged she took, in being My Lady.

The circumstances of the King's visit in 1822, and others already noted, leave no doubt that imagination enlarged and glorified for him many objects to which it is very difficult for ordinary men in our generation to attach much importance; and perhaps he was more apt to attach importance to such things, during the prosperous course of his own fortunes, than even a liberal consideration of circumstances can altogether excuse. To myself it seems to have been so; yet I do not think the severe critics on this part of his story have kept quite sufficiently in mind how easy it is for us all to undervalue any species of temptation to which we have not happened to be exposed. I am aware, too, that there are examples of men of genius, situated to a certain extent like him, who have resisted and repelled the fascinations against which he was not entirely proof; but I have sometimes thought that they did so at the expense of parts

of their character nearer the marrow of humanity than those which his weakness in this way tended to endamage; that they mingled, in short, in their virtuous self-denial, some grains of sacrifice at the shrine of a cold, unsocial, even sulky species of self-conceit. But this digression has already turned out much longer than I intended.

Mrs Coutts and her three coaches astonished Abbotsford but a few days after I returned to Chiefswood from one of my rapid journeys to London. While in the metropolis on that occasion, I had heard a great deal more than I understood about the commercial excitement of the time. For several years preceding 1825, the plethora of gold on the one hand, and the wildness of impatient poverty on the other, had been uniting their stimulants upon the blood and brain of the most curious of all concretes, individual or national, "John Bull;" nor had sober "Sister Peg" escaped the infection of disorders which appear to recur, at pretty regular periods, in the sanguine constitution of her brother. They who had accumulated great masses of wealth, dissatisfied with the usual rates of interest under a conscientious government really protective of property, had embarked in the most perilous and fantastic schemes for piling visionary Pelions upon the real Ossa of their money-bags; and unscrupulous dreamers, who had all to gain and nothing to lose, found it easy to borrow, from

cash-encumbered neighbours, the means of pushing adventures of their own devising, more extravagant than had been heard of since the days of the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles. Even persons who had extensive and flourishing businesses in their hands, partook the general rage of infatuation. He whose own shop, counting-house, or warehouse, had been sufficient to raise him to a decent and safely-increasing opulence, and was more than sufficient to occupy all his attention, drank in the vain delusion that he was wasting his time and energy on things unworthy of a masculine ambition, and embarked the resources necessary for the purposes of his lawful calling, in speculations worthy of the land-surveyors of El Dorado. It was whispered that *the trade* (so called, *par excellence)* had been bitten with this fever; and persons of any foresight who knew (as I did not at that time know) the infinitely curious links by which booksellers, and printers, and paper-makers (and therefore authors), are bound together, high and low, town and country, for good and for evil, already began to prophesy that, whenever the general crash, which must come ere long, should arrive, its effects would be felt far and wide among all classes connected with the productions of the press. When it was rumoured that this great bookseller, or printer, had become a principal holder of South American mining shares—that another was the leading director of a railway company—a third of a gas company—

while a fourth house had risked about £100,000 in a cast upon the most capricious of all agricultural products, *hops*, — it was no wonder that bankers should begin to calculate balances, and pause upon discounts.

Among other hints to the tune of *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ* which reached my ear, were some concerning a splendid bookselling establishment in London, with which I knew the Edinburgh house of Constable to be closely connected in business. Little suspecting the extent to which any mischance of Messrs Hurst and Robinson must involve Sir Walter's own responsibilities, I transmitted to him the rumours in question as I received them. Before I could have his answer, a legal friend of mine, well known to Scott also, told me that people were talking doubtfully about Constable's own stability. I thought it probable, that if Constable fell into any pecuniary embarrassments, Scott might suffer the inconvenience of losing the copy-money of his last novel. Nothing more serious occurred to me. But I thought it my duty to tell him this whisper also; and heard from him, almost by return of post, that, shake who might in London, his friend in Edinburgh was "rooted, as well as branched, like the oak." Knowing his almost painfully accurate habits of business as to matters of trivial moment, I doubted not that he had ample grounds for being quite easy as to any concerns of his own with his publisher; and

though I turned northwards with anxiety enough, none of the burden had reference to that subject.

A few days, however, after my arrival at Chiefswood, I received a letter from the legal friend already alluded to—(Mr William Wright, the eminent barrister of Lincoln's Inn,—who, by the way, was also on habits of great personal familiarity with Constable, and liked *the Czar* exceedingly)—which renewed my apprehensions, or rather, for the first time, gave me any suspicion that there really might be something "rotten in the state of *Muscovy*." Mr Wright informed me that it was reported in London that Constable's London banker had thrown up his book. This letter reached me about five o'clock, as I was sitting down to dinner; and, about an hour afterwards, I rode over to Abbotsford, to communicate its contents. I found Sir Walter alone over his glass of whisky and water and cigar—at this time, whenever there was no company, "his custom always in the afternoon." I gave him Mr Wright's letter to read. He did so, and returning it, said, quite with his usual tranquil good-humour of look and voice, "I am much obliged to you for coming over, but you may rely upon it Wright has been hoaxed. I promise you, were the Crafty's book thrown up, there would be a pretty decent scramble among the bankers for the keeping of it. There may have been some little dispute or misunderstanding, which malice and envy have exaggerated in this absurd style; but

allow such nonsense to disturb
you see," he added, lighting another
Wright could not have heard of such
the very day it happened? And
that if Constable had been informed
this day's post must have brought me
direct from him?" I ventured to
this last point did not seem to me a
stable might not, perhaps, in such a
reat a hurry with his intelligence. "case,
the Crafty and James Ballantyne have been so
ch connected in business, that Fatsman would be
re to hear of anything so important and I like
e notion of his hearing it, and not sending me one
f his malagrugrous *billets-doux*. He could as soon
eep his eyebrows in their place if you told him there
was a fire in his nursery."

Seeing how coolly he treated my news, I went
home relieved and gratified. Next morning, as I
was rising, behold Peter Mathieson at my door, his
horses evidently off a journey, and the Sheriff rub-
bing his eyes as if the halt had shaken him out of a
sound sleep. I made what haste I could to descend,
and found him by the side of the brook looking some-
what worn, but with a serene and satisfied counte-
nance, busied already in helping his little grandson
to feed a fleet of ducklings. "You are surprised,"
he said, "to see me here. The truth is, I was more
taken aback with Wright's epistle than I cared to let

siesta.
cigar,
trans-
you
it yes-
intel-
suggest
; that
Ah!" said
be in

on; and so, as soon as you left me, I ordered the carriage to the door, and never stopped till I got to Polton, where I found Constable putting on his nightcap. I staid an hour with him, and I have now the pleasure to tell you that all is right. There was not a word of truth in the story. He is fast as Ben Lomond; and as Mamm[illegible] know what my errand was, I th[illegible] come and breakfast here, and se[illegible] your ease before I went home agai[illegible]

We had a merry breakfast, an[illegible] afterwards as I escorted him th[illegible] leaning on my shoulder all the way [illegible] as yet did, except with Tom Pu[illegible] he was in a more than [illegible] tionate mood. But I [illegible] incident left on my [illegible] It was then that I first [illegible] that if anything should [illegible] would suffer a heavier [illegible] some one novel. The [illegible] alarm. My wife sugg[illegible] that his alarm had [illegible] but Ballantyne's, who, [illegible] employer of his type[illegible] profit on them, which [illegible] must amount to a large [illegible] a misfortune of Balla[illegible] as much as one per[illegible]

well to
and you at
he chatted gaily
ough his woods,
which he seldom
unless when
ppy and affec-
impression this
s a pleasant one.
arbour a suspicion,
onstable, Sir Walter
all than the nonpayment of
journey revealed serious
as we talked things over,
not on his own account,
case evil came on the great
might possibly lose a year's
neither she nor I
sum — any more than
would grieve her
to himself. His

we well
tic — his
od. Nor
the pro-
Journal.
pute arose
per in the
tt employed
Editor's dis-
side of that
ument in his
just sense of
conscientiously
insisted, with
his own until
I happened to
ons on this sub-
Scott used language
spoke not merely as
proprietor of the Journal
that this should be so
had all along been
printing concern, neither
member of his family, had en-
tertained the slightest suspicion prior to the coming
calamities which were now "casting their shadows
before."

It is proper to add here, that the story about the
banker's throwing up the book was, as subsequent

revelations attested, groundless. Sir Walter's first guess as to its origin proved correct.

A few days afterwards, Mr Murray of Albemarle Street sent me a transcript of Lord Byron's Ravenna Diary, with permission for my neighbour also to read it if he pleased. Sir Walter read those extraordinary pages with the liveliest interest, and filled several of the blank leaves and margins with illustrative annotations and anecdotes, some of which have lately been made public, as the rest will doubtless be hereafter. In perusing what Byron had jotted down from day to day in the intervals of regular composition, it very naturally occurred to Sir Walter that the noble poet had done well to avoid troubling himself by any adoption or affectation of plan or order—giving an opinion, a reflection, a reminiscence, serious or comic, or the incidents of the passing hour, just as the spirit moved him,—and seeing what a mass of curious things, such as "after times would not willingly let die," had been thus rescued from oblivion at a very slight cost of exertion,—he resolved to attempt keeping thenceforth a somewhat similar record. A thick quarto volume, bound in vellum, with a lock and key was forthwith procured; and Sir Walter began the journal, from which I shall begin, in the next chapter, to draw copiously. The occupation of a few stray minutes in his dressing-room at getting up in the morning, or after he had retired for the night, was found a pleasant variety for him. He also kept the

book by him when in his study, and often had recourse to it when anything puzzled him and called for a halt in the prosecution of what he considered (though posterity will hardly do so) a more important task. It was extremely fortunate that he took up this scheme exactly at the time when he settled seriously to the history of Buonaparte's personal career. The sort of preparation which every chapter of that book now called for has been already alluded to; and—although, when he had fairly read himself up to any one great cycle of transactions, his old spirit roused itself in full energy, and he traced the record with as rapid and glowing a pencil as he had ever wielded—there were minutes enough, and hours, and perhaps days, of weariness, depression, and languor, when (unless this silent confidant had been at hand) even he perhaps might have made no use of his writing-desk.

Even the new resource of journalizing, however, was not sufficient. He soon convinced himself that it would facilitate, not impede, his progress with Napoleon, to have a work of imagination in hand also. The success of the Tales of the Crusaders had been very high; and Constable, well aware that it had been his custom of old to carry on two romances at the same time, was now too happy to encourage him in beginning *Woodstock*, to be taken up whenever the historical MS. should be in advance of the press.

Of the progress both of the Novel and the History, the Journal will afford us fuller and clearer details than I have been able to produce as to any of his preceding works; but before I open that sealed book, I believe it will be satisfactory to the reader that I should present (as briefly as I can) my own view of the melancholy change in Sir Walter's worldly fortunes, to which almost every page of the Diary, during several sad and toilsome years, contains some allusion. So doing, I shall avoid (in some measure at least) the necessity of interrupting, by awkward explanations, the easy tenor of perhaps the most candid Diary that ever man penned.

The early history of Scott's connexion with the Ballantynes has been already given in abundant detail; and I have felt it my duty not to shrink, at whatever pain to my own feelings or those of others, from setting down, plainly and distinctly, my own impressions of the character, manners, and conduct of those two very dissimilar brothers. I find, without surprise, that my representations of them have not proved satisfactory to their surviving relations. That I cannot help — though I sincerely regret, having been compelled, in justice to Scott, to become the instrument for opening old wounds in kind bosoms, animated, I doubt not, like my own, by veneration for his memory, and respected by me for combining that feeling with a tender concern for names so intimately connected with his throughout long years of

mutual confidence. But I have been entirely mistaken if those to whom I allude, or any others of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine as designed to cast the slightest imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. No suspicion of that nature ever crossed my mind. I believe James to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man; that his principles were of a lofty stamp—his feelings pure, even to simplicity. His brother John had many amiable as well as amusing qualities, and I am far from wishing to charge even him with any deep or deliberate malversation. Sir Walter's own epithet of "my little picaroon" indicates all that I desired to imply on that score. But John was, from mere giddiness of head and temper, incapable of conducting any serious business advantageously, either for himself or for others; nor dare I hesitate to express my conviction that, from failings of a different sort, honest James was hardly a better manager than the picaroon.

He had received the education, not of a printer, but of a solicitor; and he never, to his dying day, had the remotest knowledge or feeling of what the most important business of a master-printer consists in. He had a fine taste for the effect of types—no establishment turned out more beautiful specimens of the art than his; but he appears never to have understood that types need watching as well as setting. If the page looked handsome he was satisfied.

He had been instructed, that on every £50 paid in his men's wages, the master-printer is entitled to an equal sum of gross profit; and beyond this *rule of thumb* calculation, no experience could bring him to penetrate his *mystery*. In a word, James never comprehended that in the greatest and most regularly employed manufactory of this kind (or indeed of any kind) the profits are likely to be entirely swallowed up, unless the acting master keeps up a most wakeful scrutiny, from week to week, and from day to day, as to the machinery and the materials. So far was he from doing this, that during several of the busiest and most important years of his connexion with the establishment in the Canongate, he seldom crossed its doors. He sat in his own elbow-chair, in a comfortable library, situated in a different street—not certainly an idle man—quite the reverse, though naturally indolent—but the most negligent and inefficient of master-printers.

He was busy, indeed; and inestimably serviceable to Scott was his labour; but it consisted simply and solely in the correction and revisal of proof-sheets. It is most true, that Sir Walter's hurried and careless method of composition rendered it absolutely necessary that whatever he wrote should be subjected to far more than the usual amount of inspection required at the hands of the printer; and it is equally so, that it would have been extremely difficult to find another man willing and able to bestow such time

and care on his proof-sheets as they uniformly received from James. But this was, in fact, not the proper occupation of the man who was at the head of the establishment—who had undertaken the pecuniary management of the concern. In every other great printing-house that I have known anything about, there are intelligent and well-educated men, called, technically, *readers*, who devote themselves to this species of labour, and who are, I fear, seldom paid in proportion to its importance. Dr Goldsmith, in his early life, was such a *reader* in the printing-house of Richardson; but the author of Clarissa did not disdain to look after the presses and types himself, or he would never have accumulated the fortune that enabled him to be the liberal employer of *readers* like Goldsmith. I quoted, in a preceding volume,* a letter of Scott's, written when John Ballantyne and Co.'s bookselling house was breaking up, in which he says, "One or other of you will need to be constantly in the printing-office *henceforth;* it is the sheet-anchor." This was *ten* years after that establishment began. Thenceforth James, in compliance with this injunction, occupied, during many hours of every day, a small cabinet on the premises in the Canongate; but whoever visited him there, found him at the same eternal business, that of a literator, not that of a printer. He was either editing his newspaper—and he considered that matter as fondly

* See *ante*, Vol. IV. p. 81

and proudly as Mr Pott in Pickwick does his Gazette of Eatanswill—or correcting proof-sheets, or writing critical notes and letters to the Author of Waverley. Shakespeare, Addison, Johnson, and Burke, were at his elbow; but not the ledger. We may thus understand poor John's complaint, in what I may call his dying memorandum, of the "large sums abstracted from the bookselling house for the use of the printing-office."* Yet that bookselling house was from the first a hopeless one; whereas, under accurate superintendence, the other ought to have produced the partners a dividend of from £2000 to £3000 a-year, at the very least.

On the other hand, the necessity of providing some remedy for this radical disorder, must very soon have forced itself upon the conviction of all concerned, had not John Ballantyne (who had served a brief apprenticeship in a London banking-house) introduced his fatal enlightenment on the subject of facilitating discounts, and raising cash by means of accommodation-bills. Hence the perplexed *states* and *calendars*—the wildernesses and labyrinths of ciphers, through which no eye but that of a professed accountant could have detected any clue; hence the accumulation of bills and counter-bills drawn by both bookselling and printing house, and gradually so mixed up with other obligations, that John Ballantyne died in utter ignorance of the condition of their affairs. The

* See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 331.

pecuniary detail of those affairs then devolved u
James; and I fancy it will be only too apparent
he never made even one serious effort to master
formidable balances of figures thus committed t
sole trust — but in which his all, was not all that
involved.

I need not recapitulate the history of the
nexion between these Ballantyne firms and
Constable. It was traced as accurately as my
permitted in the preceding volumes, with a
the catastrophe. I am willing to believe th
feelings had no small share in inducing Co
uphold the credit of John Ballantyne and
n their several successive struggles to av
posure of bankruptcy. He was, with pit
enough, and grievous faults, a man of warm
fore, I hardly doubt, of sympathizing t
Vain to excess, proud at the same ti
rrogant, presumptuous, despotic — he
willing to believe, a heart. Persons
onger and better than I did, assure
viction that, in spite of many direct
derances and thwartings, the offspri
matters) partly of Tory jealousy, an
caprice — he had, even at an early
formed a genuine affection for Scott
a most profound veneration for hi
very possible that he began his a
lantyne companies mainly under

ence—and I also believe that he had, in different ways, a friendly leaning in favour of both James and John themselves. But when he, in his overweening self-sufficiency, thought it involved no mighty hazard to indulge his better feelings, as well as his lordly vanity, in shielding these friends from commercial dishonour, he had estimated but loosely the demands of the career of speculation on which he was himself entering. And by and by, when, advancing by one mighty plunge after another in that vast field, he felt in his own person the threatenings of more signal ruin than could have befallen them, this "Napoleon of the press"—still as of old buoyed up to the ultimate result of his grand operations by the most fulsome flatteries of imagination—appears to have tossed aside very summarily all scruples about the extent to which he might be entitled to tax their sustaining credit in requital. The Ballantynes, if they had comprehended all the bearings of the case, were not the men to consider grudgingly demands of this nature, founded on service so important; and who can doubt that Scott viewed them from a chivalrous altitude? It is easy to see, that the moment the obligations became reciprocal, there arose extreme peril of their coming to be hopelessly complicated. It is equally clear, that he ought to have applied on these affairs, as their complication thickened, the acumen which he exerted, and rather prided himself in exerting, on smaller points of worldly business.

ways re-
but va-
e already
ever done
having been
his confi-
the prudence
he willingly
and thorough-

on had gone
have been told
might be heard
(True Jock),
th, "Jock, you
Such things
that hare-brained
ames could have
done, to follow
whenever any pinch oc-
incomprehensible. The
at the printing-house;
his power to examine
there for that pur-
to go
descend the Canongate *once*
But did he ever
errand? I certainly much question it.
very likely that he now and then cast
glance over the details of a week's or a
operations; but no man who has followed

him throughout, can dream that he ever grappled with the sum total.* During several years it was almost daily my custom to walk home with Sir Walter from the Parliament-house, calling at James's on our way. For the most part I used to amuse myself with a newspaper or proof-sheet in the outer room, while they were closeted in the little cabinet at the corner; and merry were the tones that reached my ear while they remained in colloquy. If I were called in, it was because James, in his ecstasy, must have another to enjoy the dialogue that his friend was improvising —between Meg Dods and Captain Mac-Turk, for example, or Peter Peebles and his counsel.

How shrewdly Scott lectures Terry in May 1825: —"The best business is ruined when it becomes pinched for money, and gets into the circle of discounting bills."—"It is easy to make it feasible on paper, but the times of payment arrive to a certainty."—"I should not like to see *you* take flight like the ingenious mechanist in Rasselas, only to flutter a few yards, and fall into the lake; this would be a heart-breaking business."—"You must be careful that a check shall not throw you on the breakers, and for this there is no remedy but a handsome provision of *the blunt*," &c. &c. Who can read these words—and consider that, at the very hour when

* It is now ascertained and admitted that the Ballantyne books were *never balanced* during the later years of the connexion. [1839.]

they fell from Scott's pen, he was meditating a new purchase of land to the extent of £40,000—and that nevertheless the "certainty of the arrival of times of payment for discounting bills" was within a few months of being realized to his own ruin;—who can read such words, under such a date, and not sigh the only comment, *sic vos non vobis?*

The reader may perhaps remember a page in a former volume where I described Scott as riding with Johnny Ballantyne and myself round the deserted halls of the ancient family of Riddell, and remarking how much it increased the wonder of their ruin that the late Baronet had "kept day-book and ledger as regularly as any *cheesemonger in the Grass-market.*" It is, nevertheless, true that Sir Walter kept from first to last as accurate an account of his own *personal* expenditure as Sir John Riddell could have done of his extravagant outlay on agricultural experiments. The instructions he gave his son, when first joining the 18th Hussars, about the best method of keeping accounts, were copied from his own practice. I could, I believe, place before my reader the sum-total of sixpences that it had cost him to ride through turnpike-gates during a period of thirty years. This was, of course, an early habit mechanically adhered to: but how strange that the man who could persist, however mechanically, in noting down every shilling that he actually drew from his purse, should have allowed others to pledge

his credit, year after year, upon sheafs of accommodation paper, "the time for paying which up, must certainly come," without keeping any efficient watch on their proceedings — without knowing, any one Christmas, for how many thousands, or rather tens of thousands, he was responsible as *a printer in the Canongate!*

This is sufficiently astonishing — and had this been all, the result must sooner or later have been sufficiently uncomfortable; but still, in the absence of a circumstance which Sir Walter, however vigilant, could hardly have been expected to anticipate as within the range of possibility, he would have been in no danger of a "check that must throw him on the breakers" — of finding himself, after his flutterings over The Happy Valley, "in the lake." He could never have foreseen a step which Constable took in the frenzied excitement of his day of pecuniary alarm. Owing to the original habitual irregularities of John Ballantyne, it had been adopted as the regular plan between that person and Constable, that, whenever the latter signed a bill for the purpose of the other's raising money among the bankers, there should, in case of his neglecting to take that bill up before it fell due, be deposited a counter-bill, signed by Ballantyne, on which Constable might, if need were, raise a sum equivalent to that for which he had pledged his credit. I am told that this is an usual enough course of procedure among speculative mer-

chants; and it may be so. But mark the issue. The plan went on under James's management, just as John had begun it. Under his management also — such was the incredible looseness of it — the *counter-bills*, meant only for being sent into the market in the event of the *primary bills* being threatened with dishonour — these instruments of safeguard for Constable against contingent danger were allowed to lie unenquired about in Constable's desk, until they had swelled to a truly monstrous "sheaf of stamps." Constable's hour of distress darkened about him, and he rushed with these to the money-changers. They were nearly all flung into circulation in the course of this maddening period of panic. And by this one circumstance it came to pass, that, supposing Ballantyne and Co. to have, at the day of reckoning, obligations against them, in consequence of bill transactions with Constable, to the extent of £25,000, they were legally responsible for £50,000.

It is not my business to attempt any detailed history of the House of Constable. The sanguine man had, almost at the outset of his career, been "lifted off his feet," in Burns's phrase, by the sudden and unparalleled success of the Edinburgh Review. Scott's poetry and Scott's novels followed; and had he confined himself to those three great and triumphant undertakings, he must have died in possession of a princely fortune. But his "appetite grew with what it fed on," and a long series of less meritorious publi-

cations, pushed on, one after the other, in the craziest rapidity, swallowed up the gains which, however vast, he never counted, and therefore always exaggerated to himself. He had with the only person who might have been supposed capable of controlling him in his later years, the authority of age and a quasi-parental relationship to sustain the natural influence of great and commanding talents; his proud temperament and his glowing imagination played into each other's hands; and he scared suspicion, or trampled remonstrance, whenever (which probably was seldom) he failed to infuse the fervour of his own self-confidence. But even his gross imprudence in the management of his own great business would not have been enough to involve him in absolute ruin: had the matter halted there, and had he, suspending, as he meant to do, all minor operations, concentred his energies, in alliance with Scott, upon the new and dazzling adventure of the Cheap Miscellany, I have no doubt the damage of early misreckonings would soon have been altogether obliterated. But what he had been to the Ballantynes, certain other still more audacious "Sheafmen" had been to him. The House of Hurst, Robinson, and Co. had long been his London agents and correspondents; and he had carried on with them the same traffic in bills and counter-bills that the Canongate Company did with him — and upon a still larger scale. They had done what he did not — or at least

did not to any very culpable extent: they had carried their adventures out of the line of their own business. It was they, for example, that must needs be embarking such vast sums in a speculation on hops! When ruin threatened them, they availed themselves of Constable's credit without stint or limit — while he, feeling darkly that the net was around him, struggled and splashed for relief, no matter who might suffer, so he escaped! And Sir Walter Scott, sorely as he suffered, was too painfully conscious of the "strong tricks" he had allowed his own imagination to play, not to make merciful allowance for all the apparently monstrous things that I have now been narrating of Constable; though an offence lay behind, which even his charity could not forgive. Of that I need not as yet speak. I have done all that seems to me necessary for enabling the reader to apprehend the nature and extent of the pecuniary difficulties in which Scott was about to be involved, when he commenced his Diary of 1825.

For the rest, his friends, and above all, posterity, are not left to consider his fate without consoling reflections. They who knew and loved him, must ever remember that the real nobility of his character could not have exhibited itself to the world at large, had he not been exposed in his later years to the ordeal of adversity. And others as well as they may feel assured, that had not that adversity been preceded by the perpetual spur of pecuniary demands,

he who began life with such quick appetites for all its ordinary enjoyments, would never have devoted himself to the rearing of that gigantic monument of genius, labour, and power, which his works now constitute. The imagination which has bequeathed so much to delight and humanize mankind, would have developed few of its miraculous resources, except in the embellishment of his own personal existence. The enchanted spring might have sunk into earth with the rod that bade it gush, and left us no living waters. We cannot understand, but we may nevertheless respect even the strangest caprices of the marvellous combination of faculties to which our debt is so weighty. We should try to picture to ourselves what the actual intellectual life must have been, of the author of such a series of romances. We should ask ourselves whether, filling and discharging so soberly and gracefully as he did the common functions of social man, it was not, nevertheless, impossible but that he must have passed most of his life in other worlds than ours; and we ought hardly to think it a grievous circumstance that their bright visions should have left a dazzle sometimes on the eyes which he so gently re-opened upon our prosaic realities. He had, on the whole, a command over the powers of his mind — I mean that he could control and direct his thoughts and reflections with a readiness, firmness, and easy security of sway — beyond what I find it possible to trace in any other

artist's recorded character and history; but he could not habitually fling them into the region of dreams throughout a long series of years, and yet be expected to find a corresponding satisfaction in bending them to the less agreeable considerations which the circumstances of any human being's practical lot in this world must present in abundance. The training to which he accustomed himself could not leave him as he was when he began. He must pay the penalty, as well as reap the glory, of this lifelong abstraction of reverie. This was for him the last year of many things; among others, of Sybil Grey and *the Abbotsford Hunt*. Towards the close of a hard run on his neighbour Mr Scott of Gala's ground, he adventured to leap *the Catrail*—that venerable relic of the days of

"Reged wide
And fair Strath-Clyde,"

which the reader may remember many notices in his early letters to George Ellis. He was severely bruised and shattered; and never afterwards recovered the feeling of confidence, without which there can be no pleasure in horsemanship. He often talked of this accident with a somewhat superstitious mournfulness.

CHAPTER LXV.

Sir Walter's Diary begun, November 20, 1825 — Sketches of various Friends — William Clerk — Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe — Lord Abercrombie — The First Earl of Minto — Lord Byron — Henry Mackenzie — Chief Baron Shepherd — Solicitor-General Hope — Thomas Moore — Charles Mathews — Count Davidoff, &c. &c. — Society of Edinburgh — Religious opinions and feelings — Various alarms about the house of Hurst, Robinson, & Company — "Storm blows over" — and Song of Bonny Dundee, written at Christmas.

1825.

The Journal, on which we are about to enter, has on the title-page, "Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., his Gurnal;" — and this foot-note to *Gurnal*, "A hard word, sc spelt on the authority of Miss Sophia Scott, now Mrs Lockhart." This is a little

e, alluding to a note-book kept by his
ing one of the Highland expeditions
s, in which he was accompanied by his
dren. The motto is, —

"As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.— Old Song."

se lines are quoted also in his review
ry. That book was published just before
nburgh in July. It was, I believe, the
ook with him to Ireland; and I never
more delighted with any book whatsoever
ever afterwards many of its queer
ases on his lips.

The reader cannot expect that any
ary of this sort should be printed in extenso.
w years of the writer's death. The
reasons which need not be explained
cessary to omit some passages altogether
ridge others — and very frequently to
erisks or arbitrary initials for names.
er omissions or alterations have been
re dictated by regard for the feelings
rsons; and, if any passages which have
ained should prove offensive to such feelings
s no apology to be offered, but that the
they could not be struck out, without
statement of fact, opinion, or sentiment.

seemed impossible to sacrifice without injustice to Sir Walter Scott's character and history.

DIARY.

"*Edinburgh—November* 20, 1825.—I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting; and I have deprived my family of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book, by throwing out all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold, I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's Album. *Nota bene*—John Lockhart, and Anne, and I, are to raise a Society for the Suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity. Sir, your autograph — a line of poetry — or a prose sentence! — Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

"I was in Ireland last summer, and had a most delightful tour.—There is much less of exaggeration

about the Irish than might have been suspected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig-sties, even in Scotland — and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness, that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food, they have only potatoes, and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy, the women buxom and well-coloured.

"Dined with us, being Sunday, Will. Clerk and C. Sharpe. William Clerk is the second son of the celebrated author of 'Naval Tactics.' I have known him intimately since our college days; and to my thinking, never met a man of greater powers, or more complete information on all desirable subjects. In youth he had strongly the Edinburgh *pruritus disputandi*; but habits of society have greatly mellowed it, and though still anxious to gain your suffrage to his views, he endeavours rather to conciliate your opinion than conquer it by force. Still there is enough of tenacity of sentiment to prevent, in London society, where all must go slack and easy, W. C. from rising to the very top of the tree as a

conversation man; who must not only wind the thread of his argument gracefully, but also know when to let go. But I like the Scotch taste better; there is more matter, more information—above all, more spirit in it. Clerk will, I am afraid, leave the world little more than the report of his powers. He is too indolent to finish any considerable work. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is another very remarkable man. He was bred for a clergyman, but never took orders. He has infinite wit and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of Kirkton, &c. bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable—a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St Anthony, and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words. If he were to make drawing a resource, it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities, and, therefore, of expensive trifles, C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his purse. He is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in Douglas and other books on pedigree, which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old! Not but Charles loves it fresh and fresh also, for being very much a fashionable man, he is always

master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping sympathizing with him — a peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is, that C. K. S., with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole — perhaps in his person also, in a general way. — See Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes* for a description of the author of the Castle of Otranto. — No other company at dinner except my cheerful and good-humoured friend *Missie* Macdonald,† so called in fondness. One bottle of champaign, with the ladies' asssistance, two of claret. — I observe that both these great connoisseurs were very nearly, if not quite agreed, that there are *no* absolutely undoubted originals of Queen Mary. But how, then, should we be so very distinctly informed as to her features? What has become of all the originals which suggested these innumerable copies? Surely Mary must have been as unfortunate in this as in *other* particulars of her life.

"*November* 21, 1825. — I am enamoured of my journal. *I wish* the zeal may but last. — Once more of Ireland. *I said* their poverty was not exaggerated — neither is *their* wit — nor their good-humour —

* Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Laetitia Matilda Hawkins. 8vo. London, 1822, pp. 91–117; 308–318.

† Miss Macdonald Buchanan of Drummakill.

nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage. *Wit.*—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat.' 'May your honour live till I pay you.' There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

"*Good-humour.*—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin—butter-milk, potatoes—a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness: while a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world—while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill, at all at all.

"*Absurdity.*—They were widening the road near Lord Claremont's seat as we passed. A number of cars were drawn up together at a particular point, where we also halted, as we understood they were blowing a rock, and the *shot* was expected presently to go off. After waiting two minutes or so, a fel-

low called out something, and our carriage as a planet, and the cars for satellites, started all forward at once, the Irishmen whooping, and the horses galloping. Unable to learn the meaning of this, I was only left to suppose that they had delayed firing the intended *shot* till we should pass, and that we were passing quickly to make the delay as short as possible. No such thing. By dint of making great haste, we got within ten yards of the rock just when the blast took place, throwing dust and gravel on our carriage; and had our postillion brought us a little nearer (it was not for want of hollowing and flogging that he did not), we should have had a still more serious share of the explosion. The explanation I received from the drivers was, that they had been told by the overseer that as the *mine* had been *so long* in going off, he dared say we would have time to pass it—so we just waited long enough to make the danger imminent. I have only to add, that two or three people got behind the carriage, just for nothing but to see how our honours got past.

" Went to the Oil Gas Committee this morning, of which concern I am President, or Chairman. This brings me into company with a body of active business-beings, money-making citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly Whigs, by the way, whose sentiments and proceedings amuse me. The stock is rather low in the market.

"Dined with Sir Robert Dundas, where we met Lord and Lady Melville. My little *nieces (ex officio)* gave us some pretty music. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn. There is about all the fine arts a something of soul and spirit, which, like the vital principle in man, defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a picture on which much pains had been bestowed—'Why, yes,' he said, in a hesitating manner, 'it is very clever—very well done—can't find fault; but it wants something; it wants—it wants—d—n me—it wants THAT'—throwing his hand over his head, and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. Next to him David Macculloch for Scotch songs. The last, when a boy at Dumfries, was much admired by Burns, who used to get him to try over the words which he composed to new melodies. He is brother to Macculloch of Ardwell.

"*November* 22.—*Moore.*—I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is

going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself '*the great Twalmly—inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Premat Nox alta.* It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.

"Here is matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. & R., Constable's great agents. Should they *go*, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough to pay more than 20s. in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. But much inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good; but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalizing, or moralizing

either. Necessity is like a sour-faced
and I a turn-spit she has flogged, ere
mounted his wheel. If Woodstock can
25th January it will do much, and it
Could not write to purpose for thick-comi

'My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, sir.'

"Went to dine at the Lord Justice-
thought by invitation, but it was for
night. Returned very well pleased, not
in the humour for company, and had
My appetite is surely, excepting as to
of a farmer, for, eating moderately of
epicurean pleasure is in the most simple
I seldom taste when alone, and use
spirits and water. I have of late
quantity, for fear of a weakness induct
betes — a disease which broke up my
though one of the most temperate
lived. I smoke a couple of cigars
operates equally as a sedative —

'Just to drive the cold winter a
And drown the fatigues of the

I smoked a good deal about twenty
at Ashestiel; but coming down one

parlour, I found, as the room was small and confined, that the smell was unpleasant, and laid aside the use of the *Nicotian weed* for many years; but was again led to use it by the example of my son, a hussar officer, and my son-in-law, an Oxford student. I could lay it aside to-morrow; I laugh at the dominion of custom in this and many things.

'We make the giants first, and then — *do not* kill them.

"*November* 23.—On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that like Rousseau he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me, that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him, cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called the Liberal, in

mmunion with men on whom he said the world
d set its mark. Byron showed this to the parties.
elley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostu-
ion to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme
picion and love of mischief are both shades of the
ady which certainly tinctured some part of the
acter of this mighty genius; and without some
cy towards which, genius perhaps cannot exist
xtent. The wheels of a machine, to play
nust not fit with the utmost exactness, else
ion diminishes the impetus.
ther of Byron's peculiarities was the love of
g, which, indeed, may be referred to that of
There was no knowing how much or how
le to believe of his narratives. Instance:—Wil-
m Bankes expostulating with him upon a dedica-
n which he had written in extravagant terms of
aise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam
d bored him about this dedication till he had said,
Well, it shall be so, provided you will write it
rse it;' and affirmed that Hobhouse did write the
oloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned
Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to
Bankes had mentioned it. Murray, in reply,
d me that the dedication was written by Lord
himself, and showed it me in his own hand.
yron
e to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as
wr
ht have made mischief had the story got into
it might
the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of

imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) in their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtezan of Venice, about whom Rousseau makes so piquante a story, was, if one could see her, a draggle-tailed wench enough. I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le fanfaron de vices qu'il n'avoit pas*. He loved to be thought woful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he *crammed* people, as it is termed, about duels and the like, which never existed, or were much exaggerated.

What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature, from the school-magisterial style to the lackädaisical. His example has formed a sort of upper house of poetry;—but

> 'There will be many peers
> Ere such another Byron.'

"* * * Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats, and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments, and harangues about an author's works in his

own house, which is surely ill-breeding. Moreover, they are seldom long of making it evident that they know nothing about what they are talking of, excepting having seen the Lady of the Lake at the opera.

"Dined at St Catherine's* with the Lord Advocate, Lord Melville, Lord Justice-Clerk, Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth,—all class companions, and acquainted well for more than forty years. All excepting Lord J. C. were at Fraser's class, High-School. Boyle joined us at college. There are, besides, Sir Adam Fergusson, Colin Mackenzie, James Hope, Dr James Buchan, Claud Russell, and perhaps two or three more of and about the same period—but

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

"*November 24th.*—Talking of strangers, London held, some four or five years since, one of those animals who are lions at first, but by transmutation of two seasons, become in regular course *bores*—Ugo Foscolo by name, a haunter of Murray's shop and of literary parties. Ugly as a baboon, and intolerably conceited, he spluttered, blustered, and disputed, without even knowing the principles upon which men of sense render a reason, and screamed all the while like a pig with a knife in his throat. Another such

* St Catherine's, the seat of Sir William Rae, Bart., then Lord Advocate, is about three miles from Edinburgh.

animalaccio is a brute of a Mar
lately inflicted two days on us a
gentry never know what to m
the forenoon, but sit tormentin
at proverbs and such trash.

"*Foreigner of a different ca*
at Abbotsford, and is here for e
young Count Davidoff, with h
He is nephew of the famous O
surprising how much sense and s
youth has at the early age of si
least self-conceit or forwardness.
he seems kind, modest, and inge
tions which I asked about the
answered with the precision and
nis years. I should be sorry the s
in him—

'So wise so young, they say, do n

I saw also at Abbotsford two F
liked, friends of Miss Dumergue.
Noir, is the author of a tragedy
grace never to quote, and which I

* M. Davidoff has, in his mature life, a
ter's prognostications. He has, I understa
Russian language, a tribute to the memory
Travels in Greece and Asia Minor are well
dered as in a high degree honourable to his
—[1839.]

† *King Richard III. Act. III. Scene*

me malicious persons, had *not* the grace even to
nt at. They were disposed at first to be compli-
entary, but I convinced them it was not the custom
re, and they took it well, and were agreeable.
" *A little* bilious this morning, for the first time
e six months. It cannot be the London matters
h stick on my stomach, for that is mending, and
ve good effects on myself and others.
d with Robert Cockburn. Company, Lord
and family; Sir John and Lady Hope;
Lady R. Kerr, and so forth. Combination
general, and coals up to double price; the
not work *although*, or rather *because* they
e from thirty to forty shillings per week.
rd R— Kerr told us he had a letter from Lord
rbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was
leep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened
a sense of suffocation, which deprived him of the
wer of stirring a limb, yet left him the conscious-
ss that the house was on fire. At this moment,
w hile his apartment was in flames, his large
iu mped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged
t the staircase, where the fresh air restored his
er of existence and of escape. This is very dif-
ent from most cases of preservation of life by the
anin race, when the animal generally jumps into
the water, in which element he has force and skill.
That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

"*November* 25.—Read Jeffrey's neat and well-intended address to the mechanics upon their combinations. Will it do good? Umph. It takes only the hand of a Lilliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches, and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length, after a few speeches on the subject, adopt it of course. In this case we should have no need of laws or churches, for I am sure there is no difficulty in proving that moral, regular, and steady habits, conduce to men's best interest, and that vice is not sin merely, but folly. But of these men, each has passions and prejudices, the gratification of which he prefers, not only to the general weal, but to that of himself as an individual. Under the action of these wayward impulses, a man drinks to-day, though he is sure of starving to-morrow; he murders to-morrow, though he is sure to be hanged on Wednesday; and people are so slow to believe that which makes against their own predominant passions, that mechanics will combine to raise the price for one week, though they destroy the manufacture for ever. The best remedy seems to be the probable supply of labourers from other trades. Jef-

proposes each mechanic shall learn some other
le than his own, and so have two strings to his
. He does not consider the length of a double
renticeship. To make a man a good weaver and
ood tailor, would require as much time as the
arch served for his two wives. Each mechanic
indeed, a second trade, for he can dig and do
or k. Perhaps the best reason for breaking
sociation will prove to be the expenditure
ney which they have been simple enough to
the industrious for the support of the idle.
h provision for the sick and the aged, the
d the orphan, has been expended in the
to get wages which the manufacturer cannot
d th em, at any possible chance of selling his
mod ity!

I had a bad fall last night coming home. There
un finished houses at the east end of Athole
cent, and as I was on foot, I crossed the street
void the materials which lay about; but, deceived
moonlight, I slipped ankle-deep into a sea of
onest earth and water, thank God), and fell
hands. Never was there such a
ntative of *Wall* in Pyramus and
— I was absolutely rough-cast.
y Lady S. had retired when I
home; so I enjoyed my tub of
without either remonstrance or
water
conde lences. Cockburn's hospitality

N. B. Within eight weeks after recording this graceful act of submission, I found I was unable to keep a carriage at all.

will get the benefit and renown of my downfall, and yet has no claim to it. In future, though, I must take my coach at night—a control on one's freedom, but it must be submitted to. I found a letter from Cadell, giving a cheering account of things in London. Their correspondent is getting into his strength. Three days ago I would have been contented to buy this *consola*, as Judy says,* dearer than by a dozen falls in the mud.

"Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford, his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly: he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs Coutts's parties, and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of

* This alludes to a strange old woman, keeper of a public-house among the Wicklow mountains, who, among a world of oddities, cut short every word ending in *tion*, by the omission of the termination. *Consola* for consolation — *bothera* for botheration, &c. &c. Lord Plunkett had taken care to parade Judy and all her peculiarities.

alth; most willing to do good, if the means
wn to her. She can be very entertaining, too,
speaks without scruple of her stage life. So
wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some
ion. But what then? If the Duke marries
ensures an immense fortune; if she mar-
n, she has the first rank. The disparity of
ncerns no one but themselves; so they have
sent to marry, if they can get each other's.
this is written, enter my Lord of St Albans
dy Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a
sermons to Mrs Coutts. Much obliged for
d opinion: recommended Logan's—one poet
always speak for another. The mission, I
, was a little display on the part of good Mrs
of authority over her high aristocratic suitor
did not suspect her of turning *devotee*, and re-
ract my consent as given above, unless she remains
burly, brisk, and jolly.' Dined quiet with wife and
ughter. Robert Cadell looked in in the evening
business.

"I here register my purpose to practice eco-
nomics. I have little temptation to do otherwise.
Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large
for the property; so I resolve—

"No more building;

"No purchases of land, till times are quite safe;

"No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean
to any extent; and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the return
this year's labour;
"Which resolutions, with health and my h
of industry, will make me 'sleep in spit
thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond sto
jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, ma
such a shake of credit as now exists in London, a
menace the credit of men trading on sure funds lik
Hurst and Robinson. It is just like a set of pick
pockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks ar
knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage
safely in the midst of the confusion they have ex
cited.

"*November* 26.—The Court met late, and sat till
one; detained from that hour till four o'clock, being
engaged in the perplexed affairs of Mr James Stewart
of Brugh. This young gentleman is heir to a pro-
perty of better than £1000 a-year in Orkney. His
mother married very young, and was wife, mother,
and widow, in the course of the first year. Being
unfortunately under the direction of a careless agent,
she was unlucky enough to embarrass her affairs. I
was asked to accept the situation of one of the son's
curators; and trust to clear out his affairs and hers
—at least I will not fail for want of application.
I have lent her £300 on a second (and therefore
doubtful) security over her house in Newington,

ght for £1000, and on which £600 already secured. I have no connexion h the family except that of compas-, and may not be rewarded even by nks when the young man comes of I have known my father often so treated by who-m he had laboured to serve. But if we some hazard in our attempts to do good, the merit of them? — So I will bring ny Orkney laird if I can. Dined at home Lady S. and Anne.

I was obliged to give this up in consequence of my own misfortunes.

mber 28. — People make me the oddest It is not unusual for an Oxonian or Can- has outrun his allowance, and of whom I ow nothing, to apply to me for the loan of £20, 0, or £100. A captain of the Danish naval ser- e writes to me, that being in distress for a sum money by which he might transport himself to mbia to offer his services in assisting to free ovince, he had dreamed I generously made present of it. I can tell him his dream by ies. I begin to find, like Joseph Surface, o good a character is inconvenient. I don't what I have done to gain so much credit for ity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed, says, one of 'those whom Heaven has blessed fluence. Not too much of that neither, my

dear petitioners, though I may thank myself that your ideas are not correct.

"Dined at Melville Castle, whither I went through a snow-storm. I was glad to find myself once more in a place connected with many happy days. Met Sir R. Dundas and my old friend George, now Lord Abercromby, with his Lady, and a beautiful girl his daughter. He is what he always was, the best-humoured man living; and our meetings, now more rare than formerly, are seasoned with many a recollection of old frolics and old friends.—I am entertained to see him just the same he has always been, never yielding up his own opinion in fact, and yet in in words acquiescing in all that could be said against it. George was always like a willow—he never offered resistance to the breath of argument, but never moved from his rooted opinion, blow as it listed.—Exaggeration might make these peculiarities highly dramatic: Conceive a man who always seems to be acquiescing in your sentiments, yet never changes his own, and this with a sort of *bonhommie* which shows there is not a particle of deceit intended. He is only desirous to spare you the trouble of contradiction.

"*November* 29.—Dined at Justice-Clerk's—the President—Captain Smollett of Bonhill—our new Commander-in-Chief, Hon. Sir Robert O'Callaghan, brother to Earl of Lismore, a fine soldier-like man,

orders and badges; — also his younger brother, agreeable man, whom I met at Lowther Castle season. He composes his own music and sings own poetry — has much humour, enhanced by a ng touch of national dialect, which is always a sauce to an Irishman's good things. Dandyish, t of fensively; and seems to have a warm feel- credit of his country — rather inconsistent rifling and selfish quietude of a mere man

mber 30. — I am come to the time when at look out of the windows shall be dark- I must now wear spectacles constantly in ng and writing, though till this winter I have a shift by using only their occasional assistance. ough my health cannot be better, I feel my lame- be comes sometimes painful, and often inconve- Walking on the pavement or causeway gives uble, and I am glad when I have accomplished rn on foot from the Parliament House to Street, though I can (taking a competent time, *Braxie* said on another occasion) walk five or es in the country with pleasure. Well, such must come, and be received with cheerful sion. My early lameness considered, it was ible for a man to have been stronger or more than I have been, and that for twenty or thirty

active

years. Seams will slit, and elbows will out, quoth the tailor; and as I was fifty-four 15th August last, my mental vestments are none of the newest. Then Walter, Charles, and Lockhart, are as active and handsome young fellows as you can see; and while they enjoy strength and activity I can hardly be said to want it. I have perhaps all my life set an undue value on these gifts. Yet it does appear to me that high and independent feelings are naturally, though not uniformly or inseparably, connected with bodily advantages. Strong men are usually good-humoured, and active men often display the same elasticity of mind as of body. These superiorities, indeed, are often misused. But, even for these things, God shall call us to judgment.

"Some months since, I joined with other literary folks in subscribing a petition for a pension to Mrs Grant of Laggan, which we thought was a tribute merited by her as an authoress; and, in my opinion, much more by the firmness and elasticity of mind with which she had borne a succession of great domestic calamities. Unhappily there was only about £100 open on the pension list, and this the ministers assigned in equal portions to Mrs G—— and a distressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfeited Scottish nobleman. Mrs G——, proud as a Highland-woman, vain as a poetess, and absurd as a blue-stocking, has taken this partition in *malam partem*, and written to

rd Melville about her merits, and that her friends not consider her claims as being fairly canvassed, h something like a demand that her petition be mitted to the King. This is not the way to make *plack* a *bawbee*, and Lord M., a little *miffed* in , sends the whole correspondence to me, to know her Mrs G—— will accept the £50 or not. at ing to deal with ladies when they are in an ble humour, I have got the good-humoured eeling to find out the lady's mind, and I myself the task of making her peace with There is no great doubt how it will end, scornful dog will always eat your dirty pud- fter all, the poor lady is greatly to be pitied; her s ole remaining daughter deep and far gone in decline.

"Dined with my cousin, Robert Rutherford, being first invitation since my uncle's death, and our sin Lieutenant-Colonel Russell* of Ashestiel, with sister Anne—the former newly returned from a——a fine gallant fellow, and distinguished as a officer. He came over-land from India, and served a good deal. Knight Marischal not well. ble to attend the convocation of kith and kin.

"*December 1st.*—Colonel Russell told me that the European Government had discovered an inge-

* Now Major-General Sir James Russell, K.C.B.

nious mode of diminishing the number of burnings of widows. It seems the Shaster positively enjoins that the pile shall be so constructed that, if the victim should repent even at the moment when it is set on fire, she may still have the means of saving herself. The Brahmins soon found it was necessary to assist the resolution of the sufferers, by means of a little pit into which they contrive to let the poor widow sink, so as to prevent her reaping any benefit from a late repentance. But the Government has brought them back to the regard of this law, and only permit the burning to go on when the pile is constructed with full opportunity of a *locus penitentiæ*. Yet the widow is so degraded if she dare to survive, that the number of burnings is still great. The quantity of female children destroyed by the Rajapout tribes, Colonel R. describes as very great indeed. They are strangled by the mother. The principle is the aristocratic pride of these high castes, who breed up no more daughters than they can reasonably hope to find matches for in their own rank. Singular how artificial systems of feeling can be made to overcome that love of offspring which seems instinctive in the females, not of the human race only, but of the lower animals. This is the reverse of our system of increasing game by shooting the old cock birds. It is a system would aid Malthus rarely.

"I think this journal will suit me well: if I can wax myself into an idea that it is purely voluntary,

may go on — *nulla dies sine lineâ.* But never a
eing hated task-work as I hate it, from my infancy
pwards, and yet I have done a great deal in my
ay. It is not that I am idle in my nature neither.
ut propose to me to do one thing, and it is incon-
ivable the desire I have to do something else —
that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just
se it is escaping from an imposed task. I can-
c this love of contradiction to any distinct
but it has haunted me all my life. I could
uppose it was mechanical, and that the im-
of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like
e of a bad billiard player, which gives an
to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tan-
at di erent from the course designed. Now, if I
pend such eccentric movements on this journal, it
ll be turning a wretched propensity to some toler-
e account. If I had thus employed the hours and
f hours which I have whiled away in putting off
nethi ng that must needs be done at last, my con-
nce l I should have had a journal with a witness.
a and Lockhart came to Edinburgh to-day, and
with us, meeting Hector Macdonald Buchanan,
ady, and Missie, James Skene and his Lady,
hart's friend Cay, &c. They are lucky to be
to assemble so many real friends, whose good
ble es I am sure will follow them in their new
wish taking.
under

will get the benefit and renown of my downfall
yet has no claim to it. In future, though, I
take my coach at night—a control on one's
dom, but it must be submitted to. I found a l
from Cadell, giving a cheering account of thing
London. Their correspondent is getting into
strength. Three days ago I would have been
tented to buy this *consola*, as Judy says,* dearer
by a dozen falls in the mud.

"Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans
Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave o
When at Abbotsford, his suit throve but coldly.
made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity.
had refused him twice, and decidedly: he was m
on the footing of friendship. I urged it was ak
love. She allowed she might marry the Duke,
she had at present not the least intention that
Is this frank admission more favourable for the Du
than an absolute protestation against the possibilit
of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion
to attend Mrs Coutts's parties, and to abuse her. I
have always found her a kind, friendly woman, with-
out either affectation or insolence in the display of

* This alludes to a strange old woman, keeper of a public-house among the Wicklow mountains, who, among a world of oddities, cut short every word ending in *tion*, by the omission of the termination. *Consola* for consolation — *bothera* for bothera-tion, &c. &c. Lord Plunkett had taken care to parade Judy and all her peculiarities.

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the retu
this year's labour;
"Which resolutions, with health and my
of industry, will make me 'sleep in sp
thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond st
jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, t
such a shake of credit as now exists in London,
menace the credit of men trading on sure funds
Hurst and Robinson. It is just like a set of
pockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folk
knocked down and plundered, that they may p
safely in the midst of the confusion they have
cited.

"*November* 26.—The Court met late, and s
one; detained from that hour till four o'clock, b
engaged in the perplexed affairs of Mr James Stew
of Brugh. This young gentleman is heir to a pr
perty of better than £1000 a-year in Orkney. H
mother married very young, and was wife, mother
and widow, in the course of the first year. Being
unfortunately under the direction of a careless agent,
she was unlucky enough to embarrass her affairs. I
was asked to accept the situation of one of the son's
curators; and trust to clear out his affairs and hers
—at least I will not fail for want of application.
I have lent her £300 on a second (and therefore
doubtful) security over her house in Newington,

ought for £1000, and on which £600
s already secured. I have no connexion
vith the family except that of compass-
ion, and may not be rewarded even by
hanks when the young man comes of
age. I have known my father often so
those whom he had laboured to serve.
do not run some hazard in our attempts
where is the merit of them? — So I
through my Orkney laird if I can.
quiet with Lady S. and Anne.

I was obliged to give this up in consequence of my own misfortunes.

treated by
But if we
to do good,
will bring
Dined at home

" *November* 28. — People make me the oddest
requests. It is not unusual for an Oxonian or Can-
ab, who has outrun his allowance, and of whom I
now nothing, to apply to me for the loan of £20,
50, or £100. A captain of the Danish naval ser-
ice writes to me, that being in distress for a sum
money by which he might transport himself to
olumbia to offer his services in assisting to free
at province, he had dreamed I generously made
m a present of it. I can tell him his dream by
ntraries. I begin to find, like Joseph Surface,
at too good a character is inconvenient. I don't
now what I have done to gain so much credit for
nerosity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed,
Puff says, one of 'those whom Heaven has blessed
h affluence. Not too much of that neither, my

dear petitioners, though I may thank n
ideas are not correct.

"Dined at Melville Castle, whither
a snow-storm. I was glad to find my
in a place connected with many happ
Sir R. Dundas and my old friend Geor
Abercromby, with his Lady, and a bea
daughter. He is what he always w
humoured man living; and our meeting
rare than formerly, are seasoned with n
lection of old frolics and old friends.—
tained to see him just the same he has
never yielding up his own opinion in fact
in words acquiescing in all that could be
it. George was always like a willow—b
fered resistance to the breath of argument,
moved from his rooted opinion, blow as i
Exaggeration might make these peculiari
dramatic: Conceive a man who always se
acquiescing in your sentiments, yet never ch
own, and this with a sort of *bonhommie* whi
there is not a particle of deceit intended. H
desirous to spare you the trouble of contradi

"*November* 29.—Dined at Justice-Clerk
President—Captain Smollett of Bonhill—
Commander-in-Chief, Hon. Sir Robert O'Ca
brother to Earl of Lismore, a fine soldier-lik

with orders and badges; — also his younger brother,
an agreeable man, whom I met at Lowther Castle
this season. He composes his own music and sings
his own poetry — has much humour, enhanced by a
strong touch of national dialect, which is always a
rich sauce to an Irishman's good things. Dandyish,
but not offensively; and seems to have a warm feel-
ing for the credit of his country — rather inconsistent
with the trifling and selfish quietude of a mere man
of society.

"*November* 30. — I am come to the time when
'those that look out of the windows shall be dark-
ened.' I must now wear spectacles constantly in
reading and writing, though till this winter I have
made a shift by using only their occasional assistance.
Although my health cannot be better, I feel my lame-
ness becomes sometimes painful, and often inconve-
nient. Walking on the pavement or causeway gives
me trouble, and I am glad when I have accomplished
my return on foot from the Parliament House to
Castle Street, though I can (taking a competent time,
as old *Braxie* said on another occasion) walk five or
six miles in the country with pleasure. Well, such
things must come, and be received with cheerful
submission. My early lameness considered, it was
impossible for a man to have been stronger or more
active than I have been, and that for twenty or thirty

years. Seams will slit, and elbows
the tailor; and as I was fifty-four 15
my mental vestments are none of the
Walter, Charles, and Lockhart, are
handsome young fellows as you can
they enjoy strength and activity I can
to want it. I have perhaps all my life
value on these gifts. Yet it does app
high and independent feelings are natu
not uniformly or inseparably, connecte
advantages. Strong men are usually go
and active men often display the sam
mind as of body. These superiorities
often misused. But, even for these thin
call us to judgment.

" Some months since, I joined with
folks in subscribing a petition for a pe
Grant of Laggan, which we thought v
merited by her as an authoress; and, in
much more by the firmness and elasti
with which she had borne a succession
mestic calamities. Unhappily there wa
£100 open on the pension list, and this
assigned in equal portions to Mrs G—
tressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfei
nobleman. Mrs G——, proud as a Highl
vain as a poetess, and absurd as a blue-st
taken this partition in *malam partem*, an

Lord Melville about her merits, and that her friends
do not consider her claims as being fairly canvassed,
with something like a demand that her petition be
submitted to the King. This is not the way to make
her *plack* a *bawbee*, and Lord M., a little *miffed* in
turn, sends the whole correspondence to me, to know
whether Mrs G—— will accept the £50 or not.
Now, hating to deal with ladies when they are in an
unreasonable humour, I have got the good-humoured
Man of Feeling to find out the lady's mind, and I
take on myself the task of making her peace with
Lord M. There is no great doubt how it will end,
for your scornful dog will always eat your dirty pud-
ding. After all, the poor lady is greatly to be pitied;
—her sole remaining daughter deep and far gone in
a decline.

"Dined with my cousin, Robert Rutherford, being
the first invitation since my uncle's death, and our
cousin Lieutenant-Colonel Russell* of Ashestiel, with
his sister Anne—the former newly returned from
India—a fine gallant fellow, and distinguished as a
cavalry officer. He came over-land from India, and
has observed a good deal. Knight Marischal not well,
so unable to attend the convocation of kith and kin.

"*December 1st.*—Colonel Russell told me that
the European Government had discovered an inge-

* Now Major-General Sir James Russell, K.C.B.

nious mode of diminishing the nu
of widows. It seems the Shaster
that the pile shall be so constructed
should repent even at the moment
fire, she may still have the means
The Brahmins soon found it was
the resolution of the sufferers, by
pit into which they contrive to let
sink, so as to prevent her reaping
a late repentance. But the Governm
them back to the regard of this law,
the burning to go on when the pi
with full opportunity of a *locus pen*
widow is so degraded if she dare
the number of burnings is still grea
of female children destroyed by the
Colonel R. describes as very great i
strangled by the mother. The prin
tocratic pride of these high castes,
more daughters than they can rea
find matches for in their own rank
artificial systems of feeling can be m
that love of offspring which seems i
females, not of the human race only,
animals. This is the reverse of ou
creasing game by shooting the old co
a system would aid Malthus rarely.

"I think this journal will suit me
wax myself into an idea that it is pu

it may go on — *nulla dies sine linea*. But never a
being hated task-work as I hate it, from my infancy
upwards, and yet I have done a great deal in my
day. It is not that I am idle in my nature neither.
But propose to me to do one thing, and it is incon-
ceivable the desire I have to do something else —
not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just
because it is escaping from an imposed task. I can-
not trace this love of contradiction to any distinct
source, but it has haunted me all my life. I could
almost suppose it was mechanical, and that the im-
position of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like
the mace of a bad billiard player, which gives an
impulse to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tan-
gent different from the course designed. Now, if I
expend such eccentric movements on this journal, it
will be turning a wretched propensity to some toler-
able account. If I had thus employed the hours and
half hours which I have whiled away in putting off
something that must needs be done at last, my con-
science! I should have had a journal with a witness.
Sophia and Lockhart came to Edinburgh to-day, and
dined with us, meeting Hector Macdonald Buchanan,
his Lady, and Missie, James Skene and his Lady,
Lockhart's friend Cay, &c. They are lucky to be
able to assemble so many real friends, whose good
wishes I am sure will follow them in their new
undertaking.

"*December* 2.— Rather a bla
Gurnal. Sophia dined with us
being gone to the west to bid farew
and brothers. Evening spent in talk
on their future prospects. God bless
she never gave me a moment's reason
her. But, O my God, that poor de
clever, so animated, yet holding by thi
fearfully slight a tenure. Never out
thoughts, almost never out of his fathe
he has but a single moment to give
Deus providebit.

"*December* 3.— T. S. called last nig
himself from dining with Lockhart's fr
I really fear he is near an actual stand-st
been extremely improvident. When I
him he had an excellent estate, and no
prived, I fear, of the whole reversion
and this from no vice or extreme, excep
mode of buying pictures and other cost
high prices, and selling them again for n
sides extravagant housekeeping and prof
tality. An excellent disposition, with a c
fund of acquired knowledge, would have
him an agreeable companion, had he no
singularity, and rendered himself according
larly affected. He was very near being a p
a miss is as good as a mile. I knew him firs

years ago, when he was desirous of my acquaintance, but he was too poetical for me, or I was not poetical enough for him, so that we continued only ordinary acquaintance, with good-will on either side, which T. S. really deserves, as a more friendly generous creature never lived. Lockhart hopes to get something done for him, being sincerely attached to him, but says he has no hopes till he is utterly ruined. That point, I fear, is not far distant; but what Lockhart can do for him *then*, I cannot guess. His last effort failed, owing to a curious reason. T. S. had made some translations, which he does extremely well — for give him ideas, and he never wants choice of good words — and Lockhart had got Constable to offer some sort of terms for them. T. S. had always, though possessing a beautiful power of handwriting, had some whim or other about imitating that of some other person, and has written for months in the imitation of one or other of his friends. At present he has renounced this amusement, and chooses to write with a brush upon large cartridge paper, somewhat in the Chinese fashion, — so when his work, which was only to extend to one or two volumes, arrived on the shoulders of two porters, in immense bales, our jolly bibliopole backed out of the treaty, and would have nothing more to do with T. S. He is a creature that is, or would be thought, of imagination all compact, and is influenced by strange whims. But he is a kind, harmless, friendly soul, and I fear

has been cruelly plundered of mor
wants sadly.

"Dined with Lockhart's frien
number, who gave him a parting en
Hope, Solicitor-General, in the
Dundas, croupier. The company
spectable, and any man might be
indication of the interest they tal
in life. Tory principles rather too
some speakers. I came home abo
sat late.

"*December 5th.*— This morn
Sophia left us early, and without le
I rose at eight o'clock, they were
very right. I hate red eyes and
Agere et pati Romanum est. Of
mend me to the Stoics. We canno
our affections, nor ought we if we
repress them within due bounds, a
them to make fools of those wh
masters. I have lost some of the
I chiefly looked for enjoyment. W
the more of such as remain—God
so 'I will unto my holy work a
present is the description of that wo
rate, Danton, Robespierre, and Mar

* *King Richard III. Act III.*

"I cannot conceive what possesses me, over every person besides, to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at *e'en*, inclosing a bill for £750; *no deaf nuts*. Well, I read it, and note the contents; and this day, as if it had been a wind-bill in the literal sense of the words, I search everywhere, and lose three hours of my morning — turn over all my confusion in the writing-desk — break open one or two letters, lest I should have enclosed the sweet and quickly convertible document in them, — send for a joiner, and disorganize my scrutoire, lest it should have fallen aside by mistake. I find it at last — the place where is of little consequence; but this trick must be amended.

"Dined at the Royal Society Club, where, as usual, was a pleasant meeting — from twenty to twenty-five. It is a very good institution; we pay two guineas only for six dinners in the year, present or absent. Dine at five, or rather half-past five, at the Royal Hotel, where we have an excellent dinner, with soups, fish, &c., and all in good order; port and sherry till half-past seven, then coffee, and we go to the Society. This preface of a good dinner, to be paid for whether you partake or not, brings out many philosopher who might not otherwise have attended. Harry Mackenzie, now in his eighty-second or third year, read part of an Essay on Dreams. Supped at Russell's usual party, which shall serve for one while.

"*December 6th.*—A rare thin
or love of fame or notoriety whic
Here is Mr Henry Mackenzie on t
human dissolution, as actively anxi
the curtain must not soon be clo
everything else.* He calls me his
and I am sure I am glad to retur
which he showed me long since i
No man is less known from his wri
suppose a retired, modest, somew
with a white handkerchief, and a sig
sentiment. No such thing: H. M.
tracting tailor's needle in every sor
politician and a sportsman — shoo
sort even to this day — and is the
with anecdotes and fun. Sometin
tells me he is in low spirits at ho
never see anything of it in society.

"There is a maxim almost univ
which I should like much to see c
youth, of every temper and almost
of character, is sent either to study
a writer's office as an apprentice. T
to conceive Themis the most power
Is a lad stupid, the law will sharp
mercurial, the law will make him s
an estate, he may get a sheriffdom; —

* Mr Mackenzie had been consulting Sir W
ing his own juvenile poetry.

richest lawyers have emerged from poverty;—is he
a Tory, he may become a depute-advocate;—is he a
Whig, he may with far better hope expect to become,
in reputation at least, that rising counsel Mr ——,
when in fact he only rises at tavern dinners. Upon
some such wild views, advocates and writers multi-
ply till there is no life for them, and men give up
the chase, hopeless and exhausted, and go into the
army at five-and-twenty, instead of eighteen, with a
turn for expense perhaps — almost certainly for pro-
fligacy, and with a heart embittered against the loving
parents or friends who compelled them to lose six or
seven years in dusting the rails of the stair with their
black gowns, or scribbling nonsense for twopence a
page all day, and laying out twice their earnings at
night in whisky-punch. Here is T. L. now. Four
or five years ago, from certain indications, I assured
his friends he would never be a writer. Good-natured
lad, too, when Bacchus is out of the question; but
at other times so pugnacious, that it was wished he
could only be properly placed where fighting was to
be a part of his duty, regulated by time and place,
and paid for accordingly. Well, time and instruction
have been thrown away, and now, after fighting
two regular boxing-matches and a duel with pistols
in the course of one week, he tells them roundly *he*
will be no writer, which common-sense might have
told them before. He has now perhaps acquired
habits of insubordination, unfitting him for the army,

where he might have been tamed
riod. He is too old for the navy, a
to India, a guinea-pig on board a
what hope or view it is melancho
elder brother did all man could to
consent to his going into the arm
lad has good-humour, courage, and
like feelings, but he is incurably
so goes to die in a foreign land.
Walter take his own way; and I
useful, honoured soldier, being, f
in the service; whereas at home h
have been a wine-bibbing, moor-fo
hunting Fife squire—living at Loch
aim or end—and well if he were
at home with Lady S. and Ann
evening.

"*December 7th.*—Teind day—
Wrote answers to one or two le
been lying on my desk like snak
for my dilatoriness. Received a le
Knighton, mentioning that the Ki
my proposal that Constable's Misc
dedicated to him. Enjoined, howe
this public, till the draft of dedicat
proved. This letter tarried so long,
one had insinuated the proposal wa
don't think so. The purpose is

tandard works, both in sciences and the liberal arts, within the reach of the lower classes, and enable them thus to use with advantage the education which is given them at every hand. To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give men an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it, they will eat rather than starve. Sir William, it seems, has been in Germany.

"Mighty dark this morning: it is past ten, and I am using my lamp. The vast number of houses built beneath us to the north certainly renders our street darker during the days in which frost or haze prevents the smoke from rising. After all, it may be my older eyes. I remember two years ago, when Lord Hermand began to fail somewhat in his limbs, he observed that Lord Succoth came to court at a more early hour than usual, whereas it was he himself who took longer time to walk the usual distance betwixt his house and the Parliament Square. I suspect old gentlemen often make these mistakes.

"Dined quiet with Lady S—— and Anne. Anne practising Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as hers leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have

made, the most pleasing impressi
if she puts a constraint on herself
only say, in requittal, God bless h
"I have much to comfort me in
of my family. My eldest son, i
tune, united to an affectionate w
hopes in his profession;—my se
deal of talent, and in the way, I t
it to good purpose. Anne, an
good Scots lass, in whom I could
rect a spirit of satire; and Loc
to whom I can most willingly co
of the daughter who chose him,
chosen. But my dear wife, the pa
and successes is, I fear, frail in
trust and pray she may see me ou
troublesome complaint goes on—
existence. My brother was affec
weakness, which, before he was
mortal symptoms. The poor Ma
a free liver. But my father, th
of men, save when the duties of
him to be very moderately free w
that was very seldom, had the san
powers of retention which now an
think, was not above seventy whe
the odds, and good-night Sir Wa
I care not, if I leave my name
family properly settled—*Sat est*

carry them to a play or an asse
people will go through this—it
suppose, and they have great meri
their pride so far as to attempt it
my part I am a bad promoter of su
wished to do what I could for this
I really admired; and I am not
heaven-born poets, or poetry that
good *considering*. I had him, Kr
about ten years ago, but found
sort of society. I tried to help hi
temptations he could never resist.
writing for the booksellers and ms
like the Otways, and Savages, a
former days, though I do not kn
extreme want. His connexion w
in begging a subscription or a gui
His last works were spiritual hym
wrote very well. In his own line
said to exhibit infinite humour;
are grave and pensive—a style, p
Stephen's melancholy, affected for

"Mrs Grant intimates that she
ding—her pension, I mean (see
and is contrite, as Henry Mackenz
glad the stout old girl is not forecl
bing a pension in these times is
with a soap'd tail, monstrous apt to
fingers.

more than twenty years since, at M
Argyle Street, where the company, as
Lucio, chanced to be 'fairer than
was far from beautiful, if it be the sa
but a smart saucy girl, with good eyes
and the manners of a wild schoolboy.
this accidental meeting has escaped her
or, perhaps, is not accurately recorded
for being a sort of French falconer, who
they see, I might have had a distinction
far from desiring.

"Dined Sir John Hay's
the mornin a la
concern han Gas Co

'I
But do weel, for aught it's done
it's no just begun yet.

"Decemb 10.—A stormy and
Walk it fro the Court through
dislike this. Egs I rather like it; for
ever stepped on h ther has less dread
catch cold; and I em to regain, in bu
the wind, a little of the high spirit wit
younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam o'
through darkness, wind, and rain, the b
ing and cracking over my head, the g

* Measure for Mea e, Act IV.
† Burns's Dedicatio to Gavin

it was carried from Dumbarton Cas
Master-General of the Ordnance, th
was wrong, however, to take away
Meg. If I go to London this sprir
my negotiation with the Great Duke
Mons Meg.

"There is nothing more awful
to cast a glance among the clouds
hide the broken extremity of the cel
Mirza.* Yet, when every day bring
termination, one would almost think
become clearer. Alas! it is not so
tain to be withdrawn, a veil to be
shall see things as they really are.
trust, who disbelieve the existence
doubt if at all times, and in all n
individual ever adopted that hideo
some have professed it. With the
that of the immortality of the soul
of future rewards and punishment
linked. More we are not to know
we prohibited from all attempts,
pierce the solemn sacred gloom.
used in Scripture are doubtless
penal fires and heavenly melody ar
to beings endowed with corporeal
least till the period of the resurre

* *Spectator*, No. 159.

would be, we must suppose, in these difficulties to overcome, and exertions for all which the celestial beings em have certain appropriate powers. I owning that a life of active benevol consistent with my ideas than an eter But it is all speculation, and it is guess what we shall do, unless we c the equally difficult previous question, be. But there is a God, and a just ment and a future life—and all who c let them act according to the faith th I would not of course limit the range o this confined earth. There is the univ its endless extent of worlds.

"Company at home—Sir Adam Fe his Lady; Colonel and Miss Russell; C off, and Mr Collyer. By the by, I obse men whose names are obviously derived mechanical trade, endeavour to disguise an as it were, their names, by spelling them quaint manner or other. Thus we ha Smythe, Tailleure; as much as to say, was indeed a mechanic, but it was a ago, when the word was spelled ver modern usage.—Then we had young W Will Allan the artist, a very agreeable, nered, and pleasant man.

"*December* 12.—Hogg came to
morning, and brought for his compa
shiels bard, David Thomson,* as to a
Tividale poets. The honest grunte
a delightful *naiveté*, that *Muir's* vers
sweet—answered by Thomson that
notes, I forget which, were finely s
are far owre finely strung,' replied
rest, 'for mine are just right.' It
Queen Bess, when questioning Melvi
closely whether Mary was taller than
tracting an answer in the affirmative,
'Then your Queen is too tall, for
proper height.'

"Was engaged the whole day with
processes. There is something sicken
poor devils drawn into great expenses
by interested attorneys. But too che
litigation has its evils on the other h
proneness of the lower class to gratify
venge in this way would be a dreadful ev
able to endure the expense. Very few
before the Sheriff-court of Selkirkshire
to come anywhere. Wretched wrangli
few pounds, begun in spleen, and carried
stinacy, and at length, from fear of the
the banquet of ill-humour, 'D—n—n

* See *ante*, Vol. VII. p. 93.

† Burns's *Address to the Unco G*

tenance *is* something for Sophia, w
should be, as ladies are said to choose
little and good. To be acquainted w
mere *ton*, is a nuisance and a scrape.
to persons of real fashion and fortune
a very great advantage. In Londo
fashion is like false jewels.

"Went to the yearly court of
Assurance Company, to which I an
graceful and useless appendages, c
Extraordinary—an extraordinary di
prove, had they elected me an ordinar
were there moneyers and great oney
metal—counters and discounters—sha
dential faces—eyes weak with cipher
light—men who say to gold, Be thou
paper, Be thou turned into fine gold.
tling, sharp-faced, keen-eyed writer too
haps speculating with their clients' prope
verend seigniors had expected a motion
their contract, which I, as a piece of lig
was brought down and got into battery

---

of Sutherland itself is in that dialect *Cattey*, and
name of the neighbouring one, *Caithness*, we ha
of the early settlement of the *Clan Chattan*;
the cognizance of a Wild Cat. [The Duchess
1838].

* See 1*st King Henry IV. Act II. Scene* 1.

who would play at single-stick must
sure a rap over the knuckles. Dine
Lady Scott and Anne.

"December 14.—Affairs very bad a
money-market in London. It must com
I have far too many engagements not to f
end the matter at once, I intend to borrow
with which my son's marriage-contract all
charge my estate. This will enable us t
in a great measure with bank assistance, an
spite of thunder. I do not know [illegible]
business m[illegible] the bill[illegible], or ra
of exercise [illegible] the Session, and this
of the weath[illegible] to too much heat. But t
moon shall [illegible] on the green ere care
hope of gain[illegible] facility of getting cash,
me go too d[illegible] again, were it but for the
the thing.

"December 15.—Dined at home with fam
am determined not to stand mine host to all Sco
and England as I have done. This shall be a s
as it must be a borrowing year. We heard
Sophia; they are got safe to town; but as Job
had a little bag of meal with him, to make his
ridge on the road, the whole inn-yard assemble
his maid, was of opi
see the operation. Juno
country to make par
that England was an 'aw

Lord Chief-Baron — Sir Wil
of old Sir Brook, the dandy
with anxious presentiments, w
must dispel or confirm.

"*December* 18.—Poor T. S
day. Through his incoherent, n
see that he had exhausted each
yet fondly imagines that, bereft c
indulgences, he can work with a li
to his happier days. I hope he
to gain the mere support of his fa
if things go badly in London, the
Unknown will be shivered in his
then, faith, be termed the Too-
feast of fancy will be over with th
pendence. He shall no longer ha
waking in the morning with bright
hasten to commit them to paper,
monthly, as the means of planting
purchasing such wastes; replacing
by other prospective visions of wall

'Fountain heads, and pathless
Places which pale passion lov

This cannot be; but I may work
bandry, *i. e.* write history, and such c
will not be received with the same
least I much doubt, the general know

"Nobody in the end can
that is one comfort. Men wil
fall. Let them indulge their
that my fall will make them
least. I have the satisfaction
prosperity has been of advant
hope that some at least will
wealth on account of the innoce
and my real wish to do good to t
too, at Darnick, and in the cot
I have half resolved never to
How could I tread my hall with
crest?—how live a poor indebte
once the wealthy—the honoure
gone there on Saturday in joy an
ceive my friends. My dogs will w
It is foolish—but the thoughts of
dumb creatures have moved me
the painful reflections I have put d
I must get them kind masters! T
those who loving me, may love m
has been mine. I must end these gl
or I shall lose the tone of *mind*
should meet distress. I feel my d
knees. I hear them whining *and* s
where. This is nonsense, but it is
do could they know how things m
thought strikes me—When I die,
of these days be taken out of the e

do both with reasonable com
Anne will bear such an afflict
but stout-hearted and courag
ters, though irritable in trifle
and his wife are gone. Wh
I am pleased to be left to m
being melted by condolences,
cere and affectionate kind.

" Oddly enough, it happe
Hector Macdonald came in
copy of my seal of arms, w
intimation that it was for s
Half-past-eight. I closed th
pression of impending ruin.
(thanks be to God) with the st
will be got over safely and ho
tile sense. Cadell came at e
letter from Hurst and Robinso
stood the storm.

" I shall always think the b
—not merely because " his fe
mountains who brings good tid
showed feeling—deep feeling,
I thought had no more than
and who, if he had had his wh
of sensibility, had yet his wife
it upon—I will not forget thi

* Isaiah lii

under such a malady. He loves soci
verses excellently, yet is often oblige
company particularly, to lay aside his t
into himself, and withdraw from the t
this with an expression of patience i
nance which touches one much. Con
for the Dedication is come, which w
happy.*

"*December* 21*st*.—Dined with Jam
and met R. Cadell, and my old friend
comedian, with his son, now grown
who makes songs in the style of J
Colman, and sings them with spiri
been odd associations attending my tw
with Mathews. The last time I saw
terday evening, he dined with me i
poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who w
a week.† I never saw Sir Alexander
before was in 1815, when John Sco
I were returning from France, and

* The Dedication of Constable's Miscellany
Walter:—"To His Majesty King Geor
generous patron even of the most humble atte
advantage of his subjects, This Miscellany, d
useful knowledge and elegant literature, by placi
dard merit within the attainment of every clas
most humbly inscribed by His Majesty's dutif
subject—Archibald Constable."

† See *ante*, Vol. VI. p. 428; Vol. VII. pp. 3

yesterday, which is about twenty-four pages i
What is more, I think it comes off twangingly
story is so very interesting in itself, that the
fear of the book answering.* Superficial it m
but I do not care for the charge. Better a
ficial book which brings well and strikingly t
the known and acknowledged facts, than a dul
narrative, pausing to see farther into a mill-
every moment than the nature of the mill-
mits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking
some beautiful scene with a *minute philo*
botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eterna
your attention from the grand features o
tural picture to look at grasses and chuc
Yet, in their way, they give useful in
and so does the minute historian. Gad
that will look well in the preface. My h
gone; I really believe it arose from me
What a wonderful connexion between the
body!

"The air of *Bonnie Dundee* running
to-day, I wrote a few verses to it bef
taking the key-note from the story of Clav
the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1
wonder if they are good. Ah, poor W
thou couldst and wouldst have told me.
sult J. B., who is as honest as was W. E

* Life of Napoleon.

† See Scott's Poetical Works, vol. xii. pr

a Wyndhamite. He was reconciled to the
the Fox and Grenville coalition; but I h
that Fox, contrary to his wont, retained
sonal feelings as made him object to S
Elliot's having a seat in the Cabinet; so h
Governor-General to India—a better thi
it, for his fortunes. He died shortly after h
on his way down to his native country.
most pleasing and amiable man. I was
for his death, though I do not know how
have met, for a contested election in Ro
had placed some coldness betwixt the p
and me. I was certainly anxious for Si
Don, both as friend of my most kind fr
Duke of Buccleuch, and on political a
those thwartings are what men in publi
like to endure. After a cessation of
some years, we have now come about
never had the slightest personal disput
ment. But politics are the blowpipe
influence the best cemented friendshi
ours, after all, was only a very fam
ance.

"It is very odd that the common
Minto and the neighbourhood will not
hour that the first Earl is dead. The
done something in India which he co

* Gilbert, Earl of Minto, died in June

scheme of publishing the works of the Author
Waverley in a superior style, at £1 : 1s. volume.
says he will answer for making £20,000 of this,
liberally offered me any share of the profits. I
no great claim to any, as I have only to cont
the notes, which are light work; yet a few thou
coming in will be a good thing—besides the Pr
Office. Constable, though valetudinary, and
with his partner, is certainly as good a pilot i
rough seas as ever man put faith in. His r
put me in mind of the old song—

> 'The tailor raise and shook his duds,
> He gar'd the BILLS flee aff in cluds,
> And they that staid gat fearfu' thuds—
> The tailor proved a man, O.'

"We are for Abbotsford to-day, with a li

"*December* 25, *Abbotsford*—Arrive
night at seven. Our halls are silent c
last year, but let us be thankful—Be
segetes? Nullum numen abest, si si
There shall be no lack of wisdom. I
*faut cultiver notre jardin.** Let us see
out the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.
a preface to La Rochejacquelin for Co
cellany, and try about a specimen of

* See *Candide*.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Constable in London — Extract from James lantyne's Memorandum — Scott's Diary re — Progress of Woodstock — Review of I Diary — Skene, Scrope, Mathews, &c. — mercial alarms renewed at intervals — Cat phe of the three houses of Hurst & Rob Constable, and Ballantyne.

JAN. & FEB. 1826.

It was not till nearly three weeks after Sir W penned the last-quoted paragraph of his Diary, Mr Constable made his appearance in Londo saw him immediately. Having deferred his jou imprudently, he had performed it very rapidly this exertion, with mental excitement, had bro on a sharp access of gout, which confined him couple of days to his hotel in the Adelphi — *r tantem draconem.* A more impatient spirit n boiled in a feverish frame. It was then that I,

notions of the marketable value of the propert
this nature in his possession. Every booksell
very apt to do so. A manuscript is submitte
him; he inspects it with coldness and suspicion;
hesitation offers a sum for it; obtains it, and
it to be printed. He has hardly courage to l
the sheets as they are thrown off; but the boo
last laid on his counter, and he from that r
regards it with an eye of parental fondness.
his; he considers it in that light quite as r
does the author, and is likely to be at least a
provoked by anything in the shape of host
cism. If this be the usual working of sel
self-interest in such cases, what wonder
man* who had at his disposal (to say n
innumerable minor properties) the copy
the Encyclopædia Britannica, with its sup
moiety of the Edinburgh Review, nearly
Poetry, the Waverley Novels, and the
Life of Napoleon—who had made, besi
contracts for novels by Scott, as yet unw
who seriously viewed his plan of the ne

* On seeing the passage in the text, Mr Cons
partner writes as follows:—"No better illustra
ant idea of the value of literary property is to
the now well ascertained fact of Constable
over-estimating his partner, Mr Hunter, *out*
the Cross to the tune of some £10,000 or £
from which the firm never recovered.—R. C."

It is no business of mine to
subsequent proceedings on this hi
don. Everywhere he found dist
politan bankers had enough on th
when, as Mr Huskisson afterward
liament, the Bank of England itse
of a stoppage, without embarrassi
new securities of the uncertain an
of literary property. The great
were all either labouring themse
with fear and trembling the daily
toms of distress among their frien
Constable lingered on, fluctuating
and savage despair, until, I serio
last hovered on the brink of ins
returned to Edinburgh, it was to
whom he knew he could not pay.

Before that day came, I had ne
formed of the nature of Scott's con
mercial speculations; but I had not
the amount to which Constable's r
him, until the final blow was struck

I believe I have now said enoug
face to Sir Walter's Diary from
to the latter part of January 1826
est anticipations were more than r
fore I return to this Diary, it ma
scribe the very short passage of J
deathbed memorandum which refe

posals yesterday, I was seized wit
pain in the right kidney and parts
forced me instantly to go to bed an
son.* He came, enquired, and pron
plaint to be gravel augmented by
great agony till about two o'clock,
the pain gone. I got up, had a fire
closet, and had Dalgleish to shave
which I only mention, because they
my hardy and independent personal
though a man cannot be a hero to hi
in sickness becomes of great use to
expect that the first will be the last
complaint: but 'shall we receive go
God, and not receive evil?'†

"*December 27th.*—Slept twelve h
being much exhausted. Totally witl
but uncomfortable from the effects o
with me at least, is like the assist
liary army, just one degree more to
enemy it chases away. Calomel co
not worth recording. I wrote an
a few notes to the Memoirs of Mac
jacquelin,‡ being all that I was equa
Fergusson came over and tried to ma

* James Clarkson, Esq., Surgeon, Melros
friend Dr Clarkson of Selkirk.

† Job. ii. 10. ‡ See Constable's M

self, or solitary confinement for life, I sho
'Turnkey, Lock the cell!' My life, tho
without its fits of waking and strong exert
been a sort of dream, spent in

'Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.'*

I have worn a wishing-cap, the power of whi
been to divert present griefs by a touch of the
of imagination, and gild over the future by pro
more fair than can be realized. Somewhere it i
that this castle-building—this wielding of the u
trowel, is fatal to exertions in actual life. I ca
tell—I have not found it so. I cannot, indeed,
like Madame Genlis, that in the imaginary scene
which I have acted a part, I ever prepared my
for anything which actually befell me; but I h
certainly fashioned out much that made the pres
hour pass pleasantly away, and much that has enal
me to contribute to the amusement of the pub
Since I was five years old, I cannot remember
time when I had not some ideal part to play for
own solitary amusement.

"*December* 28.—Somehow I think the atta
on Christmas-Day has been of a critical kind; a
having gone off so well, may be productive rather
health than continued indisposition. If one is to ge

* *As You Like It, Act IV Scene* 3.

irritable degree of sensibility — or, to speak pl
of vanity — which makes the poetical race mis
and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for prai
for compliments I have always endeavoured t
down.

"*December* 29. — Base feelings this same
gives one — mean, poor, and abject — a wo
Will Rose says.

> 'Fie fie on silly coward man,
> That he should be the slave o't.' *

Then it makes one 'wofully dogged and
as Dr Rutty the Quaker† says in his
Must go to Woodstock, yet am vexed
mour of contradiction which makes me i
anything else in preference. Commenced
the new edition of my Novels. The
send my freedom in a silver box.

"*December* 31. — Took a good sha
first time since my illness, and foun

* Burns.

† John Rutty, M.D., a physician of some em
died in 1775, and his executors published his
absurd "Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies."
Johnson as being much amused with the Quak
confessions. See the Life of Johnson, *sub an*

it would be that could indicate to us the mom
gradual and insensible change had so complete
place, that no atom was left of the origina
who had existed at a certain period, but ther
in his stead another person having the sam
and sinews; the same face and lineaments;
consciousness; a new ship built on an old
pair of transmigrated stockings, like those o
Cutler, all green, without one thread of t
black silk left! Singular—to be at once a

"*January* 2.—Weather clearing up in
once more, and all will, I believe, do v
pressed to get on with Woodstock, an
I wish I could open a good vein of in
would breathe freely. I must take my
write myself into good-humour with my
only when I dally with what I am abou
and aside, instead of keeping my eyes
ward, that I feel those cold sinkings
All men, I suppose, do so less or mo
like the sensation of a sailor when the
for action, and all are at their pla
enough; but the first broadside puts
Dined at Huntly Burn with the
masse.

"*January* 3.—Promises a fair d

of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Havi
brother, his education was somewh
early life, against which disadvantage
gallant fight, exerting himself much
accomplishments which he has since
mirable in all exercises, there entere
the cavalier into his early character.
given himself much to the study of
wife, a most excellent person, was
Sophia. They bring so much old-fa
and good-humour with them, besid
tions of other times, that they mus
come guests. Letter from Mr Scro
a visit.

"*January* 5.—Got the desired
which will put J. B. quite straight
anxious still about Constable. He ha
to be sure, and most valuable, but
crifices to make to convert a large

* William Scrope, Esq. of Lincolnshire—
the Lords Scrope of Bolton (to whose peer
entitled), was at this period much in Scotl
angler and deer-stalker. He had a lease of
vilion opposite Melrose, and lived on terms
macy with Sir Walter Scott. There occurs i
an allusion to Mr Scrope's eminence as an a
these pages first appeared, Mr Scrope's vari
have been displayed in the interesting and
titled, "Art of Deer Stalking."—Royal 8vo.

coming on by little and little. W
dined quiet. My disorder is we
quiet society of the Skenes suits m
I really thought I was in for som
Curious expression of an Indian-b
from Bengal, a son of my cousin
The child saw a hare run across
claimed, 'See, there is a little tig

"*January* 7—*Sunday.*—Knig
son of the performer, came to do
the request of Terry. This is ve
agreeable, as I submitted to that sta
year to Newton, at request of Lo
at request of my American friend
his picture of the King's arrival at
and some one besides. I am as tire
as old Maida, who had been so of
he got up and walked off with
whenever he saw an artist unfur
handle his brushes. But this young
modest; and I have agreed he shal
while I work, and take the best
without compelling me into the fi
yawning fatigues of an actual sitti
he has talent, he may do more my

* Sir Walter omits the name of his frie
Boston, who possesses Mr Leslie's portrait.

temper which belonged to my fath
lived with great credit on a modera
believe gave away a great deal of it.

" *January* 9.—Mathews the co
son, come to spend a day at Abbotsfo
also comes out.

" *January* 10.—Bodily health,
of the microcosm, seems quite resto
flushing or nervous fits, but the sour
sound body. What poor things doe
an overflowing of bile make of the mas
The snow begins to fall thick this mor

> ' The landlord then aloud did say,
> As how he wished they would go aw

To have our friends shut up here wou
too much of a good thing. The day cle
was very pleasant. Had a good walk, a
the curling. Mr Mathews made himself
ing in the evening. He has the good-nat
his accomplishments without pressing, a

* In a letter of this date, to his sister-in-law,
Scott, Sir Walter says — " Poor aunt Curle died li
or rather like one of the Sandy-Knowe bairns, the
race I ever knew. She turned every one out of th
drew her last breath alone. So did my uncle Ca
Scott, and several others of that family."

the audience —the vulgar idea of
zation (beyond fineness of ear an
nonsense.

" *January* 13.—Our party are a

' Like youthful steers unyoked, east, nor

I am not sorry, being one of those
mirth always inclines to sadness.
many of my own family, together
inconveniences to which I have bee
me at present a desire to be alone
return to Edinburgh, so does Mr Scr
little artist; Mathews to Newcastle;
verpool. So *exeunt omnes.*

" Mathews assures me that Sheri
rally very dull in society, and sate s
swallowing glass after glass, rather
than a help. But there was a time
out with a resumption of what had
done with great force, and generally
person in the company, or some opi
had expressed. I never saw Sherida
parties. He had a Bardolph countenan
features, but his eye possessed the most
brilliancy. Mathews says it is very si
Moore to admire how Sheridan came
of paying the price of Drury-Lane T

* 2d *King Henry IV. Act IV. Sc*

"*January* 15.—Like yesterday, a hard fr
Thermometer at 10; water in my dressing-r
frozen to flint; yet I had a fine walk yesterday,
sun dancing delightfully on "grim Nature's vis
hoar."* Were it not the plague of being drag
along by another person, I should like such weat
as well as summer, but having Tom Purdie to
this office, reconciles me to it. *I cannot cleik*
John, as old Mrs Mure [of Caldwell] used to say
mean, that an ordinary menial servant thus hooke
your side reminds me of the twin bodies mentio
by Pitscottie, being two trunks on the same
and legs. One died before the other, and rema
a dead burden on the back of its companion.
is the close union with a person whom you ca
well converse with, and whose presence is yet i
pensable to your getting on. An actual compa
whether humble or your equal, is still worse.
Tom Purdie is just the thing, kneaded up bet
the friend and servant, as well as Uncle Toby's
ing-green between sand and clay. You are c
he is proud as well as patient under his bu
and you are under no more constraint than w
pony. I must ride him to-day if the weather
up. Meantime, I will correct that curious fe
Pepys' Diary. I mean the article I have made
for the Quarterly.

* Burns's Vision.

to do. My wife and daughter are gloomy, but ye
patient.

"*January* 18.—He that sleeps too long in the
morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So
says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an
indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were
over; but the worst *is over*. The Bank of Scotland
has behaved very well; expressing a resolution to
serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost;
but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and
Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but
linger it out.

"*January* 19.—During yesterday I received for-
mal visits from my friends Skene and Colin Mac-
kenzie (who, I am glad to see, looks well), with every
offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John
Hope* and Sir Henry Jardine† to offer to comply
with my wishes. The *Advocate*‡ came on the same
errand. But I gave all the same answer — that my
intention was to put the whole into the hands of a
trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that
all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate

selves of such an office in a manner more honourable to them-
selves, or more satisfactory to a client and his creditors.

* Sir John Hope of Pinkie and Craighall, Bart.

† Sir H. Jardine, Remembrancer in the Scotch Exchequer.

‡ The Right Hon. Sir W. Rae, Bart.

ffairs. I was assured of every accommodation
is way. From all quarters I have had the same
ness. —— Letters from Constable and Robinson
arrived. The last persist in saying they will
ll and everybody. They say, moreover, in a
cript, that had Constable been in town ten days
er, all would have been well. I feel quite com-
l and determined to labour. There is no remedy.
ss (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we
not be troubled with visiters, and I *calculate*
I will not go out at all; so what can I do better
labour? Even yesterday I went about making
on Waverley, according to Constable's plan.
ll do good one day. To-day, when I lock this
me, I go to Woodstock. Heigho! — Knight
to stare at me to complete his portrait. He
t have read a tragic page comparative to what he
at Abbotsford. —— We dined of course at home,
before and after dinner I finished about twenty
ited pages of Woodstock, but to what effect others
must judge. A painful scene after dinner, and another
after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor
dear creatures that they must not look for miracles,
but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to
be lessened by patience and labour.

"*January* 20.—— Indifferent night — very bilious,
which may be want of exercise. *Mais, pourtant, cul-
tivons notre jardin.* The public favour is my only

lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost p
and something in my breast tells me my evil g
will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself.
should I not? I have no enemies — many atta
friends. The popular ascendency which I have m
tained is of the kind which is rather improve
frequent appearances. In fact, critics may say
they will, but '*hain* your reputation, and *tyne** '
reputation,' is a true proverb.

" Sir William Forbes† called, — the same k
honest, friend as ever, with all offers of assista
&c. &c. &c. All anxious to serve me, and care
about their own risk of loss. And these are
cold, hard, money-making men, whose questions
control I apprehended! Lord Chief Commissio
Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, thou
pleasing, was melancholy. It was the first time
had met since the *break-up* of his hopes in the de
of his eldest son on his return from India, where
was Chief in Council, and highly esteemed.‡ T
Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine,
I scarcely knew him till his settlement in Scotla

* To *hain* anything is, *Anglicè*, to deal very carefully, pen
riously about it — *tyne*, to lose. Scott often used to say, "ha
a pen and tyne a pen;" which is nearer the proverb alluded to.

† The late Sir William Forbes, Bart., succeeded his father (t
biographer of Beattie) as chief of the head private banking-hou
in Edinburgh. Scott's amiable friend died 24th October 1828.

‡ John Adam, Esq. died on shipboard, on his passage hom
wards from Calcutta, 4th June 1825.

his present office. But I have since lived much him, and taken kindly to him as one of the most sant, kind-hearted, benevolent men I have ever vn. It is high treason among the Tories to ex- s regard for him or respect for the Jury Court in h he presides. I was against that experiment as as any one. But it is an experiment, and the lishment (which the fools will not perceive) is the thing which I see likely to give some prospects mbition to our bar, which has been otherwise so diminished. As for the Chief Commissioner, ressay he does what all other people of conse- ce do in elections, and so forth. But he is the onal friend of the King, and the decided enemy hatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the arch; besides I love him for the various changes ch he has endured through life, and which have so great as to make him entitled to be regarded ne point of view as the most fortunate—in the er, the most unfortunate man in the world. He gained and lost two fortunes by the same good *luck* and the same rash confidence, of which one *raised*, and the other now threatens, my *peculium*. And his quiet, honourable, and generous submission under circumstances more painful than mine,—for the loss of world's wealth was to him aggravated by the death of his youngest and darling son in the West Indies—furnished me at the time and now with a noble example. So Tory and Whig may go

be d——d together, as names that have di
old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindl
ings, since the first day they were invented.
d—n them, they are the spells to rouse all our
passions, and I daresay, notwithstanding the c
of my private and calm moments, I will open
cry again so soon as something occurs to clai
words. Even yet, God knows, I would fight
nourable contest with word or blow, for my pc
opinions; but I cannot permit that strife to m
waters with my daily meal, those waters of bitt
which poison all mutual love and confidence be
the well-disposed on either side, and prevent
if need were, from making mutual concession
balancing the constitution against the ultras of
parties. The good man seems something brok
these afflictions.

"*January* 21.—Susannah in Tristram Sh
thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure tr
and vexation are not. The watches of the
press wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets
disagreeable anticipations. But let it pass.

'Well, Goodman Time, or blunt, or keen,
Move thou quick, or take thy leisure,
Longest day will have its e'en,
Weariest life but treads a measure.'

"I have seen Cadell, who is very much downc

he risk of their copy-rights being thrown away
hasty sale. I suggested that if they went very
p, some means might be fallen on to purchase
in. I fear the split betwixt Constable and
ll will render impossible what might otherwise
opeful enough. It is the Italian race-horses,
nk, which, instead of riders, have spurs tied to
sides, so as to prick them into a constant gal-
Cadell tells me their gross profit was some-
s £10,000 a-year, but much swallowed up with
nses, and his partner's draughts which came to
00 yearly. What there is to show for this, God
ve. Constable's apparent expenses were very
h within bounds.

Colin Mackenzie entered, and with his usual
lness engages to use his influence to recommend
e moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors,
h as may permit him to go on and turn that
cies of property to account, which no man alive
ll manage so well as he.

"Followed Mr Gibson with a most melancholy
tale. Things are much worse with Constable than
I apprehended. 'Naked we entered the world, and
naked we leave it — blessed be the name of the
Lord!'*

"*January* 22.—I feel neither dishonoured nor

* Job, i. 21.

broken down by the bad—now really bad new
have received. I have walked my last on the
mains I have planted—sate the last time in the l
I have built. But death would have taken t
from me if misfortune had spared them. My
people whom I loved so well!—There is just
other die to turn up against me in this run of
luck;—*i. e.* If I should break my magic wan
the fall from this elephant, and lose my popul
with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Bony
both go to the paper-maker, and I may tak
smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn dev
and intoxicate the brain another way. In pros
of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me l
the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, t
abroad,

'And lay my bones far from the *Tweed*.'

But I find my eyes moistening, and that *will no*
I will not yield without a fight for it. It is
when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr Joh
would say, I am exactly the same man as I eve
—neither low-spirited nor *distrait*. In prosp
times I have sometimes felt my fancy and pow
language flag, but adversity is to me at least a
and bracer; the fountain is awakened from it
most recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had tro
it in his passage.

"Poor Mr Pole the harper sent to offer me

£600, probably his all.* There is much good in world, after all. But I will involve no friend, r rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it se will I be *done* in the slang language, and *un-* in common parlance.

I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, pting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, hich this is the first taste to some of them, most he hearts are past aching which would have once inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean many will not seriously regret, and some per- lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Er- e; those would have been mourners indeed.

Well—exertion—exertion. O, Invention rouse elf! May man be kind! May God be propitious!

Mr Pole had long attended Sir Walter Scott's daughters as her of the harp. To the end, Scott always spoke of his con- on this occasion as the most affecting circumstance that ac- panied his disasters. His letter was as follows:—

"*To Sir W. Scott, Bart.*

"Dear Sir,—I need not tell you how unhappy I am to hear of *your* sad distresses; but if I can relieve them for an hour, I shall in some measure be repaid. I have five or six hundred pounds that I have no use for, as I am in debt to no soul, and if you can wait, I will dispose of all I have, and convert them into money. It is a duty I owe you; for it is by your kind countenance, as well as a share of good conduct, that I have been able to save a few hundred pounds, which are quite at your service. The ac- ceptance of which, till brighter times to you, will oblige, dear Sir Walter, your obedient

JOHN FRED. POLE."

The worst is, I never quite know when I am rig
or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in so
degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would
worth gold just now, but he too might be too d
fident to speak broad out. All my hope is in t
continued indulgence of the public. I have a funer
letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreig
of learning and talent, who has died at the Ro
Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and w
to have read a paper before the Royal Society, wh
this introduction was to have taken place. I w
not at the Society that evening, and the poor gent
man was taken ill at the meeting and unable to p
ceed. He went to his bed and never rose agai
and now his funeral will be the first public place
shall appear at. He dead, and I ruined.—This
what you call a meeting.

"*January* 23.—Slept ill, not having been abro
these eight days—*splendida bilis.* Then a de
sleep in the morning, and when the awakening com
a strong feeling how well I could dispense with
for once and for ever. This passes away, howev
as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mi
I know not if my imagination has flagged; probal
it has; but at least my powers of labour have n
diminished during the last melancholy week. (
Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspende
Since Wednesday inclusive, I have written thirt

t of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy
e a volume of the usual Novel size.

Wrote till twelve A. M., finishing half of what
ll a good day's work—ten pages of print, or
er twelve. Then walked in the Prince's Street
sure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene,
only one among my numerous friends who can
erly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others
g too busy or too gay, and several being estranged
abit.

The walks have been conducted on the whole
much taste, though Skene has undergone much
cism, the usual reward of public exertions, on
unt of his plans. It is singular to walk close
eath the grim old castle, and think what scenes
nust have seen, and how many generations of
eescore and ten have risen and past away. It is
lace to cure one of too much sensation over earthly
jects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues
a chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room.
It does me good to hear them.

"*January* 24.—Constable came yesterday, and saw me for half an hour. He seemed irritable, but kept his temper under command. Was a little shocked when I intimated that I was disposed to regard the present works in progress as my own. I think I saw two things:—1. That he is desirous to return into the management of his own affairs with-

out Cadell, if he can. 2. That he relies on my con-
nexion as the way of helping him out of the slough
Indeed he said he was ruined utterly without my
countenance. I certainly will befriend him if I can,
but Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock
without the pendulum:—the one having the inge-
nuity, the other the caution of the business. I will
see my way before making any bargain, and I will
help them, I am sure, if I can, without endangering
my last cast for freedom.—Worked out my task
yesterday.—My kind friend Mrs Coutts has got the
cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, in which I was pe-
culiarly interested.

"I went to the Court for the first time to-day,
and, like the man with the large nose, thought every
body was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many
were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some
obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference
of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or
civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled
as they wished me good-day, as if to say, 'Think
nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our
thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gra-
vity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The
best-bred—all, I believe, meaning equally well—
just shook hands and went on. A foolish puff in
the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a po-
pular author, who having choused the public of many
thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when

d it. If I am hard pressed, and measures used st me, I must use all means of legal defence, ubscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequesn. It is the course one should, at any rate, advised a client to take. But for this I would, Court of Honour, deserve to lose my spurs. f they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, ig in the mine of my imagination to find dias (or what may sell for such) to make good my ements, not to enrich myself. And this from luctance to be called the Insolvent, which I bly am, but because I will not put out of the of my creditors the resources, mental or liteWhich yet remain to me. Went to the funeral hevalier Yelin, the literary foreigner mentioned 2d. How many and how various are the ways liction! Here is this poor man dying at a disfrom home, his proud heart broken, his wife family anxiously expecting letters, and doomed to learn they have lost a husband and father for er. He lies buried on the Calton Hill, near learned and scientific dust—the graves of David Hume and John Playfair being side by side.

"*January* 25.—Anne is ill this morning. May God help us! If it should prove serious, as I have known it in such cases, where am I to find courage r comfort? A thought has struck me—Can we do othing for creditors with the goblin drama, called

the Fortunes of Devorgoil? Could it not be add
to Woodstock as a fourth volume? Terry refuse
gift of it, but he was quite and entirely wrong;
is not good, but it may be made so. Poor W
Erskine liked it much.

"*January* 26.—Spoke to J. B. last night about
Devorgoil, who does not seem to relish the propo
sal, alleging the comparative failure of Halidon Hill.
Ay, says Self-Conceit, but he has not read it—and
when he does, it is the sort of wild fanciful work be-
twixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do
not estimate. Pepys thought Shakspeare's Midsum-
mer-Night's Dream the most silly play he had ever
seen, and Pepys was probably judging on the same
grounds with J. B., though presumptuous enough to
form conclusions against a very different work from
any of mine. How if I send it to Lockhart by and
by?

"Gibson comes with a joyful face, announcing al
the creditors had unanimously agreed to a privat
trust. This is handsome and confidential, and mus
warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape
I will not doubt—to doubt is to lose. Sir William
Forbes took the chair, and behaved, as he has eve
done, with the generosity of ancient faith and earl
friendship. That House is more deeply concerne
than most. In what scenes have Sir William an
I not borne share together—desperate and almos

ly affrays, rivalries, deep drinking matches, and
y, with the kindliest feelings on both sides, some-
separated by his retiring much within the bosom
is family, and I moving little beyond mine. It
ed our planets should cross, though, and that at
eriods most interesting for me. Down—down
hundred thoughts.

I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not, I
get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements.
not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake
toil and weariness sit on my eylids, but to draw
urtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I re-
ber some of the wild Buccaneers, in their im-
succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches and
ng brimstone and assafœtida to make a tolerable
tion of *hell*—but the pirates' *heaven* was a
ched affair. It is one of the worst things about
system of ours, that it is a hundred times more
to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

"*January 27th.*—Slept better and less bilious,
owing doubtless to the fatigue of the preceding night,
and the more comfortable news. Wrote to Laidlaw,
directing him to make all preparations for reduction.
The Celtic Society present me with the most splen-
did broadsword I ever saw; a beautiful piece of art,
and a most noble weapon. Honourable Mr Steuart
second son of the Earl of Moray), General Graham
tirling, and MacDougal, attended as a committee to

present it. This was very kind of my frie
Celts, with whom I have had so many merr
ings. It will be a rare legacy to Walter—for
good lack! it is like Lady Dowager Don's
a lottery of hardware; she—a venerable la
always wore a haunch-hoop, silk negligé, an
ruffles at the elbow—having the luck to gai
of silver spurs and a whip to correspond.

"*January* 28*th*.—These last four or five
have wrought little; to-day I set on the ste
ply my paddles.

"*January* 29.—The proofs came so t
yesterday that much was not done. But
to be hard at work to-day. I must not *gu*
much.

"Mr Jollie, who is to be my trustee, in c
tion with Gibson, came to see me;—a pleas
good-humoured man, and has high reputati
man of business. I told him, and I will k
word, that he would at least have no trouble
interfering and thwarting their management,
is not the unfrequent case of trusters and trust

"Constable's business seems unintelligible
man thought the house worth less than £15
Constable told me, when he was making hi
that he was worth £80,000. Great profits
most all the adventures. No bad speculations

ner stock nor debt to show. Constable might eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal. doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation eadfully expensive.

January 30.—I laboured fairly yesterday. The n rose fast—if clearly, is another question; but is bulk for it, at least—about thirty printed .

'And now again, boys, to the oar.'

January 31.—There being nothing in the roll morning, I stay at home from the Court, and nother day's perfect labour to Woodstock, which rth five days of snatched intervals, when the ent of thought and invention is broken in upon, the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose succession of petty interruptions. I have now ecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, the shock of the discovery is past and over, I much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had *shaken* off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich indeed, but always more a burden than a comfort. I shall be free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. have known in my day all kinds of society, and an pretty well estimate now much or how little one

loses by retiring from all but that which is very timate. I sleep and eat and work as I was wo and if I could see those about me as indifferent the loss of rank as I am, I should be comple happy. As it is, Time must salve that sore, an Time I trust it.

"Since the 14th of this month no guest has bro bread in my house, save G. H. Gordon* one mo ing at breakfast. This happened never before si I had a house of my own. But I have played A Hassan long enough; and if the Caliph comes I wo turn him back again.

"*February* 1.—A most generous letter (tho not more so than I expected) from Walter and Ja offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. Almighty forbid!—that were too unnatural in to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in then offer. They talk of India still. With my dama fortune I cannot help them to remain by excha and so forth. God send what is for the best. tended the Court, and saw J. B. and Cadell a returned. Both very gloomy. Came home to w &c., about two.

"*February* 2.—An odd visit this morning f Miss —— of ——, whose lawsuit with a Metho

* Mr Gordon (of whom more in the sequel) was at this Scott's amanuensis: he copied, that is to say, the MS. for p

n of the name of —— made some noise. The
y divine had in the basest manner interfered to
nt this lady's marriage by two anonymous let-
in which he contrived to refer the lover, to
a they were addressed, for farther corroboration
nself. The whole imposition makes the subject
little pamphlet. The lady ventured for redress
the thicket of English law—lost one suit—
d another, with £300 damages, and was ruined.
appearance and person of Miss —— are pre-
ssing. She is about thirty years old, a brunette,
regular and pleasing features, marked with me-
oly—an enthusiast in literature, and probably
igion. She had been at Abbotsford to see me.
nade her way to me here, in the vain hope that
ould get her story worked up into a novel; and
inly the thing is capable of interesting situa-
. It throws a curious light upon the aristocratic
ther hieratic influence exercised by the Metho-
Preachers within the *connexion*, as it is called.
Amirable food this would be for the Quarterly, or
any other reviewers, who might desire to feed fat
heir grudge against these sectarians. But there are
wo reasons against such a publication. First, it could
lo the poor sufferer no good. 2dly, It might hurt
the Methodistic connexion very much, which I for
ne would not like to injure. They have their faults,
nd are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy, and
piritual ambition, and priestcraft. On the other

hand, they do infinite good, carrying religio
classes in society where it would scarce be fo
penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of it
trines, upon calm reason, and upon rational arg
The Methodists add a powerful appeal to th
ings and passions; and though I believe this i
exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I co
upon the whole they do much to keep alive a
of religion, and the practice of morality nece
connected with it. It is much to the discre
the Methodist clergy, that when this calum
was actually convicted of guilt morally wors
many men are hanged for, they only degrade
from the *first* to the *second* class of their pre
If they believed him innocent, they did too m
if guilty, far too little.

"*February* 3.—This is the first time sin
troubles that I felt at awaking—

> 'I had drunken deep
> Of all the blessedness of sleep.

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a
dream, nor even changed my side. This is a bl
to be grateful for. There is to be a meeting
creditors to-day, but I care not for the issu
they drag me into the Court, *obtorto collo*, in
of going into this scheme of arrangement, the
do themselves a great injury, and perhaps even

hand, they do infinite good, carrying religion in
classes in society where it would scarce be found
penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of its d
trines, upon calm reason, and upon rational argume
The Methodists add a powerful appeal to the fe
ings and passions; and though I believe this is oft
exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consi
upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sen
of religion, and the practice of morality necessari
connected with it. It is much to the discredit
the Methodist clergy, that when this calumniat
was actually convicted of guilt morally worse th
many men are hanged for, they only degraded hi
from the *first* to the *second* class of their preacher
If they believed him innocent, they did too much—
if guilty, far too little.

"*February* 3.—This is the first time since m
troubles that I felt at awaking—

> 'I had drunken deep
> Of all the blessedness of sleep.

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single
dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing
to be grateful for. There is to be a meeting of the
creditors to-day, but I care not for the issue. If
they drag me into the Court, *obtorto collo*, instead
of going into this scheme of arrangement, they will
do themselves a great injury, and perhaps eventually

do me good, though it would give
James Ballantyne is severely critic
imitations of Mrs Radcliffe in W
will think with him — yet I am of
wrong, or as friend J. F.* says, *v*
place, am I to look on the me
author having treated a subject

* J. F. stands for James Ferrier, Esq.
brethren of the Clerk's table — the fathe
admired friend the authoress of "Marriage
&c. [I have found, as this second edition
the press, that Sir Walter owed not a little
Ferrier, in the arrangement with Mr Hom
in 1811, into the full enjoyment of his right
The following is part of a letter to Mr F.,
Sept. 1811: — "My Dear Sir, I am fav
acquainting me with your kind exertions
my Lord Advocate with his materials. I
knowledging my feelings of the friendship
me in this (to me very important matter),
longer letter than at present I propose to w
thought me worthy of so much kindness, y
credit for feeling it as I should do, and th
said among friends.

* * * * * * *

* * * * *

Yours faithfully,

"Pray, as you are a ruling elder, solv
ience. They are clearing out the modern a
bbey — will it be absolute sacrilege to buil
ones their operations afford, providing I
nothing?"]

looks on a potato-bogle which scares it
a field, otherwise as free to its depredati
where else? In 2d place, I have taken
ference; my object is not to excite fear
tural things in my reader, but to show t
such fear upon the agents in the story—
of sense and firmness — one a man unh
remorse—one a stupid unenquiring clow
learned and worthy, but superstitious divine
place, the book turns on this hinge, and can
it. But I will try to insinuate the refut
Aldiboronti's exception into the prefatory n
From the 19th January to the 2d Februar
sive, is exactly fifteen days, during which tim
the intervention of some days' idleness, to le
nation brood on the task a little, I have w
volume. I think, for a bet, I could have do
ten days. Then I must have had no Court
sion to take me up hours every morning, and
pate my attention and powers of working for th
of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £
This is working at the rate of £24,000 a-year
then we must not bake buns faster than people
appetite to eat them. They are not essential t
market, like potatoes.

"John Gibson came to tell me in the eve
that a meeting to-day had approved of the propo
trust. I know not why, but the news gives me li
concern. I heard it as a party indifferent. I

member hearing that Mandrin* testifi
when he found himself bound alive on
saw the executioner approach with a
break his limbs. After the second
he fell a-laughing, and being asked t
confessor, said he laughed at his o
had anticipated increased agony at e
it was obvious that the *first* must
confounded the system of the nerve
render the succeeding blows of lit
I suppose it is so with the moral fe
could not bring myself to be anxio
natters were settled one way or othe

"*February* 4. — Wrote to Mr
town upon Monday, and see t
arm or not to farm, that is the ques
areless habits, it were best, I think
possible. Lady Scott will not e
oney in her hand; but calculating
a farm is different, and neither s
ble of that minute economy. T
all we should keep. But I find
ch for the four. If she had her

* "Authentic Memoirs of the remarkable
ploits of Mandrin, Captain-General of the
for the space of nine months resolutely
whole Army of France, &c. 8vo. Lond.
Novels, vol. xxxvii. p. 434 — *Note.*

and could manage things, it wo
would amuse her. But I fear it is

"Wrote only two pages (of
half to-day. As the boatswain sa
always *nouther*. But, were we su
of the stuff, what opportunities for
same system of retreat afford us!
that in three years I could do more
ten, but for the mine being, I fear, e
me my popularity (*an awful postula*
present difficulties shall be a joke in four years;
it is *not* lost yet, at least.

"*February* 5.—Rose after a sound sleep,
here am I without bile or anything to perturb
inward man. It is just about three weeks since
great a change took place in my relations in soci
and already I am indifferent to it. But I have
always told my feelings of joy and sorrow, ple
and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much
than those of other people.

'I think the Romans call it stoicism.

"Missie was in the drawing-room, and ove
William Clerk and me laughing excessively
foolery or other in the back-room, to her
surprise, which she did not keep to herself.
people suppose that he was less sorry for
sister, or I for my lost fortune? If I hav

strong passion in the world, it is *pride*, and that never hinged upon world's gear, which was always with me—light come, light go.

"*February* 6.—Letters received yesterday from Lord Montagu, John Morritt, and Mrs Hughes,—kind and dear friends all—with solicitous enquiries. But it is very tiresome to tell my story over again, and I really hope I have few more friends intimate enough to ask me for it. I dread letter-writing, and envy the old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen or ink. What then? one must write; it is a part of the law we live on. Talking of writing, I finished my six pages, neat, and handsome, yesterday.—N.B. At night I fell asleep, and the oil dropped from the lamp upon my manuscript. Will this extreme unction make it go smoothly down with the public?

> 'Thus idly we profane the sacred time,
> By silly prose, light jest, and lighter rhyme.'

I have a song to write, too, and I am not thinking of it. I trust it will come upon me at once—a sort of catch it should be.* I walked out, feeling a little overwrought.

"*February* 7.—My old friend Sir Peter Murray called to offer his own assistance, Lord Justice-Clerk's,

* See "Glee for King Charles," *Waverley Novels*, vol. xl. p. 40.

and Abercromby's, to negotiate for me a seat upon the Bench [of the Court of Session] instead of my sheriffdom and clerkship. I explained to him the use which I could make of my pen was not, I thought, consistent with that situation; and that, besides, I had neglected the law too long to permit me to think of it: but this was kindly and honourably done. I can see people think me much worse off than I think myself. They may be right; but I will not be beat till I have tried a rally, and a bold one.

"*February* 8.—Slept ill, and rather bilious in the morning. Many of the Bench now are my juniors. I will not seek *ex eleemosynâ* a place which, had I turned my studies that way, I might have aspired to long ago *ex meritis*. My pen should do much better for me than the odd £1000 a-year. If it fails, I will lean on what they leave me. Another chance might be, if it fails, in the patronage which might, after a year or two, place me in Exchequer. But I do not count on this unless, indeed, the Duke of Buccleuch, when he comes of age, should choose to make play. Got to my work again, and wrote easier than the two last days.

"Mr Laidlaw came in from Abbotsford, and dined with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negro-driving principle of self-interest—the

only principle I know which *never* swerves from its objects. We chose all the active, young, and powerful men, turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for a guinea cannot do the work of five; but I will contrive to make it easier to the sufferers.

"*February* 9.—A stormy morning, lowering and blustering like our fortunes. *Mea virtute me involvo.* But I must say to the muse of fiction as the Earl of Pembroke said to the ejected nuns of Wilton:—'Go spin, you jades, go spin!' Perhaps she has no tow on her *rock.* When I was at Kilkenny last year we went to see a nunnery, but could not converse with the sisters because they were in *strict retreat.* I was delighted with the red-nosed Padre, who showed us the place with a sort of proud, unctuous humiliation, and apparent dereliction of the world, that had to me the air of a complete Tartuffe; a strong, sanguine, square-shouldered son of the Church, whom a Protestant would be apt to warrant against any sufferings he was like to sustain by privation. My purpose, however, just now was to talk of the *strict retreat,* which did not prevent the nuns from walking in their little garden, peeping at us, and allowing us to peep at them. Well, now *we* are in *strict retreat;* and if we had been so last year, instead of gallivanting to Ireland, this affair might not have befallen—if literary labour could have pre-

vented it. But who could have suspected Const timbers to have been rotten from the beginning

" Visited the Exhibition on my way home the Court. The new rooms are most splendid several good pictures. The institution has sub but five years, and it is astonishing how muc perior the worst of the present collection are teaboard-looking things which first appeared. Thomson, of Duddingstone, has far the finest p in the Exhibition, of a large size — subject *Du* a ruinous castle of the Antrim family, nea Giant's Causeway, with one of those terribl and skies which only Thomson can paint. Scrope there, improving a picture of his ow Italian scene in Calabria. He is, I think, one very best amateur painters I ever saw — Sir G Beaumont scarcely excepted.

" I would not write to-day after I came ho will not say could not, for it is not true; but lazy; felt the desire *far niente*, which is the s one's mind being at ease. I read *The Engl Italy*, which is a clever book. Byron used t and frisk more contemptuously against the li gravity and slang than any one I ever knew wh climbed so high. Then, it is true, I never kne one climb so high — and before you despise th nence, carrying people along with you as con that you are not playing the fox and the grapes must be at the top. Moore told me some deli

stories of him. * * * * * * *† H
impulse, never from effort; and the
always reckoned Burns and Byron the
poetical geniuses of my time, and hal
fore me. We have many men of high
but none, I think, of that ever-gushing
fountain of natural waters.

"Mr Laidlaw dined with us. Sa
old him he would dispose of my affai
ut Sir W. S. No doubt, so should
gh doing so at any rate. But, *fo*
uch may be achieved. At worst,
t very discouraging to one who wa
nks I have been like Burns's poor

'So constantly in Ruin's sight,
The view o't gives me little frigh

† Here follow several anecdotes, since pub
of Byron.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Extract from James Ballantyne's Memoranda.—Anecdote from Mr Skene.—Letters of January and February 1826, *to J. G. Lockhart, M. Morritt, and Lady Davy.—Result of the embarrassments of Constable, Hurst, and Ballantyne.—Resolution of Sir Walter Scott.—Malachi Malagrowther.*

1826.

I INTERRUPT, for a moment, Sir Walter's Diary, to introduce a few collateral illustrations of the period embraced in the foregoing chapter. When he returned to Edinburgh from Abbotsford on Monday the 16th of January, he found (as we have seen) that Hurst & Co. had dishonoured a bill of Constable's; and then proceeded, according to engagement, to dine at Mr Skene of Rubislaw's. Mr Skene assures me that he appeared that evening quite in his usual spirits, conversing on whatever topic was started

easily and gaily as if there had been
calamity; but at parting, he whisper
have something to speak to you abo
as to look in on me as you go to
House to-morrow." When Skene
Street, about half-past nine o'clock ne
found Scott writing in his study. H
"My friend, give me a shake of yo
s that of a beggar." He then told h
yne had just been with him, and th
ertain and complete; explaining, br
f his connexion with the three hous
ll must that morning be made pub
Don't fancy I am going to stay a
ly on what can't be helped. I wa
Woodstock when you came in, and
e pen the moment I get back from
dine with you again on Sunday,
report progress to some purpose
y came, he reported accordingly,
the numberless interruptions o
nferences with his partner, the
n of business — to say nothing o
ieties on account of his wife and
written a chapter of his novel ev

The reader may be curious to see
es Ballantyne's memorandum giv
ouncement on the morning of Tue

It is as follows:—"On the evening of the 1(received from Mr Cadell a distinct message p me in possession of the truth. I called imme in Castle Street, but found Sir Walter had gai unconscious respite by being engaged out at d It was between eight and nine next morning made the final communication. No doubt h greatly stunned—but, upon the whole, he b with wonderful fortitude. He then asked, ' what is the actual step we must first take— pose we must do something?' I reminded hi two or three thousand pounds were due that d that we had only to do what we must do— payment—to bring the disclosure sufficiently the world. He took leave of me with these s words, 'Well, James, depend upon that, I will forsake you.'"

After the ample details of Scott's Diary, it be idle to quote here many of his private lett January 1826; but I must give two of tho dressed to myself,—one written at Abbotsf the 15th, the day before he started for Edinbu receive the fatal intelligence—the other on the It will be seen that I had been so very unwis intermingle with the account of one of my interviews with Constable, an expression of s at the nature of Sir Walter's commercial e ments which had then for the first time be plained to me and every reader will, I am

appreciate the gentleness of the reply
satisfactory he may consider it as reg
fact in question.

"*To John Lockhart, Esq.*, 25 *Pall*

"Abbotsford, Ja

"My Dear Lockhart,

"I have both your packets. I
well since my attack, only for some t
hearted with the calomel and another
call hyoscyamus — and to say truth
ny own household, which used to
eason.

"I enclose the article on Pepys.
orrected, so I wish of course much t
possible, as it must be dreadfully
piate was busy with my brain whe
as written, and as James Ballantyn
lly, so will your printer, I doubt.
e a good sirloin, which requires o
th its own drippings. I had litt
rch or reference; perhaps I ha
g, or introduced too many extract
ning-knife, hedgebill, or axe, a
w I don't care a curse about what
omes of it.

To-morrow, snow permitting, we
gh; meantime ye can expect no

place. I saw poor Chiefswood the other day. Cock-a-pistol * sends his humble remembrances. Commend me a thousand times to the magnanimous Johnnie. I live in hopes he will not greatly miss Marion and the red cow. Don't let him forget poor ha-papa.—Farewell, my dear Lockhart: never trouble yourself about writing to me, for I suspect you have enough of that upon hand.

"Pardon my sending you such an unwashed, uncombed thing as the enclosed. I really can't see now to read my own hand, so bad have my eyes or my fingers or both become. Always yours affectionately, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To the Same.*

"Edinburgh, January 20, 1826.

"My Dear Lockhart,

"I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori*, I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements—(the better thing almost of the two)—to make good all claims upon Ballantyne and Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst and Co. nor

* A gardener, by name James Scott, who lived at a place called popularly Cock-a-pistol, because the battle of Melrose (A. D. 1526) began there.

Constable and Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst* that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add, that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more—or £2000—or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and must now pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow—it is an infirmity of nature.

"I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden, than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

"It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connexion with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better—excluded from the bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the Lay

of the Last Minstrel, and—it was a price that made men's hair stand on end—£1000 for Marmion. I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst and Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke in upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

"I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measure I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake, and for my own—for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *conn*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of £30,000,* which I

* Sir Walter never knew the name of this munificent person.

rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'eclat;* but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at Woodstock like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best—it will be well.

"Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song* and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship. Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT."

* "Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

From Sir Walter's letters of the same period, to friends out of his own family, I select the following:—

"*To J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., &c., Marine Terrace, Brighton.*

"Edinburgh, 6th February 1826.

"My Dear Morritt,

"It is very true I have been, and am, in danger of a pecuniary loss, and probably a very large one, which, in the uncertainty, I look at as to the full extent, being the manly way of calculating such matters, since one may be better, but can hardly be worse. I can't say I feel overjoyed at losing a large sum of hard-earned money in a most unexpected manner, for all men considered Constable's people secure as the Bank; yet, as I have obtained an arrangement of payment convenient for everybody concerned, and easy for myself, I cannot say that I care much about the matter. Some economical restrictions I will make; and it happened oddly that they were such as Lady Scott and myself had almost determined upon without this compulsion. Abbotsford will henceforth be our only establishment; and during the time I must be in town, I will take my bed at the Albyn Club. We shall also break off the rather excessive hospitality to which we were exposed, and no longer stand host and hostess to all that do pilgrimage to Melrose. Then I give up an expensive

farm, which I always hated, and turn all my odds and ends into cash. I do not reckon much on my literary exertions—I mean in proportion to former success—because popular taste may fluctuate. But with a moderate degree of the favour which I have always had, my time my own, and my mind unplagued about other things, I may boldly promise myself soon to get the better of this blow.

"In these circumstances, I should be unjust and ungrateful to ask or accept the pity of my friends. I, for one, do not see there is much occasion for making moan about it. My womankind will be the greater sufferers,—yet even they look cheerily forward; and, for myself, the blowing off my hat in a stormy day has given me more uneasiness.

"I envy your Brighton party and your fine weather. When I was at Abbotsford, the mercury was down at six or seven in the morning more than once. I am hammering away at a bit of a story from the old affair of the *diablerie* at Woodstock in the Long Parliament times. I don't like it much. I am obliged to hamper my fanatics greatly too much to make them effective; but I make the sacrifice on principle, so, perhaps, I shall deserve good success in other parts of the work. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have written a volume in exactly fifteen days. To be sure, I permitted no interruptions. But then I took exercise, and for ten days of the fifteen attended the Court of Session from two

to four hours every day. This is nothing, however, to writing Ivanhoe when I had the actual cramp in my stomach; but I have no idea of these things preventing a man from doing what he has a mind. My love to all the party at Brighton — fireside party I had almost said, but you scorn my words — seaside party then be it. Lady Scott and Anne join in kindest love. I must close my letter, for one of the consequences of our misfortunes is, that we dine every day at half-past four o'clock; which premature hour arises, I suppose, from sorrow being hungry as well as thirsty. One most laughable part of our tragic comedy was, that every friend in the world came formally, just as they do here when a relation dies, thinking that the eclipse of *les beaux yeux de ma cassette* was perhaps a loss as deserving of consolation.

"We heard an unpleasant report that your nephew was ill. I am glad to see from your letter it is only the lady, and in the right way; and I hope, *Scotticè loquens*, she will be worse before she is better. This mistake is something like the Irish blunder in Faulkner's Journal, 'For *his* Grace the Duchess of Devonshire was safely delivered — read *her* Grace the Duke of Devonshire, &c.' — Always yours affectionately, WALTER SCOTT.

"P.S. — Will you do me a favour? Set fire to the Chinese stables; and if it embrace the whole of the Pavilion, it will rid me of a great eye-sore."

" *To Lady Davy, 26 Park Street, London.*

" 6th February 1826.

" My Dear Lady Davy,

" A very few minutes since, I received your kind letter, and answer it in all frankness, and, in Iago's words, ' I am *hurt*, ma'am, but not killed'— nor even kilt. I have made so much by literature, that, even should this loss fall in its whole extent, and we now make preparations for the worst, it will not break, and has not broken, my sleep. If I have good luck, I may be as rich again as ever; if not, I shall have still far more than many of the most deserving people in Britain — soldiers, sailors, statesmen, or men of literature.

" I am much obliged to you for your kindness to Sophia, who has tact, and great truth of character, I believe. She will wish to take her company, as the scandal said ladies liked their wine, little and good; and I need not say I shall be greatly obliged by your continued notice of one you have known now for a long time. I am, between ourselves, afraid of the little boy; he is terribly delicate in constitution, and so twined about the parents' hearts, that —— But it is needless croaking; what is written on our foreheads at our birth shall be accomplished. So far I am a good Moslem.

" Lockhart is, I think, in his own line, and there-

fore I do not regret his absence, though, in our present arrangement, as my wife and Anne propose to remain all the year round at Abbotsford, I shall be solitary enough in my lodgings. But I always loved being a bear and sucking my paws in solitude, better than being a lion and ramping for the amusement of others; and as I propose to slam the door in the face of all and sundry for these three years to come, and neither eat nor give to eat, I shall come forth bearish enough, should I live to make another avatar. Seriously, I intend to receive nobody, old and intimate friends excepted, at Abbotsford this season, for it cost me much more in time than otherwise.

"I beg my kindest compliments to Sir Humphrey; and tell him Ill Luck, that direful chemist, never put into his crucible a more indissoluble piece of stuff than your affectionate cousin and sincere well-wisher, WALTER SCOTT."

I offer no cold comments on the strength of character which Sir Walter Scott exhibited in the crisis of his calamities. But for the revelations of his Diary, it would never have been known to his most intimate friends, or even to his own affectionate children, what struggles it cost him to reach the lofty serenity of mind which was reflected in all his outward conduct and demeanour.

As yet, however, he had hardly prepared himself for the extent to which Constable's debts exceeded

his assets. The obligations of that house amounted, on a final reckoning, to £256,000; those of Hurst and Robinson to somewhere about £300,000. The former paid, ultimately, only 2s. 9d. in the pound; the latter about 1s. 3d.

The firm of James Ballantyne and Co. might have allowed itself to be declared bankrupt, and obtained a speedy discharge, as the bookselling concerns did, for all its obligations;—but that Sir Walter Scott was a partner. Had he chosen to act in the manner commonly adopted by commercial insolvents, the matter would have been settled in a very short time. The creditors of Ballantyne and Co.—(whose claims, including sheafs of bills of all descriptions, amounted to £117,000)—would have brought into the market whatever property, literary or otherwise, he at the hour of failure possessed; they would have had a right to his liferent at Abbotsford, among other things—and to his reversionary interest in the estate, in case either his eldest son or his daughter-in-law should die without leaving issue, and thus void the provisions of their marriage-contract. All this being brought into the market, the result would have been a dividend very far superior to what the creditors of Constable and Hurst received; and in return, the partners in the printing firm would have been left at liberty to reap for themselves the profits of their future exertions. Things were, however, complicated in consequence of the transfer of Abbotsford in Ja-

nuary 1825 At first, some creditors seem to have had serious thoughts of contesting the validity of that transaction; but a little reflection and examination satisfied them that nothing could be gained by such an attempt. But, on the other hand, Sir Walter felt that he had done wrong in placing any part of his property beyond the reach of his creditors, by entering into that marriage-contract without a previous most deliberate examination into the state of his responsibilities. He must have felt in this manner, though I have no sort of doubt, that the result of such an examination in January 1825, if accompanied by an instant calling in of all *counter-bills*, would have been to leave him at perfect liberty to do all that he did upon that occasion. However that may have been, and whatever may have been his delicacy respecting this point, he regarded the embarrassment of his commercial firm, on the whole, with the feelings not of a merchant but of a gentleman. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to the service of his creditors, he could, in the upshot, pay the last farthing he owed them. They (with one or two paltry exceptions) applauded his honourable intentions and resolutions, and partook, to a large extent, in the self-reliance of their debtor. Nor had they miscalculated as to their interest. Nor had Sir Walter calculated wrongly. He paid the penalty of health and life but he saved his honour and his self-respect:—

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past." *

As soon as Parliament met, the recent convulsion in the commercial world became the subject of some very remarkable debates in the Lower House; and the Ministers, tracing it mainly to the rash facility of bankers in yielding credit to speculators, proposed to strike at the root of the evil by taking from private banks the privilege of circulating their own notes as money, and limiting even the Bank of England to the issue of notes of £5 value and upwards. The Government designed that this regulation should apply to Scotland as well as England; and the northern public received the announcement with almost universal reprobation. The Scotch banks apprehended a most serious curtailment of their profits; and the merchants and traders of every class were well disposed to back them in opposing the Ministerial innovation. Scott, ever sensitively jealous as to the interference of English statesmen with the internal affairs of his native kingdom, took the matter up with as much zeal as he could have displayed against the Union had he lived in the days of Queen Anne. His national feelings may have been somewhat stimulated, perhaps, by his deep sense of gratitude for the generous forbearance which several Edinburgh banking-houses had just been exhibiting toward himself;

* This fine line is from a sonnet on Sir Walter Scott's death, by the late Sir Egerton Brydges.

and I think it need not be doubted, moreover, that the *splendida bilis* which, as the Diary shows, his own misfortunes had engendered, demanded some escape-valve. Hence the three Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, which appeared first in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, and were afterwards collected into a pamphlet by the late Mr Blackwood, who, on that occasion, for the first time, had justice done to his personal character by "the Black Hussar of Literature."

These diatribes produced in Scotland a sensation not, perhaps, inferior to that of the Drapier's letters in Ireland; a greater one, certainly, than any political tract had excited in the British public at large since the appearance of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. They were answered most elaborately and acutely in the London Courier (then the semi-official organ of Lord Liverpool's Government) by Sir Walter's friend, the secretary of the Admiralty, Mr Croker, who, perhaps, hazarded, in the heat of his composition, a few personal allusions that might as well have been spared, and which might have tempted a less good-natured antagonist to a fiery rejoinder. Meeting, however, followed meeting, and petition on petition came up with thousands of signatures; and the Ministers erelong found that the opposition, of which Malachi had led the van, was, in spite of all their own speeches and Mr Croker's essays, too strong and too rapidly strengthening, to

be safely encountered. The Scotch part of the measure was dropt; and Scott, having carried his practical object, was not at all disposed to persist in a controversy which, if farther pursued, could scarcely, as he foresaw, fail to interrupt the kindly feelings that Croker and he had for many years entertained for each other, and also to aggravate and prolong, unnecessarily, the resentment with which several of his friends in the Cabinet had regarded his unlooked-for appearance as a hostile agitator.

I believe, with these hints, the reader is sufficiently prepared for resuming Sir Walter's Diary.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Diary resumed — Anecdote of Culloden — Letter from Mackintosh — Exhibition of Pictures — Modern Painters — Habits of Composition — Glengarry — Advocates' Library — Negotiations with Creditors — First Letter of Malachi Malagrowther — Chronique de Jacques de Lalain — Progress of Woodstock and Buonaparte — Novels by Galt, Miss Austen, and Lady Morgan — Second and third Epistles of Malachi — Departure from Castle Street.

FEB. & MARCH 1826.

DIARY.

"*Edinburgh, February* 10.—Went through, for a new day, the task of buttoning, which seems to me somehow to fill up more of my morning than usual

— not, certainly, that such is the case, but that my mind attends to the process, having so little left to hope or fear. The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention. When I got over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am at a loss, 'Never mind; we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.' If I have forgot a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. I think the first hour of the morning is also favourable to the bodily strength. Among other feats, when I was a young man, I was able at times to lift a smith's anvil with one hand, by what is called the *horn* — that projecting piece of iron on which things are beaten to turn them round. But I could only do this before breakfast. It required my full strength, undiminished by the least exertion, and those who choose to try will find the feat no easy one. This morning I had some new ideas respecting Woodstock, which will make the story better. The devil of a difficulty is, that one puzzles the skein in order to excite curiosity, and then cannot disentangle it for the satisfaction of the prying fiend they have raised.— I have a prettily expressed letter of condolence from Sir James Mac-

kintosh.* Yesterday I had an anecdote from old Sir

* This letter is so honourable to the writer, as well as to Sir Walter, that I am tempted to insert it in a note: —

"*To Sir W. Scott, Bart. Edinburgh.*

"Cadogan Place, Feb. 7, 1826.

"My Dear Sir,

"Having been sailing on Windermere when Lord Gifford past the Lakes, and almost constantly confined since my return to town, I did not hear till two days ago of your very kind message, which, if I had received it in the north, I should probably have answered in person. I do not know that I should now have troubled you with written thanks for what is so natural to you as an act of courtesy and hospitality, if I were not in hopes that you might consider it as excuse enough for an indulgence of inclination which might otherwise be thought intrusive.

"No man living has given pleasure to so many persons as you have done, and you must be assured that great multitudes who never saw you, in every quarter of the world, will regret the slightest disturbance of your convenience. But, as I have observed that the express declaration of one individual sometimes makes more impression than the strongest assurance of the sentiments of multitudes, I venture to say that I most sincerely lament that any untoward circumstances should, even for a time, interrupt the indulgence of your taste and your liberal enjoyments. I am sorry that Scotland should, for a moment, lose the very peculiar distinction of having the honours of the country done to visiters by the person at the head of our literature. Above all, I am sorry that a fortune earned by genius and expended so generously, should be for the shortest time shaken by the general calamities.

"Those dispositions of yours which most quicken the fellow-feelings of others will best console you. I have heard with delight that your composure and cheerfulness have already comforted those

James Steuart Denham,* which is worth writing down. His uncle, Lord Elcho, was, as is well known, engaged in the affair of 1745. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of matters from beginning to end. But after the left wing of the Highlanders was repulsed and broken at Culloden, Elcho rode up to the Chevalier and told him all was lost, and that nothing remained except to charge at the head of two thousand men, who were still unbroken, and either turn the fate of the day or die sword in hand, as became his pretensions. The Chevalier gave him some

---

who are most affectionately interested in you. What I heard of your happy temper in this way reminded me of Warburton's fine character of Bayle — 'He had a soul superior to the attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to the best philosophy.' You have expended your fortune too well not to be consoled for a temporary suspension of its produce; you have your genius, your fame, and, what is better than either, your kind and cheerful nature.

"I trust so much to your good-natured indulgence, that I hope you will pardon me for joining my sincere but very humble voice to the admiration and sympathy of Europe. — I am, my dear Sir, yours most truly, J. MACKINTOSH."

* General Sir James Steuart Denham of Coltness, Baronet, Colonel of the Scots Greys. His father, the celebrated political economist, took part in the Rebellion of 1745, and was long afterwards an exile. The reader is no doubt acquainted with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, addressed to him and his wife Lady Frances. [Sir James died at Cheltenham in August 1839, aged 95.]

evasive answer, and turning his horse's head, rode off the field. Lord Elcho called after him (I write his very words), 'There you go for a damned cowardly Italian,' and never would see him again, though he lost his property and remained an exile in the cause. Lord Elcho left two copies of his memoirs, one with Sir James Stewart's family, one with Lord Wemyss. This is better evidence than the romance of Chevalier Johnstone; and I have little doubt it is true. Yet it is no proof of the Prince's cowardice, though it shows him to have been no John of Gaunt. Princes are constantly surrounded with people who hold up their own *life* and *safety* to them as by far the most important stake in any contest; and this is a doctrine in which conviction is easily received. Such an eminent person finds everybody's advice, save here and there that of a desperate Elcho, recommend obedience to the natural instinct of self-preservation, which very often men of inferior situations find it difficult to combat, when all the world are crying to them to get on and be damned, instead of encouraging them to run away. At Prestonpans the Chevalier offered to lead the van, and he was with the second line, which, during that brief affair, followed the first very close. Johnstone's own account, carefully read, brings him within a pistol-shot of the first line. At the same time Charles Edward had not a head or heart for great things, notwithstanding his daring adventure; and the Irish officers, by whom he was guided,

were poor creatures. Lord George Murray was the soul of the undertaking.*

"*February* 11.— Court sat till half-past one. A man, calling himself * * * * of * * * * * *, writes to me, expressing sympathy for my misfortunes, and offering me half the profits of what, if I understand him right, is a patent medicine, to which I suppose he expects me to stand trumpeter. He endeavours to get over my objections to accepting his liberality (supposing me to entertain them) by assuring me his conduct is founded on '*a sage selfishness!*' This is diverting enough. I suppose the Commissioners of Police will next send me a letter of condolence, begging my acceptance of a broom, a shovel, and a scavenger's great-coat, and assuring me that they had appointed me to all the emoluments of a well-frequented crossing. It would be doing more than they have done of late for the cleanliness of the streets, which, witness my shoes, are in a piteous pickle. I thanked the selfish sage with due decorum —for what purpose can anger serve? I remember once before, a mad woman, from about Alnwick, by

* "Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke."— *Memoirs of the Rebellion of* 1745, *&c.* London 1810 4to. p. 140.

name * * * *, baited me with letters and plans—first for charity for herself or some *protegé*—I gave my guinea—then she wanted to have half the profits of a novel which I was to publish under my name and auspices. She sent me the manuscript, and a *moving* tale it was, for some of the scenes lay in the *Cabinet à l'eau*. I declined the partnership. Lastly, my fair correspondent insisted I was a lover of speculation, and would be much profited by going shares in a patent medicine which she had invented for the benefit of little babes. I dreaded to have anything to do with such a Herod-like affair, and begged to decline the honour of her correspondence in future. I should have thought the thing a quiz but that the novel was real and substantial. Sir Alexander Don called, and we had a good laugh together.

"*February* 12.—Having ended the second volume of Woodstock last night, I had to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest route, and either found or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing. I never could lay down a plan—or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always extended some passages, and abridged or omitted others; and per-

sonages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the piece, but according to the success, or otherwise, with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly laboured, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice, and sometimes three times over. This *hab nab at a venture* is a perilous style, I grant, but I cannot help it. When I strain my mind to ideas which are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape—that I think away the whole vivacity of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however.

"Read a few pages of Will D'Avenant, who was fond of having it supposed that Shakspeare intrigued with his mother. I think the pretension can only be treated as Phaeton was, according to Fielding's farce—

'Besides, by all the village boys I'm shamed:
You the sun's son, you rascal? — you be damn'd!'

Egad—I'll put that into Woodstock. It might come well from the old admirer of Shakspeare. Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then?—it is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, it is easy to swear they were written, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition.*

"*February* 13.—The Institution for the encouragement of the Fine Arts opens to-day with a handsome entertainment in the Exhibition-room, as at Somerset House. It strikes me that the direction given by amateurs and professors to their *protegés* and pupils, who aspire to be artists, is upon a pedantic and false principle. All the fine arts have it for their highest and most legitimate end and purpose, to affect the human passions, or smooth and alleviate, for a time, the near unquiet feelings of the mind—to excite wonder, or terror, or pleasure, or emotion of some kind or other. It often happens that, in the very rise and origin of these arts, as in the instance of Homer, the principal object is obtained in a degree not equalled by any successor But there is a degree of execution, which, in more refined times, the poet or musician begins to study, which gives a value of its own to their productions,

* See the couplet, and the apology, in Woodstock — *Waverley Novels*, vol. xl. p. 134.

of a different kind from the rude strength of their predecessors. Poetry becomes complicated in its rules—music learned in its cadences and harmonies—rhetoric subtle in its periods. There is more given to the labour of executing—less attained by the effect produced. Still the nobler and popular end of these arts is not forgotten; and if we have some productions too learned—too *récherchés* for public feeling—we have, every now and then, music that electrifies a whole assembly, eloquence which shakes the forum, and poetry which carries men up to the third heaven. But in painting it is different; it is all become a mystery, the secret of which is lodged in a few connoisseurs, whose object is not to praise the works of such painters as produce effect on mankind at large, but to class them according to their proficiency in the inferior rules of the art, which, though most necessary to be taught and learned, should yet only be considered as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, the steps by which the higher and ultimate object of a great popular effect is to be attained. They have all embraced the very style of criticism which induced Michael Angelo to call some Pope a poor creature, when, turning his attention from the general effect of a noble statue, his Holiness began to criticise the hem of the robe. This seems to me the cause of the decay of this delightful art, especially in history, its noblest branch. As I speak to myself, I may say that a painting should, to be excellent,

have something to say to the mind of a man, like myself, well educated, and susceptible of those feelings which anything strongly recalling natural emotion is likely to inspire. But how seldom do I see anything that moves me much! Wilkie, the far more than Teniers of Scotland, certainly gave many new ideas. So does Will Allan, though overwhelmed with their remarks about colouring and grouping, against which they are not willing to place his general and original merits. Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw—leaping, and bounding, and grinning on the canvass. Leslie has great powers; and the scenes from Molière by Newton are excellent. Yet painting wants a regenerator —some one who will sweep the cobwebs out of his head before he takes the pallet, as Chantrey has done in the sister art. At present we are painting pictures from the ancients, as authors in the days of Louis Quatorze wrote epic poems according to the recipe of Dacier and Co. The poor reader or spectator has no remedy; the compositions are *secundum artem;* and if he does not like them, he is no judge, that's all.

"*February* 14.—I had a call from Glengarry yesterday, as kind and friendly as usual.* This gentleman is a kind of Quixote in our age, having re-

* Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry. He died in January 1828.

tained, in their full extent, the whole feelings of clanship and chieftainship, elsewhere so long abandoned. He seems to have lived a century too late, and to exist, in a state of complete law and order like a Glengarry of old, whose will was law to his sept. Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him, and his efforts are unceasing to show kindness to those of his clan who are disposed fully to admit his pretensions. To dispute them, is to incur his resentment, which has sometimes broken out in acts of violence which have brought him into collision with the law. To me he is a treasure, as being full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the Highlanders in general. Strong, active, and muscular, he follows the chase of the deer for days and nights together, sleeping in his plaid when darkness overtakes him. The number of his singular exploits would fill a volume; for, as his pretensions are high, and not always willingly yielded to, he is every now and then giving rise to some rumour. He is, on many of these occasions, as much sinned against as sinning; for men, knowing his temper, sometimes provoke him, conscious that Glengarry, from his character for violence, will always be put in the wrong by the public. I have seen him behave in a very manly manner when thus tempted. He has of late prosecuted a quarrel, ridiculous enough in the present day, to have himself admitted and recognised

as Chief of the whole Clan Ranald, or surname of Macdonald. The truth seems to be, that the present Clanranald is not descended from a legitimate chieftain of the tribe; for, having accomplished a revolution in the 16th century, they adopted a Tanist, or Captain, that is, a Chief not in the direct line of succession—namely, a certain Ian Moidart, or John of Moidart, who took the title of Captain of Clanranald, with all the powers of Chief; and even Glengarry's ancestor recognised them as chiefs *de facto*, if not *de jure*. The fact is, that this elective power was, in cases of insanity, imbecility, or the like, exercised by the Celtic tribes; and though Ian Moidart was no chief by birth, yet by election he became so, and transmitted his power to his descendant, as would King William III., if he had had any. So it is absurd to set up the *jus sanguinis* now, which Glengarry's ancestors did not, or could not, make good, when it was a right worth combating for. —I wrought out my full task yesterday.

"Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, &c. on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable.* I have

* I transcribe a letter from Sir Walter, on an occasion of this

not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th of January, except my own family and Mr Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy. It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house, poor No. 39. One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me very well. All our furniture, too, is to go—a hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with all the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business. But *sursum corda.*

"My two friends came as expected, also Missie, and staid till half-past ten. Promised Sharpe the set of Piranesi's views in the dining-parlour. They belonged to my uncle, so I do not like to sell them.

"*February* 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line

---

sort, from the first chapter of Mr. Scrope's "Art of Deer-Stalking:"

"Thanks, dear sir, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never roam'd in a forest, or smoked in a platter."

"Your superb haunch arrived in excellent time to feast a new married couple, the Douglasses of M——, and was pronounced by far the finest that could by possibility have been seen in Teviotdale since Chevy Chase. I did not venture on the carving, being warned both by your hints, and the example of old Robert Sinclair, who used to say that he had thirty friends during a fortnight's residence at Harrowgate, and lost them all in the carving of one haunch of venison; so I put Lockhart on the duty, and, as the haunch was too large to require strict economy, he hacked and hewed it well enough."

of Woodstock. Partly, I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. Partly, I was a little too far beyond the press. I cannot pull well in long traces, when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always makes me work best. Needs must when the devil drives—and drive he does even according to the letter. I must work to-day, however. —Attended a meeting of the Faculty about our new library. I spoke—saying that I hoped we would now at length act upon a general plan, and look forward to commencing upon such a scale as might secure us at least for a century against the petty and partial management, which we have hitherto thought sufficient, of fitting up one room after another. Disconnected and distant, these have been costing large sums of money from time to time, all now thrown away. We are now to have space enough for a very large range of buildings, which we may execute in a simple taste, leaving Government to ornament them if they shall think proper—otherwise to be plain, modest, and handsome, and capable of being executed by degrees, and in such portions as convenience may admit of.—Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs,—he is sinking under the times; having no assistance to give

him, my advice I fear will be of little service. I am sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on.

"*February* 16.—'Misfortune's growling bark'* comes louder and louder. By assigning my whole property to trustees for behoof of creditors, with two works in progress and nigh publication, and with all my future literary labours, I conceived I was bringing into the field a large fund of payment, which could not exist without my exertions, and that thus far I was entitled to a corresponding degree of indulgence. I therefore supposed, on selling this house, and various other property, and on receiving the price of Woodstock and Napoleon, that they would give me leisure to make other exertions, and be content with the rents of Abbotsford, without attempting a sale. This would have been the more reasonable, as the very printing of these works must amount to a large sum, of which they will touch the profits. In the course of this delay I supposed I was to have the chance of getting some insight both into Constable's affairs and those of Hurst and Robinson. Nay, employing these houses, under precautions, to sell the works, the publisher's profit would have come in to pay part of their debt. But Gibson last night came in after dinner, and gave me to under-

* Burns's *Dedication* to Gavin Hamilton.

stand that the Bank of Scotland see this in a different point of view, and consider my contribution of the produce of past, present, and future labours, as compensated *in full* by their accepting of the trust-deed, instead of pursuing the mode of sequestration, and placing me in the Gazette. They therefore expect the trustees to commence a lawsuit to reduce the marriage-settlement, which settles the estate upon Walter; thus loading me with a most expensive suit, and I suppose selling library and whatever else they can lay hold on.

"Now this seems unequal measure, and would besides of itself totally destroy any power of fancy—of genius, if it deserves the name, which may remain to me. A man cannot write in the House of Correction; and this species of *peine forte et dure* which is threatened, would render it impossible for one to help himself or others. So I told Gibson I had my mind made up as far back as the 24th of January, not to suffer myself to be harder pressed than law would press me. If this great commercial company, through whose hands I have directed so many thousands, think they are right in taking every advantage and giving none, it must be my care to see that they take none but what the law gives them. If they take the sword of the law, I must lay hold of the shield. If they are determined to consider me as an irretrievable bankrupt, they have no title to object to my settling upon the usual terms which the Statute

requires. They probably are of opinion, that I will be ashamed to do this by applying publicly for a sequestration. Now, my feelings are different. I am ashamed to owe debts I cannot pay; but I am not ashamed of being classed with those to whose rank I belong. The disgrace is in being an actual bankrupt, not in being made a legal one. I had like to have been too hasty in this matter. I must have a clear understanding that I am to be benefited or indulged in some way, if I bring in two such funds as those works in progress, worth certainly from €10,000 to £15,000.

"*February* 17.— Slept sound, for nature repays herself for the vexation the mind sometimes gives her. This morning put interlocutors on several Sheriff-court processes from Selkirkshire. Gibson came to-night to say that he had spoken at full length with Alexander Monypenny, proposed as trustee on the part of the Bank of Scotland, and found him decidedly in favour of the most moderate measures, and taking burden on himself that the Bank would proceed with such lenity as might enable me to have some time and opportunity to clear these affairs out. I repose trust in Mr M. entirely. His father, Colonel Monypenny, was my early friend, kind and hospitable to me when I was a mere boy. He had much of old General Withers about him, as expressed in Pope's epitaph—

'——— A worth in youth approved,
A soft humanity in age beloved!'

His son David, and a younger brother, Frank, a soldier, who perished by drowning on a boating party from Gibraltar, were my schoolfellows; and with the survivor, now Lord Pitmilly, I have always kept up a friendly intercourse. Of this gentlemen, on whom my fortunes are to depend, I know little. He was Colin Mackenzie's partner in business while my friend pursued it, and he speaks highly of him: that's a great deal. He is secretary to the Pitt Club, and we have had all our lives the habit *idem sentire de republica*: that's much too. Lastly, he is a man of perfect honour and reputation; and I have nothing to ask which such a man would not either grant or convince me was unreasonable. I have, to be sure, something of a constitutional and hereditary obstinacy; but it is in me a dormant quality. Convince my understanding, and I am perfectly docile; stir my passions by coldness or affronts, and the devil would not drive me from my purpose. Let me record, I have striven against this besetting sin. When I was a boy, and on foot expeditions, as we had many, no creature could be so indifferent which way our course was directed, and I acquiesced in what any one proposed; but if I was once driven to make a choice, and felt piqued in honour to maintain my proposition, I have broken off from the whole party, rather than yield to any one. Time has sobered this pertinacity

of mind; but it still exists, and I must be on my guard against it. It is the same with me in politics. In general I care very little about the matter, and from year's end to year's end have scarce a thought connected with them, except to laugh at the fools, who think to make themselves great men out of little by swaggering in the rear of a party. But either actually important events, or such as seemed so by their close neighbourhood to me, have always hurried me off my feet, and made me, as I have sometimes regretted, more forward and more violent than those who had a regular jog-trot way of busying themselves in public matters. Good luck; for had I lived in troublesome times, and chanced to be on the unhappy side, I had been hanged to a certainty. What I have always remarked has been, that many who have hallooed me on at public meetings, and so forth, have quietly left me to the odium which a man known to the public always has more than his own share of; while, on the other hand, they were easily successful in pressing before me, who never pressed forward at all, when there was any distribution of public favours or the like. I am horribly tempted to interfere in this business of altering the system of banks in Scotland; and yet I know that if I can attract any notice, I will offend my English friends, without propitiating our doom in Scotland. I will think of it till to-morrow. It is making myself of too much importance, after all.

"*February* 18.—I set about Malachi Malagrowther's Letter on the late disposition to change every thing in Scotland to an English model, but without resolving about the publication. They do treat us very provokingly.

'O Land of *Cakes!* said the *Northern* bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One faithful pen thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.' *

"*February* 19.—Finished my letter (Malachi Malagrowther) this morning, and sent it to James B., who is to call with the result this forenoon. I am not very anxious to get on with Woodstock. I want to see what Constable's people mean to do when they have their trustee. For an unfinished work they must treat with the author. It is the old story of the varnish spread over the picture, which nothing but the artist's own hand could remove. A finished work might be seized under some legal pretence.

"Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain—curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. It passes the time, however, especially in that listless mood when your mind is

* A parody on Moore's *Minstrel Boy*.

half on your book, half on something else. You catch something to arrest the attention every now and then, and what you miss is not worth going back upon; idle man's studies, in short. Still, things occur to one. Something might be made of a tale of chivalry, —taken from the Passage of Arms, which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelvemonth.* The first mention perhaps of red-hot balls appears in the siege of Oudenarde by the Citizens of Ghent—Chronique, p. 293. This would be light summer work.

"J. B. came and sat an hour. I led him to talk of Woodstock; and, to say truth, his approbation did me much good. I am aware it *may*, nay, *must* be partial; yet is he Tom Tell-truth, and totally unable to disguise his real feelings. I think I make no habit of feeding on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow who, after eating a cherry-tart, proceeded to lick the plate. But when one is flagging, a little praise (if it can be had genuine and unadulterated by flattery, which is as difficult to come by as the genuine mountain-dew) is a cordial after all. So now—*vamos corazon*—let us atone for the loss of the morning.

"*February* 20.—Yesterday, though late in beginning, I nearly finished my task, which is six of

* This hint was taken up in Count Robert of Paris.

my close pages, about thirty pages of print, a full and uninterrupted day's work. To-day I have already written four, and with some confidence. Thus does flattery or praise oil the wheels. It is but two o'clock. Skene was here remonstrating against my taking apartments at the Albyn Club,* and recommending that I should rather stay with them. I told him that was altogether impossible. I hoped to visit them often, but for taking a permanent residence, I was altogether the Country Mouse, and voted for

— 'A hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.'†

The chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact.

"*February* 21.—Corrected the proofs of Malachi this morning; it may fall dead, and there will be a squib lost; it may chance to light on some ingredients of national feeling and set folk's beards in a blaze—and so much the better if it does. I mean, better for Scotland—not a whit for me. Attended the hearing in Parliament-House till near four o'clock, so I shall do little to-night, for I am tired and sleepy One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit

* This was a club-house on the London plan, in Prince's Street, a little eastward from the Mound. On its dissolution soon afterwards, Sir W. was elected by acclamation into the *elder* society called the *New Club*, who had then their house in St. Andrew's Square.

† Pope's *Imitation of Horace*, B. II. Sat. 6.

or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court, and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of the Exchequer always excepted.

"*February* 22.—Ballantyne breakfasted, and is to negotiate about Malachi with Blackwood. It reads not amiss; and if I can get a few guineas for it, I shall not be ashamed to take them; for, paying Lady Scott, I have just left between £3 and £4 for any necessary occasion, and my salary does not become due until 20th March, and the expense of removing, &c., is to be provided for:

'But shall we go mourn for that, my dear?'

The mere scarcity of money (so that actual wants are provided) is not poverty—it is the bitter draught to owe money which we cannot pay. Laboured fairly at Woodstock to-day, but principally in revising and adding to Malachi, of which an edition as a pamphlet is anxiously desired. I have lugged in my old friend Cardrona*—I hope it will not be thought unkindly.

* The late Mr Williamson of Cardrona, in Peeblesshire, was a strange humourist, of whom Sir Walter told many stories. The

The Banks are anxious to have it published. They were lately exercising lenity towards me, and if I can benefit them, it will be an instance of the 'King's errand lying in the cadger's gate.'

"*February* 23.—Corrected two sheets of Woodstock this morning. These are not the days of idleness. The fact is, that the not seeing company gives me a command of my time which I possessed at no other period in my life, at least since I knew how to make some use of my leisure. There is a great pleasure in sitting down to write with the consciousness that nothing will occur during the day to break the spell. Detained in the Court till past three, and came home just in time to escape a terrible squall. I am a good deal jaded, and will not work till after dinner. There is a sort of drowsy vacillation of mind attends fatigue with me. I can command my pen as the school-copy recommends, but cannot equally command my thoughts, and often write one word for another. Read a little volume called the *Omen*—very well written—deep and powerful language.*

allusion here is to the anecdote of the *Leetle Andrew* in the first of Malachi's Epistles.—See Scott's *Prose Miscellanies*, vol. xxi. p. 289.

* *The Omen*, by Mr Galt, had just been published.—See Sir Walter's review of this novel in his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xviii. p. 333, or in Blackwood's Magazine for July 1826. [John Galt died at Greenock in April 1839.]

after the proaches this greeted the bestowed the course and that is portant alone- Malachi banks the alarm red lion to press themselves cerned. cry with

24. — Went down to Court, and corrected Malachi. contemporary with having taken much pamphlet than on works interest on my fortunes. I have enough of revision and correction are alone — here I am taking up different. In a novel or may expect a drubbing in return. Besides this is public matter in which the feel deeply interested; and, therefore, is far than anything referring to my fame or Prosper's pamphlet will soon be out — have bespoke 500 copies. The country will press the alarm; and, I think, the Ministers will ramp a little, and the thistle again measure. I should rejoice to see impune. I do believe Scotsmen would rejoice to see Biron in Love's Labour Lost, shall not want backing. I in

I suppose all imaginative people feel more or less excitation from a scene of insurrection or tumult, of general expression of national feeling. When was a lad, poor Davie Douglas* used to accuse me

* More Atés, more Atés, stir them on.*

* Lord Reston. — *See ante*, Vol. I. p. 4.

of being *cupidus novarum rerum*, and say that I loved the stimulus of a broil. It might be so then, and even still—

'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'*

Whimsical enough, that when I was trying to animate Scotland against the currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of trust, assigning my whole estate, to be subscribed by me; so that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I proclaim myself incapable of managing my own. What of that? Who would think of their own trumpery debts, when they are taking the support of the whole system of Scottish banking on their shoulders? Odd enough too—on this day, for the first time since the awful 17th January, we entertain a party at dinner—Lady Anna Maria Elliot,† W. Clerk, John A. Murray,‡ and Thomas Thomson—as if we gave a dinner on account of my *cessio fori*.

"*February* 25.—Our party yesterday went off very gaily; much laugh and fun, and I think I enjoyed it more from the rarity of the event—I mean from having seen society at home so seldom of late.

* Gray's *Elegy*.

† Now Lady A. M. Donkin.

‡ Afterwards Lord Advocate, and now a Judge of Session by the title of Lord Murray.—[1839.]

My head aches slightly though; yet we were bottle of champaign, one of port, one of old s and two of claret, among four gentlemen and ladies. I have been led, from this incident, to of taking chambers near Clerk, in Rose Court. thinks the retired situation should suit me well. a man and woman would be my whole establishme My superfluous furniture might serve, and I cou ask a friend or two to dinner, as I have been accu tomed to do. I shall look at the place to-day. must set now to a second epistle of Malachi to the Athenians. If I can but get the sulky Scottish spirit set up, the devil won't turn them.

'Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
We'll over the Border, and give them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour;
Hey, Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver.'

"*February* 26.—Spent the morning and till dinner on Malachi's second epistle. It is difficult to steer betwixt the natural impulse of one's national feelings setting in one direction, and the prudent regard to the interests of the empire and its internal peace and quiet, recommending less vehement expression. I will endeavour to keep sight of both. But were my own interest alone concerned, d——n me but I would give it them hot! Had some valuable communications from Colin Mackenzie, which will supply my plentiful lack of facts.

"Received an anonymous [illegible] having read the first verse [illegible] the flames.—Peter Murray [illegible] sat half-an-hour—an old friend and [illegible], from the peculiarity and originality of his genius, is one of the most entertaining companions I have ever known. But I must finish Malachi.

"*February* 27.—Malachi is getting on; I must finish him to-night. I daresay some of my London friends will be displeased—Canning perhaps, for he is *engoué* of Huskisson. Can't help it.—The place I looked at won't do; but I must really get some lodging, for, reason or none, Dalgleish will not leave me, and cries and makes a scene.* Now, if I staid alone in a little set of chambers, he would serve greatly for my accommodation. There are some places of the kind in the New Buildings; but they are distant from the Court, and I cannot walk well on the pavement. It is odd enough, that just when I had made a resolution to use my coach frequently, I ceased to keep one.

February 28.—Completed Malachi to-day. It is more serious than the first, and in some places perhaps too peppery. Never mind; if you would have a horse kick, make a crupper out of a whin-

* Dalgleish was Sir Walter's butler. He said he cared not how much his wages were reduced—but go he would not.

Some ...d I trust to see Scotland kick and ... purpose. Woodstock lies back for this ... *quid non pro patria?*

"*March* 1. — Malachi is in the Edinburgh ... nal to-day, and reads like the work of an un... mising right-forward Scot of the old school ... of the cautious and pluckless instigators will ... of their confederate; for if a man of some en... openness of character happens to be on the s... with these jobbers, they stand as much in aw ... vehemence as did the inexperienced conju... invoked a fiend whom he could not manage. ... home in a heavy shower with the Solicitor. ... him on the question, but found him reserved ... future Lord Advocate must be cautious; bu... tell my good friend John Hope, that if he a... part of a firm and resolute Scottish patriot, h... own country and England will respect him th... Ah! Hal Dundas, there was no truckling in t... botsford; for we are flitting, if you please. ... with a sense of pain that I leave behind a pa... trumpery prints and little ornaments, once th... of Lady S——'s heart, but which she sees co... with indifference to the chance of an auction. ... that have had their day of importance with me ... not forget, though the merest trifles. But I ...

* *Whin-cow — Anglice*, a bush of furze.

that she, with bad health, and enough to vex her, has not the same useless mode of associating recollections with this unpleasant business. The best part of it is the necessity of leaving behind, viz. getting rid of, a set of most wretched daubs of landscapes, in great gilded frames, of which I have often been heartily ashamed. The history of them was curious. An amateur artist (a lady) happened to fall into misfortunes, upon which her landscapes, the character of which had been buoyed up far beyond their proper level, sank now beneath it, and it was low enough. One most amiable and accomplished old lady continued to encourage her pencil, and to order pictures after pictures, which she sent in presents to her friends. I suppose I have eight or ten of them, which I could not avoid accepting. There will be plenty of laughing when they come to be sold. It would be a good joke enough to cause it to be circulated that they were performances of my own in early youth, and looked on and bought up as curiosities. —— Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? You want to put off writing Woodstock, just as easily done as these memoranda, but which it happens your duty and your prudence recommend, and therefore you are loath to begin.

'Heigho,
I can't say no;
But this piece of task-work off I can stave, O,
For Malachi's posting into an octavo;

To correct the proof-sheets only this night I have,
So Conscience you've gotten as good as you gave.
But to-morrow a new day we'll better behave, O,
So I lay down the pen, and your pardon I crave.

"*March* 2.—I have a letter from Colin
kenzie, approving Malachi,—'Cold men
is too strong; but from the true men of
you are sure of the warmest gratitude.'
have yet found, nor do I expect it on this
that ill-will dies in debt, or what is called
distresses herself by frequent payments. The
like a ward-holding, and pays its reddendo
blows. The other a blanch-tenure, and is
for payment of a red rose, or a peppercorn.
takes the forlorn hope in an attack, is often
by them that should support him, and who
throw the blame of their own cowardice
rashness. We shall see this end in the
But I foresaw it from the beginning. The
will be persuaded that it is a squib which
their own fingers, and will curse the poor
nist that compounded it—if they do, they be
Slept indifferently, and dreamed of Napoleon
moments, of which I was reading a medical
last night, by Dr Arnott. Horrible death
on the pylorus. I would have given something
have lain still this morning and made up for lost
But *desidiæ valedixi*. If you once turn on your
after the hour at which you ought to rise,

over. Bolt up at once ... night last — the next is sure to be better.

'When the drum beats, make ready;
When the fife plays, march away —
To the roll-call, to the roll-call, to the roll-call,
Before the break of day.'

"Dined with Chief Commissioner: Admiral Adam, W. Clerk, Thomson, and I. The excellent old man was cheerful at intervals — at times sad, as was natural. A good blunder, he told us, occurred in the Annandale case, which was a question partly of domicile. It was proved, that leaving Lochwood, the Earl had given up his *kain* and *carriages*;* this an English counsel contended was the best of all possible proofs that the noble Earl designed an absolute change of residence, since he laid aside his *walking-stick* and his *coach*. First epistle of Malachi out of print already.

"*March* 3. — Could not get the last sheet of the Malachi, Second Epistle, so they must go out to the world uncorrected — a great loss, for the last touches are always most effectual; and I expect misprints in the additional matter. We were especially obliged to have it out this morning that it may operate as a gentle preparative for the meeting of inhabitants

* *Kain*, in Scotch law, means payment in *kind* — *Carriages*, in the same phraseology, stands for services in driving with horse and cart.

two o'clock. *Vogue la galere* — we shall
cotsmen have any pluck left. If not, they
e next Percy themselves. It is ridiculous
r me, in a state of insolvency for the
attling about gold and paper currency—it is
hing like the humorous touch in Hogarth's
Poet, where the poor starveling of the
raged, when in the abyss of poverty, in
Essay on Payment of the National Debt;
wall is adorned with a plan of the mines
Nevertheless, even these fugitive attempts,
success which they have had, and the
making, serve to show the truth of the old

'When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.'

On the whole, I am glad of this bruilzie,
I am concerned; people will not dare
an object of pity—no more 'poor-manning'
asks how many punds Scots the old champion
his pocket when

'He set a bugle to his mouth,
And blew so loud and shrill,
The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang every hill?'*

This sounds conceited enough, yet is
truth.
"The meeting was very numerous,
or six hundred at least, and unanimous

* Ballad of *Hardyknute*, slightly

Mr Howden, who having been all his life, as I am told, in bitter opposition to Ministers, proposed on the present occasion that the whole contested measure should be trusted to their wisdom. I suppose he chose the opportunity of placing his own opinion in opposition, single opposition too, to one of a large assembly. The speaking was very moderate. Report had said that Jeffrey, J. A. Murray, and other sages of the economical school, were to unbuckle their mails, and give us their opinions. But no such great guns appeared. If they had, having the multitude on my side, I would have tried to break a lance with them. A few short, but well expressed resolutions, were adopted unanimously. These were proposed by Lord Rollo, and seconded by Sir James Fergusson, Bart. I was named one of a committee to encourage all sorts of opposition to the measure. So I have already broken through two good and wise resolutions—one, that I would not write on political controversy; another, that I would not be named in public committees. If my good resolves go this way, like *snaw aff a dyke*—the Lord help me!

"*March* 4.—Last night I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of Malachi, says, 'The Ministers are sore beyond imagination at present; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose.' I conclude he means Canning is

offended. I can't help it, as I said before
justitia, ruat cælum. No cause in which I
slightest personal interest should have made
my pen against them, blunt and pointed as
be. But as they are about to throw this
into distress and danger, by a measure of
and uncalled for experiment, they must
opinion of the Scotsman, to whom it is
consequence than as a general measure affects
country at large—and more they shall
determined to lay down the pen. But
shall have another of Malachi, beginning
foonery, and ending as seriously as I can
It is like a frenzy that they will agitate
and middling classes of society, so very
them, with unnecessary and hazardous

'Oh, thus it was they loved them dear,
And sought how to requite 'em,
And having no friends left but they,
They did resolve to fight them.'

The country is very high just now. England m
carry the measure if she will, doubtless. But wha
will be the consequence of the distress ensuing, God
only can foretell. Lockhart, moreover, enquires
about my affairs anxiously, and asks what he is to
say about them; says 'he has enquiries every day;
kind, most kind all, and among the most interested
and anxious, Sir William Knighton, who told me

the King was quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it.' *This* I can well believe, for the King, educated as a prince, has nevertheless as true and kind a heart as any subject in his dominions. He goes on—'I do think they would give you a Baron's gown as soon as possible,' &c. I have written to him in answer, showing I have enough to carry me on, and can dedicate my literary efforts to clear my land. The preferment would suit me well, and the late Duke of Buccleuch gave me his interest for it. I daresay the young Duke would do the same, for the invaried love I have borne his house; and by and by he will have a voice potential. But there is Sir William Rae, whose prevailing claim I would never place my own in opposition to, even were it possible, by a *tour de force*, such as L. points at to set it aside. Meantime, I am building a barrier betwixt me and promotion.

"In the meanwhile, now I am not pulled about for money, &c., methinks I am happier without my wealth than with it. Everything is paid. I have no one anxious to *make up a sum*, and pushing for his account to be paid. Since 17th January, I have not laid out a guinea, out of my own hand, save two or three in charity, and six shillings for a pocket-book. But the cash with which I set out having run short for family expenses, I drew on Blackwood, through Ballantyne, which was honoured, for £25, to account of Malachi's Letters, of which another

edition of one thousand is ordered, and gave it to Lady Scott, because our removal will require that in hand. On the 20th my quarter comes in, and though I have something to pay out of it, I shall be on velvet for expense—and regular I will be. Methinks all trifling objects of expenditure seem to grow light in my eyes. That I may regain independence, I must be saving. But ambition awakes, as love of indulgence dies and is mortified within me. 'Dark Cuthullin will be renowned or dead.'*

"March 5.—Something of toddy and cigar in that last and light quotation, I think. Yet I only smoked two, have qualified with one glass of spirits and water. I written sworn I will not blot out what I have once here.

"March 6.—Finished third Malachi, which I don't much like. It respects the difficulty of finding ways to replace the paper circulation. Now this should have been considered first. The admitting that the measure may be imposed, is yielding up the question, and Malachi is like a commandant who should begin to fire from interior defences before his outworks were carried. If Ballantyne be of my own opinion, I will suppress it. We are all in a bustle shifting things to Abbotsford. It is odd, but

* Ossian.

I don't feel the impatience for the country w
have usually experienced.

"*March* 7.—Detained in the Court till
by a hearing. Then to the committee appe
the meeting on Friday, to look after the s
business. A pack of old *faineants*, incapal
naging such a business, and who will lose th
mere coldness of heart. There are about a
names at the petition. They have added
nations—a great blunder; for *testimonia*
deranda non numeranda should never be l
of. They are disconcerted and helpless; ju
the business of the King's visit, when ev
threw the weight on me. In another time—
gusted was I with seeing them sitting *in* inef
helplessness, spitting on the hot iron *that lay*
them, and touching it with a timid finger, as if
of being scalded, that I might have dashed ir
taken up the hammer, summoned the deacons
other heads of public bodies, and by consulting
have carried them with me. But I cannot was
time, health, and spirits, in fighting thankles
tles. I left them in a quarter of an hour, a
sage, unless the country make an alarm, the
lost. The philosophical reviewers manage
fairs better—hold off—avoid committing
but throw their *vis inertiæ* into the op
and neutralize feelings which they cannot

force them to fight on disadvantageous
policy. But we have more sneakers after
favour, than men who love their country's
upon a liberal scale, would serve their
to force the Whigs to avow an unpopular
in popular assemblies, or to wrench the
of such bodies from them, would be a coup
But they are alike destitute of manly
sound policy. D—n the whole nest
have corrected the last of Malachi, and
take its chance. I have made just
and indisposed enough of friends.

A "March 8.—At the Court, though
foolish thing happened while the
gaged with the teinds. I amused myself
on a sheet of paper, notes on Frederick's
account of the capture of Buonaparte's
lost these notes—shuffled in perhaps among
papers, or those of the teind clerks. What
document to be found in a process of valuation.
ing jaded and sleepy, I took up Le Duc de
on Naples. I think this, with the old Memoirs
the same subject which I have at Abbotsford, would
enable me to make a pretty essay for the Quarterly.
We must take up Woodstock now in good earnest.
Mr Cowan, a good and able man, is chosen trustee
in Constable's affairs, with full power. From what I
hear, the poor man Constable is not sensible of the

nature of his own situation; for myself, I have succeeded in putting the matter perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help it, and have arrived at a flocci-pauci-nihili-pili-fication of misery, and I thank whoever invented that long word. They are removing our wine, &c. to the carts, and you will judge if our flitting is not making a noise in the world, or in the street at least.

March 9.—I foresaw justly,

> 'When first I set this dangerous stone a-rolling,
> 'Twould fall upon myself.'*

Sir Robert Dundas to-day put into my hands a letter of between twenty and forty pages, in angry and bitter reprobation of Malachi, full of general averments, and very untenable arguments, all written *at* me by name, but of which I am to have no copy, and which is to be circulated to other special friends, to whom it may be necessary 'to give the sign to hate.' I got it at two o'clock, and returned it with an answer four hours afterwards, in which I have studied not to be tempted into either sarcastic or harsh expressions. A quarrel it is, however, in all the forms, between my old friend and myself, and his Lordship's reprimand is to be *read out in order* to all our friends. They all know what I have said is true, but that will be nothing to the purpose if they are desired to con-

* *King Henry VIII. Act. V. Scene* 3.

sider it as false. Nobody at least can
interest with Lord Melville as they used
the way, from the tone of his letter,
Lordship will give up the measure, and
peace-offering. All will agree to condemn
warm—too rash—and yet rejoice in
they would not have been able to save
rousing of spirit, which will not perhaps
again.—A gentleman called on the part
Rutherford, to make enquiry about the
fords. Not being very cleever, as John
to say, at these pedigree matters, referred
cousin Robert Rutherford. Very odd
is a vacant, or dormant title in a Scottish
name, everybody, and all connected
conceive they have quodam modo a right to
being engrossed by any individual, it
part of its lustre to every individual in
it remained in common stock for that purpose.

.. March 10.—I am not made entirely on
mould of passions like other people. Many
would deeply regret a breach with so old a
Lord Melville, and many men would be in
at losing the good graces of a Minister of State for
Scotland, and all pretty views about what might be
done for myself and my sons, especially Charles. But
I think my good Lord doth ill to be angry, like the
patriarch of old, and I have, in my odd sans souciance

character, a good handful of meal from the grist o the Jolly Miller, who

> ' Once
> Dwelled on the river Dee;
> I care for nobody, no not I,
> Since nobody cares for me.'

" Sandie Young* came in at breakfast-time with a Monsieur Brocque of Montpelier. Saw Sir Rober Dundas at Court. He is to send my letter to Lor Melville. Colin Mackenzie concurs in thinking Lor M. quite wrong. *He must cool in the skin h het in.*

" On coming home from the Court a good dea fatigued, I took a nap in my easy chair, then packed my books, and committed the refuse to Jock Steven- son —

> ' Left not a limb on which a Dane could triumph.'

Gave Mr Gibson my father's cabinet, which suits a man of business well. Gave Jock Stevenson the picture of my favourite dog Camp, mentioned in one of the introductions to Marmion, and a little crow- quill drawing of Melrose Abbey by Nelson, whom I used to call the Admiral, poor fellow. He had some ingenuity, and was in a moderate way a good penman and draughtsman. He left his situation of amanu-

* Alexander Young, Esq. of Harburn — a steady Whig of the old school, and a steady and highly esteemed friend of Sir Wal- ter's.

"*March* 11. — This day the Court rose after long and laborious sederunt. I employed the remainder of the day in completing a set of notes on Captain Maitland's manuscript narrative of the reception of Napoleon Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon. It had been previously in the hands of my friend Basil Hall, who had made many excellent corrections in point of style; but he had been hypercritical in wishing (in so important a matter, where everything depends on accuracy) this expression to be altered, for delicacy's sake — that to be corrected for fear of giving offence — and that other to be abridged, for fear of being tedious. The plain sailor's narrative for me, written on the spot, and bearing in its minuteness the evidence of its veracity. Lord Elgin sent me, some time since, a curious account of his imprisonment in France, and the attempts which were made to draw him into some intrigue which might authorize treating him with rigour.* He called to-day and communicated some curious circumstances, on the authority of Fouché, Denon, and others, respecting Buonaparte and the Empress Maria Louisa, whom Lord Elgin had conversed with on the subject in Italy. His conduct towards her was something like that of Ethwald to Elburga, in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedy, making her postpone her high

* See *Life of Buonaparte — Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xi. pp. 346–351.

heart throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting — as are perhaps their writers — riddles which have been read — schemes which time has destroyed or brought to maturity — memorials of friendships and enmities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallowed his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my Journal as poor Byron did to Moore — 'D—n it, Tom, don't be poetical.'

"*March* 14. — J. B. called this morning to take leave, and receive directions about proofs, &c. Talks of the uproar about Malachi; but I am tired of Malachi — the humour is off, and I have said what I wanted to say, and put the people of Scotland on their guard, as well as Ministers, if they like to be warned. They are gradually destroying what remains of nationality, and making the country *tabula rasa* for doctrines of bold innovation. Their loosening and grinding down all those peculiarities which distinguished us as Scotsmen, will throw the country into a state in which it will be universally turned to democracy, and instead of canny Saunders, they will have a very dangerous North-British neighbourhood. Some lawyer expressed to Lord Elibank an opinion that at the Union the English law should have been extended all over Scotland. 'I cannot say how that might have answered our purpose,' said Lord Patrick

who was never nonsuited for want of an answer, ' but it would scarce have suited *yours*, since by this time the *Aberdeen Advocates** would have possessed themselves of all the business in Westminster Hall.'

" What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the sickening effects of it are dispiriting to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or the mind that inflicts upon the body? I cannot tell; but it is a severe price to pay for the *Fata Morgana* with which Fancy sometimes amuses men of warm imaginations. As to body and mind, I fancy I might as well enquire whether the fiddle or fiddlestick makes the tune. In youth this complaint used to throw me into involuntary passions of causeless tears. But I will drive it away in the country by exercise. I wish I had been a mechanic: a turning-lathe or a chest of tools would have been a God-send; for thought makes the access of melancholy rather worse than better. I have it seldom, thank God, and, I believe lightly, in comparison of others.

" It was the fiddle, after all, was out of order — not the fiddlestick; the body, not the mind. I walked out; met Mrs Skene, who took a round with me in Prince's Street. Bade Constable and Cadell farewell, and had a brisk walk home, which enables me to face

* The *Attorneys* of the town of Aberdeen are styled *Advocates*. This valuable privilege is said to have been bestowed at an early period by some (sportive) monarch.

the desolation here with more spirit. N
Sophia. She has had the luck to get an anti
in a Dr Gooch, who prescribes care for Jo
stead of drugs, and a little home-brewed a
of wine; and, like a liberal physician, su
medicine he prescribes. As for myself, si
scarce stirred to take exercise for four or
no wonder I had the mulligrubs. It is an a
sation, though, and would have made an
of me, had I indulged my imagination on
subjects. I have been always careful to
mind in the most tranquil posture which
sume during my private exercises of devoti

"I have amused myself occasionally very
during the last few days by reading over L
gan's novel of O'Donnel, which has som
and beautiful passages of situation and d
and in the comic part is very rich and en
I do not remember being so much pleased
first. There is a want of story, always
book the first reading — and it is well if
chance of a second. Alas, poor novel!
again, and for the third time at least, Miss
very finely written novel of Pride and
That young lady had a talent for describin
volvements, and feelings, and characters o
life, which is to me the most wonderful
with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can
like any now going; but the exquisite tou

renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!

"*March* 15. — This morning I leave No. 39, Castle Street, for the last time. 'The cabin was convenient,' and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you. Not to desert the Lares all at once, Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me, I go, as aforesaid, this morning.

'Ha til mi tulidh'! —"*

---

* I return no more.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Domestic afflictions — Correspondence with Sir Robert Dundas and Mr Croker on the subject of Malachi Malagrowther.

1826.

SIR WALTER'S Diary begins to be clouded with a darker species of distress than mere loss of wealth could bring to his spirit. His darling grandson is sinking apace at Brighton. The misfortunes against which his manhood struggled with stern energy were encountered by his affectionate wife under the disadvantages of enfeebled health; and it seems but too evident that mental pain and mortification had a great share in hurrying her ailments to a fatal end.

Nevertheless, all his afflictions do not seem to have interrupted for more than a day or two his usual course of labour. With rare exceptions he appears, all through this trying period, to have finished his daily task — thirty printed pages of Woodstock, until that novel was completed; or, if he paused in it, he gave a similar space of time to some minor

production; such as his paper on Galt's Omen for Blackwood's Magazine—or his very valuable one on the Life of Kemble for the Quarterly Review. And hardly had Woodstock been finished before he began the Chronicles of the Canongate. He also corresponded much as usual (notwithstanding all he says about indolence on that score) with his absent friends; and I need scarcely add, that his duties as Sheriff claimed many hours every week. The picture of resolution and industry which this portion of his Journal presents, is certainly as remarkable as the boldest imagination could have conceived.

Before I open the Diary again, however, I may as well place in what an ingenious contemporary novelist calls an "Inter-Chapter," three letters connected with the affair of Malachi Malagrowther. The first was addressed to the late Sir Robert Dundas (his colleague at the Clerk's Table), on receiving through him the assurance that Lord Melville, however strong in his dissent from Malachi's views on the Currency Question, had not allowed that matter to interrupt his affectionate regard for the author The others will speak for themselves.

"*To Sir Robert Dundas of Dunira, Bart.,*
Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

"My Dear Sir Robert,

"I had your letter to-day, and am much inte-

rested and affected by its contents. Whatever Lord Melville's sentiments had been towards me, I could never have lost remembrance of the very early friend with whom I carried my satchel to school, and whose regard I had always considered as one of the happiest circumstances of my life. I remain of the same opinion respecting the Letters, which have occasioned so much more notice than they would have deserved, had there not been a very general feeling in this country, and among Lord Melville's best friends too, authorizing some public remonstrances of the kind from some one like myself, who had nothing to win or to lose — or rather, who hazarded losing a great deal in the good opinion of friends whom he was accustomed not to value only, but to reverence. As to my friend Croker, an adventurer like myself, I would throw my hat into the ring for love, and give him a bellyful. But I do not feel there is any call on me to do so, as I could not do it without entering into particulars, which I have avoided. If I had said, which I might have done, that, in a recent case, a gentleman holding an office under the Great Seal of Scotland, was referred to the English Crown Counsel — who gave their opinion — on which opinion the Secretary was prepared to act — that he was forcibly to be pushed from his situation, because he was, from age and malady, not adequate to its duties, — and that by a process of English law, the very name of which was unknown to us, — I would, I think, have made a

strong case. But I care not to enter into statements to the public, the indirect consequence of which might be painful to some of our friends. I only venture to hope on that subject, that, suffering Malachi to go as a misrepresenter, or calumninator, or what they will, some attention may be paid that such grounds for calumny and misrepresentation shall not exist in future—I am contented to be the scape-goat. I remember the late Lord Melville defending, in a manner that defied refutation, the Scots laws against sedition, and I have lived to see these repealed, by what our friend Baron Hume calls 'a bill for the better encouragement of sedition and treason.' It will last my day probably; at least I shall be too old to be shot, and have only the honourable chance of being hanged for *incivisme*. The whole burgher class of Scotland are gradually preparing for radical reform —I mean the middling and respectable classes; and when a burgh reform comes, which perhaps cannot long be delayed, Ministers will not return a member for Scotland from the towns. The gentry will abide longer by sound principles; for they are needy, and desire advancement for their sons, and appointments, and so on. But this is a very hollow dependence, and those who sincerely hold ancient opinions are waxing old.

"Differing so much as we do on this head, and holding my own opinion as I would do a point of religious faith, I am sure I ought to feel the more

indebted to Lord Melville's kindness and generosity for suffering our difference to be no breach in our ancient friendship. I shall always feel his sentiments in this respect as the deepest obligation I owe him; for, perhaps, there are some passages in Malachi's epistles that I ought to have moderated. But I desired to make a strong impression, and speak out, not on the Currency Question alone, but on the treatment of Scotland generally, the opinion which, I venture to say, has been long entertained by Lord Melville's best friends, though who that had anything to hope or fear would have hesitated to state it? So much for my Scottish feelings—prejudices, if you will; but which were born, and will die with me. For those I entertain towards Lord Melville personally, I can only say that I have lost much in my life; but the esteem of an old friend is that I should regret the most; and I repeat I feel most sensibly the generosity and kindness so much belonging to his nature, which can forgive that which has probably been most offensive to him. People may say I have been rash and inconsiderate; they cannot say I have been either selfish or malevolent—I have shunned all the sort of popularity attending the discussion; nay, have refused to distribute the obnoxious letters in a popular form, though urged from various quarters.

"Adieu! God bless you, my dear Sir Robert. You may send the whole or any part of this letter if you

think proper; I should not wish him to think that I was sulky about the continuance of his friendship.—I am yours most truly, WALTER SCOTT."

"*To Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

[*Private and confidential.*]

"Admiralty, March 16, 1826.

"My Dear Scott,

"I have seen Lord Melville's and your letters to Sir R. Dundas, and the tone of both of them makes me feel very anxious to say a confidential word or two to you on the subject. I am not going to meddle with the politics, which are bad enough in printed letters, but to endeavour, in the cordiality of a sincere private friendship, to satisfy you that these differences on speculative points of public policy do not, in this region, and ought not in yours, to cause any diminution of private intercourse and regard. Lord Melville certainly felt that *his* administration of Scottish affairs was sweepingly attacked, and the rest of the Government were astonished to see the one-pound note question made a kind of war-cry which might excite serious practical consequences; and, no doubt, these feelings were expressed pretty strongly, but it was in the spirit of *et tu, Brute!* The regard, the admiration, the love, which we all bear towards you, made the stroke so much more painful to those who thought it directed at them; but that feeling was local

and temporary: by local, I mean that the p
felt on the spot where the blow was given
hope and believe it was so temporary as t
ready forgotten. I can venture to assure yo
did not at all interfere with the deep sympa
which we all heard of the losses you had s
nor would it, I firmly believe, have cause
ment's hesitation in doing anything which
useful or agreeable to you, if such an opp
had occurred. However Lord Melville n
expressed his soreness on what, it must be
was an attack on *him*, as being for the las
years the Minister for Scotland, there is n
in the world who would be more glad to hav
portunity of giving you any mark of his reg
from the moment we heard of the inconveni
suffered, even down to this hour, I do not b
has had another feeling towards you privat
that which you might have expected from hi
good-nature and his particular friendship for

"As to *myself* (if I may venture to nam
to you), I am so ignorant of Scottish affairs
remote from Scottish interest, that you w
believe that I felt no *personal* discompos
Mr Malagrowther. What little I know of
you have taught me, and my chief feeling
subject was *wonder* that so clever a fellow
could entertain opinions so different from th
I fancied that I had learnt from you. But

nothing to do with our *private feelings*. If I differed from M. M. as widely as I do from Mr M'Culloch, that need not affect my *private feelings* towards Sir Walter Scott, nor his towards me. He may feel the matter very warmly as a Scotchman; I can only have a very general, and therefore proportionably faint interest in the subject; but in either case you and I are not, like Sir Archy and Sir Callaghan, to quarrel about Sir Archy's great grandmother; but I find that I am dwelling too long on so insignificant a part of the subject as myself. I took up my pen with the intention of satisfying you as to the feelings of more important persons, and I shall now quit the topic altogether, with a single remark, that this letter is strictly confidential, that even Lord Melville knows nothing of it, and *à plus forte raison*, nobody else. —Believe me to be, my dear Scott, most sincerely and affectionately yours, J. W. CROKER."

"*To J. W. Croker, Esq., M.P., &c. &c. Admiralty.*

"Abbotsford, 19th March 1826.

"My Dear Croker,

"I received your very kind letter with the feelings it was calculated to excite—those of great affection mixed with pain, which, indeed, I had already felt and anticipated before taking the step which I knew you must all feel as awkward, coming from one who has been honoured with so much personal

regard. I need not, I am sure, say, that from nothing but an honest desire of ser country. Depend upon it, that if a succ violent and experimental changes are made sion to session, with bills to amend bills, want of legislation had been at all felt, Scot within ten or twenty years, perhaps muc read a more fearful commentary on poor Epistles than any statesman residing ou country, and stranger to the habits an which are entertained here, can possibly My head may be low — I hope it will — time comes. But Scotland, completely libe she is in a fair way of being, will be the gerous neighbour to England that she has 1639. There is yet time to make a stand, is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeli the country. But if you *unscotch* us, you us damned mischievous Englishmen. Th and yet laborious and constantly watchful of the people, their desire for speculation or anything else, only restrained by son feelings about their own country, now beco quated, and which late measures will tend destroy, will make them, under a wrong the most formidable revolutionists who ever field of innovation. The late Lord Melv them well, and managed them according friend, the present Lord Melville. with

sagacity, has not the same advantages. His high office has kept him much in the south;—and when he comes down here, it is to mingle with persons who have almost all something to hope or ask for at his hands.

"But I shall say no more on this subject so far as politics are concerned, only you will remember the story of the shield, which was on one side gold, and on the other silver, and which two knights fought about till they were mutually mortally wounded, each avowing the metal to be that which he himself witnessed. You see the shield on the golden, I, God knows, not on the silver side—but in a black, gloomy, and most ominous aspect.

"With respect to your own share in the controversy, it promised me so great an honour that I laboured under a strong temptation to throw my hat into the ring, tie my colours to the ropes, cry, *Hollo there, Saint Andrew for Scotland!* and try what a good cause might do for a bad, at least an inferior, combatant. But then I must have brought forward my facts; and, as these must have compromised friends individually concerned, I felt myself obliged, with regret for forfeiting some honour, rather to abstain from the contest. Besides, my dear Croker, I must say, that you sported too many and too direct personal allusions to myself, not to authorise and even demand some retaliation *dans le meme genre;* and however good-humouredly men begin this sort

of ' sharp encounter of their wits,
the better of them at last. Wh
player, a sport at which I was once
we used to bar rapping over the k
always ended in breaking heads ;
remedied by baskets in a set-to w
but I know no such defence in the r
game of wit. So I thought it best
the loss of an old friend for a bad je
down with your odd hits, and the
must count on here for not repaying
to do so.

" As for my affairs, which you alla
I can safely say, that no oak ever quit
leaves more easily than I have done
considered as great wealth. I wish
as easy for me to endure impending m
very different kind. You may have he
hart's only child is very ill, and the de
the unfortunate boy have ended in a
spine, which is a hopeless calamity, and
ter's present situation, may have conseq
health terrible for me to anticipate. T
though it needs no addition—for the
voice is day and night in my ear—I
consultation of physicians, a most melanc
of my wife's health, the faithful compani
and smooth, weal and wo, for so many y
you compare me to Brutus in the harsl

his character, you must also allow me some of his stoical fortitude—'no man bears sorrow better.'*

"I cannot give you a more absolute assurance of the uninterrupted regard with which I must always think of you, and the confidence I repose in your expressions of cordiality, than by entering on details, which one reluctantly mentions, except to those who are sure to participate in them.

"As for Malachi, I am like poor Jean Gordon, the prototype of Meg Merrilees, who was ducked to death at Carlisle for being a Jacobite, and till she was smothered outright, cried out every time she got her head above water, *Charlie yet.* But I have said my say, and have no wish to give my friends a grain more offence than is consistent with the discharge of my own feelings, which, I think, would have choked me if I had not got my breath out. I had better, perhaps, have saved it to cool my porridge; I have only the prospect of being a sort of Highland Cassandra. But even Cassandra tired of her predictions, I suppose, when she had cried herself hoarse, and disturbed all her friends by howling in their ears what they were not willing to listen to.

"And so God bless you—and believe, though circumstances have greatly diminished the chance of our meeting, I have the same warm sense of your kindness as its uniform tendency has well deserved.—Yours affectionately, WALTER SCOTT."

* *Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Scene* 3.

CHAPTER LXX.

Diary resumed — Abbotsford in solitude — of Sir A. Don — Review of the Life of &c. — Conclusion of Woodstock — Death o Scott — Chronicles of the Canongate be Letter to Miss Edgeworth.

APRIL — MAY 1826.

DIARY.

"*Abbotsford, March* 15,—9 *at night* naturally unpleasant feelings which influence my ejectment, for such it is virtually, readil rated in the course of the journey, though I pleasanter companions than Mrs Mackay the keeper and one of the maids; and I have a of disposition, which looks like pride, but which makes me awkward in speaking to m hold domestics. With an out-of-doors' lab an old woman gathering sticks I can crack

I was welcomed here on my arrival by the tumult great of men and dogs, all happy to see me. One of my old labourers killed by the fall of a stone working at Gattonside Bridge. Old Will Straiton, my man of wisdom and proverbs, also dead. He was entertaining from his importance and self-conceit, but really a sensible old man. When he heard of my misfortunes, he went to bed, and said he would not rise again, and kept his word. He was very infirm when I last saw him. Tom Purdie in great glory, being released from all farm duty, and destined to attend the woods and be my special assistant.

"*March* 17.—Sent off a packet to J. B.; only three pages copy—so must work hard for a day or two. I wish I could wind up my bottom handsomely (an odd but accredited phrase); the conclusion will not be luminous; we must try to make it dashing. Have a good deal to do between hands in sorting up—hourly arrival of books. I need not have exulted so soon in having attained ease and quiet. I am robbed of both with a vengeance. A letter from Lockhart. My worst augury is verified; the medical people think poor Johnnie is losing strength; he is gone with his mother to Brighton. The bitterness of this probably impending calamity is extreme. The child was almost too good for this world; beautiful in features; and though spoiled by every one, having one of the sweetest tempers as well as the

quickest intellect I ever saw; a sense of humour quite extraordinary in a child, and, owing to the general notice which was taken of him, a great deal more information than suited his hours. He was born in the eighth month, and such children are never strong—seldom long-lived. I look on this side and that, and see nothing but protracted misery—a crippled frame, and decayed constitution, occupying the attention of his parents for years, and dying at the end of that period, when their hearts were turned on him; or the poor child may die before Sophia's confinement, and that may again be a dangerous and bad affair; or she may, by increase of attention to him, injure her own health. In short, to trace into how many branches such a misery may flow, is impossible. The poor dear love had so often a slow fever, that when it pressed its little lips to mine, I always foreboded to my own heart, what all I fear are now aware of.

"*March* 18.—Slept indifferently, and under the influence of Queen Mab, seldom auspicious to me. Dreamed of reading the tale of the Prince of the Black Marble Islands to little Johnnie, extended on a paralytic chair, and yet telling all his pretty stories about Ha-Papa, as he calls me, and Chiefswood—and waked to think I should see the little darling no more, or see him as a thing that had better never have existed. Oh, misery, misery, that the best I

can wish for him is early death, with all the wretchedness to his parents that is likely to ensue! I had intended to have staid at home to-day; but Tom more wisely had resolved that I should walk, and hung about the window with his axe and my own in his hand till I turned out with him, and helped to cut some fine paling.

"*March* 19.—Lady S., the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed on to see Dr Abercrombie, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected; yet the announcement of the truth is overwhelming. They are to stay a little longer in town to try the effects of a new medicine. On Wednesday they propose to return hither—a new affliction, where there was enough before; yet her constitution is so good, that if she will be guided by advice, things may be yet ameliorated. God grant it! for really these misfortunes come too close upon each other.

"*March* 20.—Despatched proofs and copy this morning; and Swanston the carpenter coming in, I made a sort of busy idle day of it with altering and hanging pictures and prints, to find room for those which came from Edinburgh, and by dint of being on foot from ten to near five, put all things into apple-

pie order. What strange beings we are! T
rious duties I have on hand cannot divert m
from the most melancholy thoughts; and y
talking of these workmen, and the trifling occ
which they give me, serves to dissipate my att
The truth is, I fancy that a body under the i
of violent motion cannot be stopped or force
but may indirectly be urged into a different c
In the evening I read and sent off my sheri
processes.

"*March* 21.—Perused an attack upon
done with as much ability as truth, by no
man than Joseph Hume, the night-work man
House of Commons, who lives upon petty
and is a very useful man by so doing. He h
the kindness to say that I am interested in
ing up the taxes; I wish I had anything els
with them than to pay them. But he is an a
not worth a man's thinking about. Joseph
indeed! — I say Joseph Hum, — and could
Swiftian rhyme, but forbear. Busy in unpacki
repacking. I wrote five pages of Woodstock,
work begins

'To appropinque an end.'*

"*March* 23.— Lady Scott arrived yester
dinner. She was better than I expected, but

* *Hudibras.*

poor soul, looked very poorly, and had been much worried with the fatigue and discomfort of the last week. Lady S. takes the *digitalis*, and, as she thinks, with advantage, though the medicine makes her very sick. Yet on the whole, things are better than my gloomy apprehensions had anticipated. Took a brushing walk, but not till I had done a good task.

"*March* 24.—Sent off copy, proofs, &c., to J. B.; clamorous for a motto. It is foolish to encourage people to expect such decoraments. It is like being in the habit of showing feats of strength, which you gain little praise by accomplishing, while some shame occurs in failure.

"*March* 26.—Here is a disagreeable morning; snowing and hailing, with gleams of bright sunshine between, and all the ground white, and all the air frozen. I don't like this jumbling of weather. It is ungenial, and gives chilblains. Besides, with its whiteness, and its coldness, and its discomfort, it resembles that most disagreeable of all things, a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll. I do not know what is so like this disagreeable day, when the sun is so bright, and yet so uninfluential, that

> 'One may gaze upon its beams,
> Till he is starved with cold.'

No matter, it will serve as well as another day to

finish Woodstock. Walked right to the lake, coquetted with this disagreeable weather, wher catch chilblains in my fingers, and cold in my Fed the swans. Finished Woodstock, however, *toto sequela* of title-page, introduction, &c., ar as Dame Fortune says in *Quevedo*,

'Fly wheel, and the devil drive thee.'*

"*March* 27.—Another bright cold day. swered two modest requests from widow ladies. whom I had already assisted in some law bus on the footing of her having visited my mothe quested me to write to Mr Peel, saying, on h thority, that her second son, a youth of i merit and accomplishment, was fit for any sit in a public office, and that I requested he mig provided accordingly. Another widowed dame, claim is having read Marmion and the Lady Lake, besides a promise to read all my other —Gad, it is a rash engagement!—demand I shall either pay £200 to get her cub into place or other, or settle him in a seminary of tion. Really this is very much after the fashion husbandman of Miguel Turra's requests of S when Governor. 'Have you anything else t honest man?' quoth Sancho. But what are th mands of an honest man to those of an honest w

* *Fortune in her Wits, and the Hour of all Men.* — VEDO'S WORKS, Edinburgh, 1798, vol. iii. p. 107.

and she a widow to boot? I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children, and one or two fit for patronage, is one of the most impudent animals living. Went to Galashiels, and settled the dispute about Sandie's Wall.

"*March* 28.—We have now been in solitude for some time—myself nearly totally so, excepting at meals. One is tempted to ask himself, knocking at the door of his own heart, Do you love this extreme loneliness? I can answer conscientiously, *I do*. The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth; when in my teens, I used to fly from company to indulge in visions and airy castles of my own, the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition awakening with other passions, threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always even glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated; and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirts and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high, the low, nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy, which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description. If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other. If thrown into society, I always have, and

always will endeavour to bring pleasure with m
least to show willingness to please. But for all
'I had rather live alone,' and I wish my app
ment, so convenient otherwise, did not require
going to Edinburgh. But this must be, and i
little lodging I shall be lonely enough. Readi
intervals a novel called Granby, one of the
that aspire to describe the actual current of so
whose colours are so evanescent, that it is dif
to fix them on the canvass. It is well written
over-laboured—too much attempt to put the r
exactly up to the thoughts and sentiments o
parties. The women do this better: Edgew
Ferrier, Austen, have all given portraits of re
ciety, far superior to anything man, vain man
produced of the like nature.

"*March* 29.—Worked in the morning. W
from one till half-past four. A fine flashy dis
able day—snow-clouds sweeping past among
shine, driving down the valley, and whitenin
country behind them. Mr Gibson came sudde
after dinner. Brought very indifferent news
Constable's house. It is not now hoped that
will pay above three or four shillings in the p
Robinson supposed not to be much better. H
goes to London immediately, to sell Woodsto
This work may fail, perhaps, though better
some of its predecessors. If so, we must try

new manner. I think I could catch the dogs yet. A beautiful and perfect lunar rainbow to-night.

"*April* 1.—*Ex uno die disce omnes.*—Rose at seven or sooner, studied and wrote till breakfast with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly-Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I shall feel drowsy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalgleish brings the dinner summons. Then I shall have a chat with Lady S. and Anne; some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat—and man's chief business, in Dr Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coquetting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whisky and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half

hour of chat; then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night; a little bread, and then a glass of porter, and to bed;—and this, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life—and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor Johnnie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well; for the latter—I fear—I fear——

"*April* 2.—I am in a wayward humour this morning. I received yesterday the last proof-sheets of Woodstock, and I ought to correct them. Now, this *ought* sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free good-will, sooner than I would *must* it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly, and silly folly too; and so *must* shall be for once obeyed *after* I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound.—Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock—when I think I will treat resolution, not to a dram, as the fellow said after he had passed the gin-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyesight is somewhat uncertain and wavering.

"*April* 3.—I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that Woodstock is sold for £8228; all ready money—a matchless sale for less than three months' work.* If Napoleon does as well, or near

* The reader will understand that, the Novel being sold for the

it, it will put the trust affairs in high flourish. Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with such success, amply replace my losses. I have a curious fancy; I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I shall succeed in clearing my way or not. I have a little toothach keeps me from working much to-day, besides I sent off, per Blucher, copy for Napoleon, as well as the d——d proofs.—A blank forenoon! But how could I help it, Madam Duty? I was not lazy; on my soul I was not. I did not cry for half holiday for the sale of Woodstock. But in came Colonel Fergusson with Mrs Stewart of Blackhill, or hall, or something, and I must show her the garden, pictures, &c. This lasts till one; and just as they are at their lunch, and about to go off, guard is relieved by the Laird and Lady Harden, and Miss Eliza Scott—and my dear Chief, whom I love very much, proving a little obsidional or so, remains till three. That same crown, composed of the grass which grew on the walls of besieged places, should be offered to visiters who stay above an hour in any eident* person's house. Wrote letters this evening.

"*April* 4.—Wrote two pages in the morning. Then went to Ashestiel with Colonel Fergusson.

behoof of James Ballantyne and Company's creditors, this sum includes the cost of printing the first edition, as well as paper.

* *Eident*, i. e. eagerly diligent.

Found my cousin Russell settled kindly to his
dening, &c. He seems to have brought home
him the enviable talent of being interested and ha
in his own place. Ashestiel looks waste, I th
at this time of the year, but is a beautiful plac
summer, where I passed some happy years. D
ever pass unhappy years anywhere? None th
remember, save those at the High School, whi
thoroughly detested on account of the confinem
I disliked serving in my father's office, too, from
same hatred to restraint. In other respects, I
had unhappy days, unhappy weeks—even, on
or two occasions, unhappy months; but Fortu
finger has never been able to play a dirge on me
a quarter of a year together. I am sorry to see
Peel-wood and other natural coppice decaying
abridged about Ashestiel—

> 'The horrid plough has razed the green,
> Where once my children play'd;
> The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
> The schoolboy's summer shade,'*

"There was a very romantic pasturage, called
Cow-park, which I was particularly attached to, f
its wild and sequestered character. Having been
of an old wood which had been cut down, it was
of copse—hazel, and oak, and all sorts of yo
trees, irregularly scattered over fine pasturage,

* These lines are slightly altered from Logan.

affording a hundred intricacies so delicious to the eye and the imagination. But some misjudging friend had cut down and cleared away without mercy, and divided the varied and sylvan scene (which *was* divided by a little rivulet) into the two most formal things in the world — a *thriving* plantation, many-angled, as usual — and a park *laid down in grass;* wanting, therefore, the rich graminivorous variety which Nature gives her carpet, and showing instead a braird of six days' growth — lean and hungry growth too — of rye-grass and clover. As for the rill, it stagnates in a deep square ditch, which silences its prattle, and restrains its meanders with a witness. The original scene was, of course, imprinted still deeper on Russell's mind than mine, and I was glad to see he was intensely sorry for the change.

"*April* 5. — Rose late in the morning to give the cold and toothach time to make themselves scarce, which they have obligingly done. Yesterday every tooth on the right side of my head was absolutely waltzing. I would have drawn by the half-dozen, but country dentists are not to be lippened * to. To-day all is quietness, but a little stiffness and swelling in the jaw. Worked a fair task; dined, and read Clapperton's journey and Denham's into Bornou. Very entertaining, and less botheration about mineralogy, botany, and so forth, than usual. Pity

* *Lippened* — i. e. relied upon.

Africa picks off so many brave men, however. W
again in the evening.

"*April* 6.—Wrote in the morning. We
one to Huntly-Burn, where I had the great ple
to hear, through a letter from Sir Adam, that S
was in health, and Johnnie gaining strength.
a fine exchange from deep and aching uncertain
so interesting a subject, to the little spitfire f
of 'well, but they might have taken the trou
write.' But so wretched a correspondent as r
has not much to say, so I will but grumble
ciently to maintain the patriarchial dignity.
turned in time to work, and to have a shoal of
from J. B. Among others, a letter from an
lady, who, for the *beaux yeux* which I shall
look upon, desires I may forthwith send her a
Waverley Novels, which she assures me will
era in her life. She may find out some other e

"*April* 7.—Made out my morning's task
one drove to Chiefswood, and walked home
Rhymer's Glen, Mar's Lee, and Haxell-C
Took me three hours. The heath gets som
heavier for me every year—but never mind,
it altogether as well as the day I could tread i
The plantations are getting all into green leaf,
cially the larches, if theirs may be called leaves,
are only a sort of hair. As I returned, there

in the phraseology of that most precise of prigs in a white collarless coat and chapeau bras, Mister Commissary * * * * * *, 'a rather dense inspissation of rain.' Deil care.

> 'Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
> And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?'*

Yet misfortune comes our way too. Poor Laidlaw lost a fine prattling child of five years old yesterday. It is odd enough — John, the Kentish Esquire, has just made the ejaculation which I adopted in the last page, when he kills Cade, and posts away up to Court to get the price set upon his head.—Here is a letter come from Lockhart, full of Court news, and all sorts of news. He erroneously supposes that I think of applying to Ministers about Charles. I would not make such an application for millions; I think if I were to ask patronage it would not be through them, for some time at least, and I might have better access.†

"*April* 8.—We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes—and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity about them when they come only

* 2*d King Henry VI. Act. IV. Scene* 10.

† In a letter of the same day he says — "My interest, as you might have known, lies Windsor-way."

like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorize diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe; when the one comes to chalk-stones, and you go to prison through the other, it is the devil. Or compare the effects of Sieur Gout and absolute poverty upon the stomach—the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other. Laidlaw's infant which died on Wednesday is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Coulter,*) but glad that I shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and looked the mourner well, he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemed to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary cere-

* See *ante*, Vol. III. p. 217.

monies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could. I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that *Distance!* What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance — the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators — the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them — the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road — none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident, but seeming just accessions, and no more; — this *is* affecting.

"*April* 12. — I have finished my task this morning at *half-past eleven* — easily and early — and, I

think, not amiss. I hope J. B. will make some
points of admiration!!!—otherwise I shall be d
pointed. If this work answers—if it *but* ans
it must set us on our legs; I am sure worse t
pery of mine has had a great run. I remember
what great difficulty I was brought to think n
something better than common, and now I wi
in mere faintness of heart give up good hopes.

"*April* 13.—On my return from my walk
terday, I learnt with great concern the death o
old friend, Sir Alexander Don. He cannot
been above six or seven-and-forty. Without
much together, we had, considering our dif
habits, lived in much friendship, and I sincere
gret his death. His habits were those of a gay
much connected with the turf; but he poss
strong natural parts, and in particular few men
speak better in public when he chose. He had
with power of sarcasm, and that indescribable
thing which marks the gentleman. His manne
society were extremely pleasing, and as he had a
for literature and the fine arts, there were few
agreeable companions, besides being a highly-spi
steady, and honourable man. His indolence prev
his turning these good parts towards acquirin
distinction he might have attained. He was a
the *detenus* whom Buonaparte's iniquitous comm
confined so long in France; and coming into

session of a large estate in right of his mother, the heiress of the Glencairn family, he had the means of being very expensive, and probably then acquired those gay habits which rendered him averse to serious business. Being our member for Roxburghshire, his death will make a stir amongst us. I prophesy Harden *will be here*, to talk about starting his son Henry. — Accordingly the Laird and Lady called. I exhorted him to write instantly. There can be no objection to Henry Scott for birth, fortune, or political principles; and I do not see where we could get a better representative.

"*April* 15. — Received last night letters from Sir John Scott Douglas, and Sir William Elliot of Stobbs, both canvassing for the county. Young Harry's the lad for me. Poor Don died of a disease in the heart; the body was opened, which was very right. Odd enough, too, to have a man, probably a friend two days before, slashing at one's heart as it were a bullock's. I had a letter yesterday from John Gibson. The House of Longman and Co. guarantee the sale of Woodstock. Also I made up what was due of my task both for 13th and 14th. So hey for a Swiftianism —

'I loll in my chair,
And around me I stare,
With a critical air,
Like a calf at a fair;

And, say I, Mrs Duty,
Good-morrow to your beauty,
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye.'

" Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty; do keep talking, then, but go to your work again. H is a day's task before you — the siege of Toulon. Call you that a task? d— me, I'll write it as fast Boney carried it on.

" *April* 16. — I am now far a-head with Nap. Lady Scott seems to make no way. A sad prospe In the evening a despatch from Lord Melville, writ with all the familiarity of former times. I am v glad of it.

" *Jedburgh, April* 17.— Came over to Jedbu this morning, to breakfast with my good old fri Mr Shortreed, and had my usual warm recepti Lord Gillies held the Circuit Court, and there no criminal trial for any offence whatever. I h attended these circuits with tolerable regularity si 1792, and though there is seldom much of imp tance to be done, yet I never remember before Porteous roll being quite blank. The Judge presented with a pair of white gloves, in conside tion of its being a maiden circuit.

" Received £100 from John Lockhart, for rev of Pepys; but this is by far too much — £50

plenty. Still 'I must *impeticos the gratillity*' * for the present. Wrote a great many letters. Dined with the Judge, where I met the disappointed candidate, Sir J. S. D., who took my excuse like a gentleman.

"*April* 18. — This morning I go down to Kelso to poor Don's funeral. It is, I suppose, forty years since I saw him first. I was staying at Sydenham, a lad of fourteen, or by'r Lady some sixteen; and he, a boy of six or seven, was brought to visit me on a pony, a groom holding the leading rein — and now I, an old grey man, am going to lay him in his grave. Sad work. The very road I go, is a road of grave recollections.

"*Abbotsford, April* 19. — Returned last night from the house of death and mourning to my own, now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. The result cannot yet be judged. — Two melancholy things last night. I left my pallet in our family apartment, to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining, when to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it. The funeral yesterday was very mournful, about fifty persons present, and all seemed affected.

* *Twelfth Night, Act II. Scene* 3

The domestics in particular were very much so. Alexander was a kind, though an exact master. was melancholy to see those apartments, wher have so often seen him play the graceful and l landlord, filled with those who were to carry hir his long home. There was very little talk of election, at least till the funeral was over.

"*April* 20.— Another death; Thomas Rid younger of Camiston, serjeant-major of the E burgh Troop in the sunny days of our yeomanry, a very good fellow.— The day was so tempting I went out with Tom Purdie to cut some trees, rather that my task was very well advanced. He me into the wood, as the blind King of Bohemia led by his four knights into the thick of the battl Agincourt or Cressy, and then, like the old king, struck good strokes more than one,' which is ma exercise.

"*April* 24.— Good news from Brighton. Sop is confined, and both she and her baby are doing w and the child's name is announced to be Walter- favourite name in our family, and I trust of no omen. Yet it is no charm for life. Of my fath family, I was the second Walter, if not the third. am glad the name came my way, for it was borne my father, great-grandfather, and great-great-gra father; also by the grandsire of that last nam

venerable person, who was the first laird of Raeburn. —Hurst and Robinson, the Yorkshire tykes, have failed, after all their swaggering. But if Woodstock and Napoleon take with the public, I shall care little about their insolvency; and if they do not, I don't think their solvency would have lasted long. Constable is sorely broken down.

> 'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That's sorry yet for thee.'

His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand; but I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense*. It is best to think so at least, until the contrary be demonstrated. To nourish angry passions against a man whom I really liked, would be to lay a blister on my own heart.

"*April* 27. — This is one of those abominable April mornings which deserve the name of *Sans Culotides*, as being cold, beggarly, coarse, savage, and intrusive. The earth lies an inch deep with snow, to the confusion of the worshippers of Flora. It is as imprudent to attach yourself to flowers in Scotland as to a caged bird; the cat, sooner or later, snaps up the one, and these *Sans Culotides* annihilate the other. It was but yesterday I was admiring the glorious flourish of the pears and apricots, and now hath come the 'killing frost.' But let it freeze without, we are comfortable within. Lady Scott con-

tinues better, and, we may hope, has got the turn
her disease.

"*April* 28.—Beautiful morning, but ice as th
as pasteboard, too surely showing that the ni
has made good yesterday's threat. Dalgleish, v
his most melancholy face, conveys the most dol
tidings from Bogie. But servants are fond of
woful, it gives such consequence to the person
communicates bad news. Wrote two letters,
read till twelve, and now for a stout walk among
plantations till four.—Found Lady Scott obvio
better, I think, than I had left her in the morn
In walking I am like a spavined horse, and heat
get on. The flourishing plantations around me a
great argument for me to labour hard. 'Barbarus
segetes?' I will write my finger-ends off first.

"*April* 29.—I was always afraid, privately,
Woodstock would not stand the test. In that case
fate would have been that of the unfortunate min
and trumpeter Maclean at the battle of Sheriffmu

'Through misfortune he happened to fa', man,
But saving his neck
His trumpet did break,
And came off without music at a', man,'*

J. B. corroborated my doubts by his raven-li

* Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii. p.

ing and criticizing; but the good fellow writes me this morning that he is written down an ass, and that the approbation is unanimous. It is but Edinburgh, to be sure; but Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London. It is a great mercy, and gives encouragement for future exertion. Having written two leaves this morning, I think I will turn out to my walk, though two hours earlier than usual. Egad, I could not persuade myself that it was such bad *Balaam*,* after all.

"*May* 2. — Yesterday was a splendid May-day — to-day seems inclined to be *soft*, as we call it; but *tant mieux*. Yesterday had a twang of frost in it. I must get to work and finish Boaden's Life of Kemble, and Kelly's Reminiscences, for the Quarterly.† — I wrote and read for three hours, and then walked, the day being soft and delightful; but, alas, all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer, thank God — but strength must fail at last. Since Sunday there has been a gradual change — very gradual — but, alas! to the worse. My hopes are almost gone. But I am determined to stand this grief as I have done others.

* *Balaam* is the cant name in a newspaper office for Asinine paragraphs, about monstrous productions of nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leave an awkward space that must be filled up somehow.

† See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xx. pp. 152–244.

"*May* 4.— On visiting Lady Scott's sick-
this morning I found her suffering, and I do
she knew me. Yet, after breakfast, she seem
rene and composed. The worst is, she will not
out about the symptoms under which she la
Sad, sad work. I am under the most melanch
prehension, for what constitution can hold out
these continued and wasting attacks. My niece
Scott, a prudent, sensible, and kind young
arrived to-day, having come down to assist us
distress from so far as Cheltenham. This is
consolation.— Henry Scott carries the county
opposition.

"*May* 6.— The same scene of hopeless
and unavailing anxiety. Still welcoming m
smile, and asserting she is better. I fear th
is too deeply entwined with the principles of li
labouring at this Review, without heart or
finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach t
in vain.

'Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities.'*

"*May* 7.— Hammered on at the Revie
backbone ached. But I believe it was a
affection, for a walk cured it. Sir Adam

* *2d King Henry VI. Act III. Scene*

Colonel dined here. So I spent the evening as pleasantly as I well could, considering I am so soon to go like a stranger to the town of which I have been so long a citizen, and leave my wife lingering, without prospect of recovery, under the charge of two poor girls. *Talia cogit dura necessitas.*

"*May* 8.—I went over to the election at Jedburgh There was a numerous meeting; the Whigs, who did not bring ten men to the meeting, of course took the whole matter under their patronage, which was much of a piece with the Blue Bottle drawing the carriage. To see the difference of modern times! We had a good dinner, and excellent wine; and I had ordered my carriage at half past seven, almost ashamed to start so soon. Everybody dispersed at so early an hour, however, that when Henry had left the chair, there was no carriage for me, and Peter proved his accuracy by showing me it was but a quarter past seven. In the days that I remember, they would have kept it up till day-light; nor do I think poor Don would have left the chair before midnight. Well, there is a medium. Without being a veteran Vice — a grey Iniquity, like Falstaff, I think an occasional jolly-bout, if not carried to excess, improved society: men were put into good humour; when the good wine did its good office, the jest, the song, the speech, had double effect; men were happy for the night, and better friends ever after, because they had been so.

"*May* 11.—'Der Abschied's tag ist da,
Schwer liegt es auf den herzen—schwe

"Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, be
in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. I
haps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt h
and nothing I could have expressed would have b
worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years
more, that this menaced event could not be far dist
I have seen plainly, within the last two months, t
recovery was hopeless. And yet to part with
companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill
that I did not, could not foresee. It withers my h
to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly h
again to seek confidence and counsel from that ea
which all might be safely confided. But in her p
sent lethargic state, what would my attendance h
availed — and Anne has promised close and const
intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne
day *en famille*. I cannot help it; but would rat
be at home and alone. However, I can go out t
I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessn
which struggles to invade me.

"*Edinburgh—Mrs Brown's Lodgings, No
St. David Street—May* 12.—I passed a pleas

* This is the opening couplet of a German trooper's song,
luded to, *ante* Vol. II. p. 13. The literal translation is—
The day of departure is come,
Heavy lies it on the hearts—heavy

day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

"Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, 'When I was at home I was in a better place;'* I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one.' Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr Shandy—a clergyman; and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.

"*May* 13.—The projected measure against the Scottish bank-notes has been abandoned. Malachi might clap his wings upon this, but, alas! domestic anxiety has cut his comb.—I think very lightly in general of praise; it costs men nothing, and is usually only lip-salve. Some praise, however, and from some people, does at once delight and strengthen the mind; and I insert in this place the quotation with which Ld. C. Baron Shepherd concluded a letter concerning me to the Chief Commissioner:—"Magna etiam illa laus, et admirabilis videri solet, tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortunâ, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem."† I record these words, not as meriting the high praise they imply, but to re-

* *As You Like it, Act I. Scene 4.*

† Cicero, *de Orat.* ii. 346.

mind me that such an opinion being partially entertained of me by a man of a character so eminent, it becomes me to make my conduct approach as much as possible to the standard at which he rates it.—As I must pay some cash in London, I have borrowed from Mr Alexander Ballantyne the sum of £500. If God should call me before next November, when my note falls due, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see that Mr Alexander Ballantyne does not suffer for having obliged me in a sort of exigency—he cannot afford it, and God has given my son the means to repay him.

"*May* 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.—Hogg was here yesterday in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of £100 from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself. But I long ago remonstrated against the transaction at all, and gave him £50 out of my pocket to avoid granting the accommodation, but it did no good.

"*May* 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

"*Abbotsford, May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child—the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. 'Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.' Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.—Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

"I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those

limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully
—but that yellow masque, with pinched fea
which seems to mock life rather than emulate i
it be the face that was once so full of lively e
sion? I will not look on it again. Anne thinl
little changed, because the latest idea she had f
of her mother is as she appeared under circums
of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of
parative ease. If I write long in this way,
write down my resolution, which I should
write up if I could. I wonder how I shall d
the large portion of thoughts which were he
thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet
long time at least. But I will not blaze cambr
crape in the public eye like a disconsolate wi
that most affected of all characters.

"*May* 17.—Last night Anne, after conv
with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down
rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seve
nutes, as if dead. Clarkson, however, has no
these affections.

"*May* 18.—Another day, and a bright one
external world, again opens on us; the air sof
the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering.
cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was
tural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wo
ready hold her; cold earth must have her soon.

it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere — somehow; *where* we cannot tell—*how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me,—the choking sensation. I have been to her room: there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her: she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said; when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since.

"They are arranging the chamber of death—that

which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall. Oh, my God!

"*May* 19.—Anne, poor love, is ill with her exertions and agitation—cannot walk—and is still hysterical, though less so. I ordered flesh-brush and tepid bath, which I think will bring her about. We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the names of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest, is one of the rules of ultra-civilisation which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living members; how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling; and so far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.

"*May* 20.—To-night, I trust, will bring Charles or Lockhart, or both; at least I must hear from them.

A letter from Violet Lockhart gave us the painful intelligence that she had not mentioned to Sophia the dangerous state in which her mother was. Most kindly meant, but certainly not so well judged. I have always thought that truth, even when painful, is a great duty on such occasions, and it is seldom that concealment is justifiable. Sophia's baby was christened on Sunday 14th May, at Brighton, by the name of Walter Scott. May God give him life and health to wear it with credit to himself and those belonging to him. Melancholy to think that the next morning after this ceremony deprived him of so near a relation!

"*May* 21.—Our sad prepartions for to-morrow continue. A letter from Lockhart; doubtful if Sophia's health will let him be here. If things permit he comes to-night. From Charles not a word; but I think I may expect him. I wish to-morrow were over; not that I fear it, for my nerves are pretty good, but it will be a day of many recollections.

"*May* 22.—Charles arrived last night much affected, of course. Anne had a return of her fainting-fits on seeing him, and again upon seeing Mr Ramsay,* the gentleman who performs the service. I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my

* The Rev. E. B. Ramsay, A. M., St. John's College, Cambridge,—minister of St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh.

late friend, Lady Alvanley,* the arrangement
whose funeral devolved upon me. How little
could guess when, where, and with respect to who
I should next hear those solemn words. Well, I
not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, mer
because it is painful; but I wish this day over.
kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if
were unreal that men seem to be doing and talki
about——

"*May* 23.—About an hour before the mourn
ceremony of yesterday, Walter arrived, having t
velled express from Ireland on receiving the ne
He was much affected, poor fellow, and no wond
Poor Charlotte nursed him, and perhaps for t
reason she was over partial to him. The wh
scene floats as a sort of dream before me—the be
tiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden amo
clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, e
in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaped for
prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty import
bustle of men with spades and mattocks—the tr
of carriages—the coffin containing the creature t
was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whor
was to consign to the very spot which in pleasu
parties we so frequently visited. It seems still a

* Lady Alvanley died at Edinburgh, 17th January 182
and was buried in the Chapel of Holyrood. See *ante*, Vol.
p. 2.

this could not be really so. But it is so—and duty to God and to my children must teach me patience. Poor Anne has had longer fits since our arrival from Dryburgh than before, but yesterday was the crisis. She desired to hear prayers read by Mr Ramsay, who performed the duty in the most solemn manner. But her strength could not carry it through. She fainted before the service was concluded.

"*May* 24.—Slept wretchedly, or rather waked wretchedly all night, and was very sick and bilious in consequence, and scarce able to hold up my head with pain. A walk, however, with my sons, did me a deal of good; indeed their society is the greatest support the world can afford me. Their ideas of everything are so just and honourable, kind towards their sisters, and affectionate to me, that I must be grateful to God for sparing them to me, and continue to battle with the world for their sakes, if not for my own.

"*May* 25.—I had sound sleep to-night, and waked with little or nothing of the strange dreamy feeling, which had made me for some days feel like one bewildered in a country where mist or snow has disguised those features of the landscape which are best known to him.—This evening Walter left us, being anxious to return to his wife as well as to his regiment.

"*May* 26.—A rough morning makes me thi
of St George's Channel, which Walter must cr
to-night or to-morrow to get to Athlone. The wi
is almost due east, however, and the Channel at
narrowest point between Portpatrick and Donagl
dee. His absence is a great blank in our cir
especially I think to his Sister Anne, to whom
shows invariably much kindness. But indeed th
do so without exception each towards the other; a
in weal or wo, have shown themselves a family
love. I will go to town on Monday and resume
labours. Being now of a grave nature, they can
go against the general temper of my feelings, and
other respects the exertion, as far as I am concern
will do me good; besides, I must re-establish
fortune for the sake of the children, and of my o
character. I have not leisure to indulge the disabl
and discouraging thoughts that press on me. W
an enemy coming upon my house, would I not
my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits? a
shall a similar despondency prevent me from mer
exertion? It shall not, by Heaven! This day a
to-morrow I give to the currency of the ideas wh
have of late occupied my mind, and with Mon
they shall be mingled at least with other thoug
and cares.—Last night Charles and I walked late
the terrace at Kaeside, when the clouds seemed acc
mulating in the wildest masses both on the Eild
Hills and other mountains in the distance. Th

rough morning reads the riddle. Dull, drooping, cheerless, has this day been. I cared not carrying my own gloom to the girls, and so sate in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awakened as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemed so absolute—my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over—and if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience.

"*May* 27.—A sleepless night. It is true, I should be up and be doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate to relieve the loneliness of these watches of the night. But I must not fail myself and my family——and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent. I must try *hors d'œuvre*—something that can go on between he necessary intervals of Nap. Mrs Murray Keith's ale of the Deserter, with her interview with the lad's other, may be made most affecting, but will hardly dure much expansion.* The frame-work may be a ghland tour, under the guardianship of the sort o tilion whom Mrs M. K. described to me——a sp of conducteur who regulated the motions of pany, made their halts, and was their Cicero——

* The Highland Widow—Waverley Novels, vol-

"*May* 28.—I wrote a few pages yesterday, and then walked. I believe the description of the old Scottish lady may do, but the change has been unceasingly rung upon Scottish subjects of late, and it strikes me that the introductory matter may be considered as an imitation of Washington Irving—yet not so neither. In short, I will go on. To-day make a dozen of close pages ready, and take J. B.'s advice. I intend the work as an *olla podrida*, into which any odds and ends of narrative or description may be thrown. I wrote easily. I think the exertion has done me good. I slept sound last night, and at waking, as is usual with me, I found I had some clear views and thoughts upon the subject of this trifling work. I wonder if others find so strongly as I do the truth of the Latin proverb, *Aurora musis amica*.

"*Edinburgh*, *May* 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. All will come easily round. But it is at first as if men looked strange on me, and bite their lip when they wring my hand, and indicated suppressed feelings. It is natural this should be—undoubtedly it has been so with me. Yet it is strange to find one's self resemble a cloud, which darkens gaiety wherever it interposes its chilling shade. Will it be better when, left to my own feelings, I

see the whole world pipe and dance
think it will. Their sympathy intrudes
affliction. I finished correcting the
Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article —
circumstances were most untoward.
a melancholy day — most melancholy.
poor Charles found me weeping. I d
what other folks feel, but with me the hy
sion that impels tears is a terrible violen
of throttling sensation — then succeeded
of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask i
Charlotte can actually be dead. I think
loss more than at the first blow. Poo
wishes to come back to study here when
ends at Oxford. I can see the motive.

"*May* 31. — The melancholy horrors of
must not return. To encourage that dre
of incapacity is to resign all authority over
and I have been used to say

'*My mind to me a kingdom is.*'*

I am rightful monarch; and, God to aid, I
be dethroned by any rebellious passion that
its standard against me. Such are morning th
strong as carle-hemp — says Burns —

* "This excellent philosophical song appears to ha
famous in the sixteenth century," &c. — PERCY'S *Reliques*
p. 307.

'Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man.'

Charles went by the steam-boat this morning a six. We parted last night mournfully on both sides Poor boy, this is his first serious sorrow. Wrote thi morning a Memorial on the Claim, which Constable' people prefer as to the copyrights of Woodstoc and Napoleon. My argument amounts to this, tha being no longer accountable as publishers, they can not claim the character of such, or assert any righ arising out of the contracts entered into while the held that capacity.—I also finished a few trifling me moranda on a book called the *Omen*, at Blackwood' request." *

* Since these Memoirs were originally published, the Edito has been favoured with a letter to Miss Edgeworth, which seem too valuable to be omitted. The Mr Jephson whose death i alluded to, was an intimate friend of the Edgeworthstown family who made one of the merry party that met Sir Walter unde their roof in August 1825—a clergyman of distinguished talent and very elegant manners. A volume of his sermons was, th reader will see, to be published by subscription for the benefit o his widow, who appears to have contemplated setting up a board ing-school in Edinburgh.

" *To Miss Edgeworth, &c.*

" My Dear Miss Edgeworth,—I had been long meditatin writing you a letter, but probably should have paid it off wit thinking about it, like the parrot in the show, had not your kin letter, just received, made it an absolute act of ingratitude t suspend my purpose any longer. Woe 's me if any of my friend

judge of my regard by my regularity as a c
partly having much necessarily to write, partly
but very sensible failure of my eyes, and partl
original sin which often prevents me from doing
ought to do, I have become a very unworthy lett

"The circumstances which have given you s
xiety, I am not stoic enough to treat with disrega
my nature to look upon what can't be helped with
bitter remembrances. My good fortune, so far as
cerned, was exactly like the motions of the Kings

'Ere a pot of good ale you could swallow,
It came with a whoop, and is gone with a hollo-

The fact is, I belong to that set of philosophers wh
called Nymmites, after their great founder Corpora
the fundamental maxim of whose school is, "*things*
they may"— and so let that matter rest; things past
be past care. I trust I shall do well enough, even i
ening aspect of affairs in this country should bring on
more wreckful storms, which is not at present at a
I had plenty of offers, you may believe, of assistance
Jane proffered her whole fortune as if she had bee
gooseberry. But what I have done foolishly, I will b
nance of wisely, and take the whole on my own should
Scott is not a person that cares much about fortune,
Beatrice, she amuses herself very well with her altered
for with a sort of high *persiflage* which she never got
she has a very generous and independent disposition.

"Abbotsford, 30th

"This letter was written as far as above, more than two
since; but I have since had great family distress, which,
the circumstances you allude to, has made me avoid writi
less where circumstances made it absolutely necessary.
when expecting soon to be confined, was obliged to go d
Brighton with little Johnnie, whose natural weakness has re

itself into a complaint in the spine, to cure which the p
has to lie on his back constantly, and there was the g
that he might be called for before Sophia's confinement
came her being rather prematurely delivered of an infa
health was at his birth very precarious, although, thank
seems now doing well. To complete this scene of dome
tress, is Lady Scott's bad health, which, though better
was, is still as precarious as possible. The complaint is
in her chest, and the remedy is foxglove, which seems
rather worse than most diseases, yet she sustains both the
and remedy to the surprise of medical persons. But—I
write more about it.—As to my pecuniary loss by Constab
not worth mentioning, and we have fair prospects that th
ness may be weathered without much ultimate loss of an
The political letters were merely a whim that took about
each. Of Woodstock, the best I know is that it has been s
£8400, instead of £3000, which Constable was to have
me. The people are mad, but that is the present circums
is their affair, and the publishers do not complain.

"I am deeply sorry for Mr Jephson's sudden death, an
much interested for his family. I have scarce seen a man I
so much on short acquaintance, he had so much good sens
complishment, and thorough gentlemanlike manners. D
on it, I will do what I can for the subscription. I think the
should have been twelve shillings, the usual price of an oc
and it should be printed well and on good paper. I beg yo
immediately put down the following names:—

	Copies.
Lady Scott of Abbotsford,	2
Miss Scott of Abbotsford,	1
Charles Scott, Brazen-Nose College, Oxford,	1
John Lockhart, Esq. Pall Mall, London,	1
Mrs Lockhart,	1
Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden,	1
Mrs Scott of Harden,	1
	8

	C
Lieut.-Col. Fergusson,	
William Scott, younger o Raeburn,	
Captain Walter Scott of Lo chore, King's Hussars,	
Mrs Scott of Lochore,	
Sir W. Scott,	

These are names which I will be responsible for, and will remit the money when I get to Edinburgh, as despatch in such cases is always useful. I have no doubt I may pick up a score of names more, if you will send me a subscription list.

" In general, I am resolute in subscribing only for myself, because I cannot think of asking my friends to subscribe to the numerous applications which I do not think myself entitled to decline — but this is a very different question.

" I am concerned to say, I do not think there is the most distant probability of success at Edinburgh in the line Mrs Jephson proposes, though I am happy to think it may answer better in Bath. We are a poor people, and in families of consideration our estates are almost uniformly strictly entailed on heirs-male; therefore the mother has to keep the female chickens under her own wing, and those of good account are generally desirous of bringing them out themselves, and their connections enable them to do so. Those, again, who are very wealthy, desire sometimes London education for their daughters. In short, there does not exist amongst us the style of young ladies who can give, for such advantages as I am sure Mrs Jephson would assure them, anything like £200 or £250 a-year. Our eldest sons get our estates, our younger become lawyers, go to India, or enter the army; our girls live at home while mamma can keep house on her jointure — get husbands if they can, and if not, do as they can on the interest of £1500 or £2000. The elder brother is in general an honest fellow, but embarrassed with debt; he keeps his sisters in his house if his wife is not cross; and a sort of half family pride, half family affection, carries the thing through. But for paying large pensions, it is not in the nature of things; besides, though a young Englishman or Irishman gets easily into good society in Edinburgh, it is, I think, more difficult for ladies to do so, unless with some strong recommendation — as fortunes, or talents, or accomplishments, or something. In short, I see no hope in that scheme. The melancholy resource of a boarding-school for young ladies might have succeeded, but the rates

have been always kept very low at Edinburgh, so as to make miserable work. My kind love to your brothers and sisters; hope Mrs Fox will make you all a lucky present with good fo tune to herself. —Walter and Jane have jointly and several threatened a descent upon Edgeworthstown from Athlone; b they are both really bashful as to doing what they should do, an so Don Whiskerandos and the Lady Tilburina may never accom plish what they themselves consider as grateful and proper.— Kindest regards to Mrs Edgeworth and Miss Sneyd. — Alway yours, WALTER SCOTT.

"2d May 1826, Abbotsford."

CHAPTER LXXI.

Woodstock—Reception of the Novel—Mrs Brown's lodgings—Extract from a Diary of Captain Basil Hall—Buonaparte resumed, and Chronicles of the Canongate begun—Uniform labour during Summer and Autumn—Extracts from Sir Walter's Journal—

JUNE—OCTOBER, 1826.

THE price received for Woodstock shows what eager competition had been called forth among the booksellers, when, after the lapse of several years, Constable's monopoly of Sir Walter's novels was abolished by their common calamity. The interest excited, not only in Scotland and England, but all over civilized Europe, by the news of Scott's misfortunes must also have had its influence in quickening the commercial rivalry. The reader need hardly be told, that the first meeting of James Ballantyne & Company's creditors witnessed the transformation

a month before darkly prophesied, of the "Gr
Unknown" into the "Too-well-known." Even t
those who had long ceased to entertain any doubt
to the main source at least of the Waverley romanc
there would have been something stirring in the fi
confession of the author; but it in fact included t
avowal, that he had stood alone in the work of cr
tion; and when the mighty claim came in the sa
breath with the announcement of personal ruin,
effect on the community of Edinburgh was electri
It is, in my opinion, not the least striking feat
in the foregoing Diary, that it contains no allus
(save the ominous one of 18th December) to t
long withheld revelation. He notes his painful
ticipation of returning to the Parliament-House
monstrari digito—as an insolvent. It does not se
even to have occurred to him, that when he appea
there the morning after his creditors had heard
confession, there could not be many men in the pl
but must gaze on his familiar features with a mixt
of curiosity, admiration, and sympathy, of whic
hero in the moment of victory might have been pr
—which might have swelled the heart of a ma
as he was bound to the stake. The universal feel
was, I believe, much what the late amiable and
complished Earl of Dudley expressed to Mr Mor
when these news reached them at Brighton. "S
ruined!" said he—"the author of Waverley ruin
Good God, let every man to whom he has gi

months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!"

It is no wonder that the book, which it was known he had been writing during this crisis of distress, should have been expected with solicitude. Shall we find him, asked thousands, to have been master truly of his genius in the moment of this ordeal? Shall we trace anything of his own experiences in the construction of his imaginary personages and events?

I know not how others interpreted various passages in Woodstock, but there were not a few that carried deep meaning for such of Scott's own friends as were acquainted with, not his pecuniary misfortune alone, but the drooping health of his wife, and the consolation afforded him by the dutiful devotion of his daughter Anne, in whose character and demeanour a change had occurred exactly similar to that painted in poor Alice Lee:—"A light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others." In several *mottoes*, and other scraps of verse, the curious reader will find similar traces of the facts and feelings recorded in the author's Diary.

As to the novel itself, though none can pretend to class it in the very highest rank of his works, since we feel throughout the effects of the great funda-

mental error, likened by a contemporary critic to that of the writer who should lay his scene at Rome immediately after the battle of Philippi, and introduce Brutus as the survivor in that conflict, and Cicero as his companion in victory; yet even this censor is forced to allow that Woodstock displays certain excellences, not exemplified in all the author's fictions, and which attest, more remarkably than any others could have done, the complete self-possession of the mind when composing it. Its great merit, Mr Senior thinks, is that it combines an extraordinary variety of incident with perfect *unity of action!* For the rest, after condemning, in my view far too broadly, the old Shakspearian Cavalier Sir Henry Lee, he says —

"The Cromwell and Charles II. are inaccurate as portraits, but, as imaginary characters, they are admirable. Charles is perhaps somewhat too stiff, and Cromwell too sentimental; but these impressions never struck us till our office forced us to pervert the work from its proper end, and to read for the purpose of criticism instead of enjoyment. We are not sure, however, that we do not prefer Tomkins to either of them; his cunning, profligacy, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm, are combined into a character as spirited as it is original. Wildrake, Rochecliffe, Desborough, Holdenough, and Bletson, are composed of fewer materials, and therefore exhibit less power in the author; but they are natural and forcible, particularly Holdenough. There are few subjects which Sir Walter seems more to delight in painting than the meliorating influence of religious feelings on an imperfect temper, even though somewhat alloyed by superstition and enthusiasm.— Woodstock is a picture full of false costume and incorrect design,

but splendidly grouped and coloured; and
imperfect knowledge of the real events has e
its beauties without being offended by its ina

There is one character of consider
which the reviewer does not allude
happened to have the slightest tincture
fondness for dogs, he would not have
something of the elaborate and affectiona
of old Maida, under the name of Bevis.

The success of this novel was great =
price was, its publishers had no reason to
bargain; and of course the rapid recei
sum as £8000, the product of hardly th
labour, highly gratified the body of credi
debtor had devoted to them whatever labou
should henceforth permit him to perform —
seen that he very soon began another works
and it will appear that he from the first de
"Chronicles of the Canongate" to be pu
Mr Robert Cadell. That gentleman's conne
Constable was, from circumstances of w
reader may have traced various little indicat
likely to be renewed after the catastrophe
old copartnership. They were now endeavo
establish themselves in separate businesses; a
was, of course, eager to secure the counten
Sir Walter. He did not hesitate a momen
conceived that Constable had acted in such a m
by him, especially in urging him to borrow

sums of money for his support after all chance of recovery was over, that he had more than forfeited all claims on his confidence; and Mr Cadell's frank conduct in warning Ballantyne and him against Constable's last mad proposal about a guarantee for £20,000, had produced a strong impression in his favour.

Sir Walter's Diary has given us some pleasing glimpses of the kind of feeling displayed by Ballantyne towards him, and by him towards Ballantyne, during these dark months. In justice to both, I shall here insert one of the notes addressed by Scott, while Woodstock was at press, to his critical typographer. It has reference to a request, that the success of Malachi Malagrowther might be followed up by a set of essays on Irish Absenteeism in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*; — the editorship of which paper, with the *literary* management of the printing-house, had been continued to Mr Ballantyne, upon a moderate salary, by his creditors' trustees. I may observe, that when the general superintendence of the printing-house came into the hands of regular men of business, it was found (notwithstanding the loss of Constable's great employment) a lucrative one: the creditors, after paying James his salary, cleared in one year £1200, which had for many before been a source of nothing but perplexity to its founders. No hints of mutual complaint or recrimination ever dropt from either of the fallen

partners. The printer, like Scott, submitted without a murmur of that sort, or indeed of any sort, to his reverses: he withdrew to a very small house in a sequestered suburban situation, and altered all his domestic habits and arrangements with decision and fortitude. Here he received many communications such as the following:—

"*To Mr James Ballantyne.*

"North St David Street.

"Dear James,

"I cannot see to read my manuscript in the way you propose — I would give a thousand pounds I could; but, like the officer of the Customs, when the Board desired him to read a coquet of his own, — I am coquet-*writer*, not coquet-*reader* — and you must be thankful that I can perform even that part of the duty.

"We must in some sort stand or fall *together;* and I do not wish you to think that I am forgetting your interest in my own — though I sincerely believe the former is what you least think of. But I am afraid I must decline the political task you invite me to. It would cost me a fortnight's hard work to do anything to purpose, for I have no information on the subject whatever. In short, as the Earl of Essex said on a certain occasion, 'Frankly, it may not be.' I hope next winter will afford me an opportunity to

do something, which, as Falstaff says, 'may do good.'—Ever yours, W. S

The date of this note (North St David St reminds me of a passage in Captain Basil H Diary. He called at Mrs Brown's lodging-h one morning—and on his return home wrote as lows:—

"A hundred and fifty years hence, when his w have become old classical authorities, it may int some fervent lover of his writings to know this great genius was about on Saturday the of June 1826—five months after the total ru his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days afte death of his wife.

"In the days of his good luck he used to li No. 39 in North Castle Street, in a house befi a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I f the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is obscured), the windows shuttered up, dusty, and fortless; and from the side of one projected a b with this inscription, "To Sell;" the stairs unwashed, and not a footmark told of the an hospitality which reigned within. In all nations which I am acquainted, the fashionable world westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great ti civilisation; and, *vice versa*, those persons wh cline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to decli

in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and enquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in St David Street, No. 6.

"I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door;—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions, and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his headquarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the record-ed honours of Lord Chatham, 'thickened over him.' Lady Scott were his constant companions; and Miss Scott were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and in short, his own family and the Lockharts were so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended ——— I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead ——his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London—and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps,

is the securest refuge for him — his eldest
married, and at a distance, and report speaks
probability of the title descending; in short,
dispersed, and the tourists, those "curiosos
tinentes," drive past Abbotsford gate, and curs
folly in having delayed for a year too late the
projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile, not t
the matter, the great man had, somehow or
managed to involve himself with printers, pul
bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all th
nity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufa
land-jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of
in money matters, the hour of reckoning ca
a thief in the night; and as our friend, like
thrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all h
went to wreck and ruin, and landed him,
gale was over, in the predicament of Robinso
with little more than a shirt to his back.
that able navigator, he is not cast away upon
rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left
the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is ab
still, and it will go hard, indeed, with him
not shape a raft that shall bring to shore m
cargo that an ordinary mind would leave i
to be swept away by the next change of
The distinction between man and the rest of
creation, certainly, is in nothing more re
than in the power which he possesses ove
turning to varied account the means with

world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict, that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

"Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the door. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe, but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore, and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the corners of his mouth countenance, and allowed the corners, and a renewed to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient,

Christian resignation. My meaning wi
derstood if it be imagined from this p
suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectatio
the first instance. I have no doubt, ind
feels, and most acutely, the bereavements
come upon him; but we may very fai
that among the many visiters he must
may be some who cannot understand that i
decent, or even possible, to hide those fine
deep in the heart. — He immediately bega
ing in his usual style — the chief topic bei
Denham (whom I had recently seen in Lon
his book of African Travels, which Sir W
evidently read with much attention. * * *
sitting a quarter of an hour, we came aw
pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in
and though bowed down a little by the blast,
and there a branch the less, as sturdy in th
as ever, and very possibly all the better for th
pline — better, I mean, for the public, inasmuc
has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion
one which all the world must admit to be thor
noble and generous."

A week before this visit took place, Sir
had sufficiently mastered himself to resume his
tasks; and he thenceforth worked with dete
resolution on the life of Napoleon, interlaying
or two of the Chronicles of the Canongate, wh

he had got before the press with his historical MS., *or felt the want of the only repose* he ever cared for —*a change of labour.* In *resuming* his own Diary, *I shall make extracts merely reflect* the life of pain- *because many entries rather less* largely than before, *ful exertion to which he had now* submitted himself, *without giving us any interesting* glimpses either of *his feelings or opinions. I hope I* have kept enough *to satisfy all proper curiosity on these* last points.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—— JUNE 1826.

"*Edinburgh, June 4.*—I wrote a good task yes- *terday, and to-day a great* one, scarce stirring from *the desk. I am not sure that it is right* to work so *hard; but a man must take himself,* as well as other *people, when in the humour. I doubt* if men of *method, who can lay aside or take up* the pen just *at the hours appointed, will ever be better* than poor *creatures.* Lady Louisa Stuart used to tell me of Mr Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, and in that capacity a noble transmuter of gold into lead, that he was a clerk in the India-House, with long ruffles and a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, who oc- casionally visited her father, John Earl of Bute. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he did exactly so many couplets day by day,

neither more nor less; and habit had made it ligh to him, however heavy it might seem to the reade Well, but if I lay down the pen, as the pain in m breast hints that I should, what am I to do? If think, why I shall weep—and that's nonsense; an I have no friend now—none—to relieve my tedious ness for half-an-hour of the gloaming. Let me b grateful—I have good news from Abbotsford.

"*June* 7.—Again a day of hard work—busy a half-past eight. I went to the Dean of Faculty to a consultation about Constable,* and sat wit said Dean and Mr J. S. More and J. Gibson. find they have as high hope of success as lawyer ought to express; and I think I know how our pro fession speak when sincere; but I cannot interes myself deeply in it. When I had come home fro such a business, I used to carry the news to poo Charlotte, who dressed her face in sadness or mirt as she saw the news affect me; this hangs lightl about me. I had almost forgot the appointment, J. G. had not sent me a card; I passed a piper i the street as I went to the Dean's, and could no help giving him a shilling to play *Pibroch a Donu Dhu* for luck's sake:—what a child I am!

* This alludes to the claim advanced by the creditors of Cou stable and Co. to the copyright of Woodstock and the Life o Napoleon. The Dean of the Faculty of Advocates was at thi time Mr Cranstoun, now Lord Corehouse.—[1839.]

"*June* 8.—Bilious and headach this morning. A dog howl'd all night and left me little sleep:—poor cur! I daresay he had his distresses, as I have mine. I was obliged to make Dalgleish shut the windows when he appeared at half-past six, as usual, and did not rise till nine. I have often deserved a headach in my younger days paying without having one, and Nature is, I suppose, paying off old scores. Ay—but then the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready, with lowered voice and stealthy pace, to smooth the pillow and offer condolence and assistance,—gone—gone—for ever—ever—ever. Well, there is another world, and we'll meet free from the mortal sorrows and frailties which beset us here:—amen, so be it. Let me change the topic with hand and head, and the heart must follow. I finished four pages to-day, headach, laziness and all.

"*June* 9.—Corrected a stubborn proof of this morning. These battles they have been the death of many a man—I think they will be mine. Well, but it clears to windward; so we will fag on. Slept well ast night. By the way, how intolerably selfish this Journal makes me seem—so much attention to ne's naturals and non-naturals? Lord Mackenzie* alled, and we had much chat about parish business. —The late regulations for preparing cases in the Outer-House do not work well. One effect of

* The eldest son of the Man of Feeling.

running causes faster through the Courts below is, that they go by scores to appeal, and Lord Gifford has hitherto decided them with such judgment, and so much rapidity, as to give great satisfaction. The consequence will in time be, that the Scottish Supreme Court will be in effect situated in London. Then down fall, as national objects of respect and veneration, the Scottish Bench, the Scottish Bar, the Scottish Law herself, and—and——— 'Here is an end of an auld sang.'* Were I as I have been, I would fight knee-deep in blood ere it came to that I shall always be proud of Malachi as having headed back the Southron, or helped to do so in one instance at least.

"*June* 11.—Bad dreams. Woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch* which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and this complicated sensation our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact pro-

* Speech of Lord Chancellor Seafield on the ratification of the Scotch Union.—See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xxv. p. 93.

duced by our own limbs rolling on each other. Well, here goes—*incumbite remis.*

"*June* 12.—Finished volume third of Napoleon. I resumed it on the 1st of *June*, the earliest period that I could bend my mind to it after my great loss. Since that time I have lived, to be sure, the life of a hermit, except attending the Court five days in the week for about three hours on an average. Except at that time, I have been reading or writing on the subject of Boney, and have finished last night, and sent to printer this morning, the last sheet of fifty-two written since 1st June. It is an awful screed; but grief makes me a housekeeper, and to labour is my only resource.

"*June* 14.—To-day I began with a page and a half before breakfast. This is always the best way. You stand like a child going to be bathed, shivering and shaking till the first pitcherful is flung about your ears, and then are as blythe as a water-wagtail. I am just come home from Court; and now, my friend Nap, have at you with a downright blow! Methinks I would fain make peace with my conscience by doing six pages to night, instead of one bit of Gruyere cheese. Bought a little choke-dog concern. When did I ever purchase anything for my own eating? But I will say no more of that. And now to the bread-mill—

"*June* 16.—Yesterday safe in the Court till nearly four. I had, of course, only time for my task. I fear I shall have little more to-day, for I have accepted to dine at Hector's. I got, yesterday, a present of two engravings from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of me, which (poor fellow!) was the last he ever painted, and certainly not the worst.* I had the pleasure to give one to young Davidoff for his uncle, the celebrated Black Captain of the campaign of 1812. Curious that he should be interested in getting the resemblance of a person whose mode of attaining some distinction has been very different. But I am sensible, that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition. I have been no sigher in shades—no writer of

> 'Songs and sonnets and rustical roundelays,
> Framed on fancies, and whistled on reeds.'†

"*Abbotsford, Saturday, June* 17.—Left Edinburgh to-day, after Parliament-House. My two girls met me at Torsonce, which was a pleasant surprise, and we returned in the sociable all together. Found everything right and well at Abbotsford under the new regime. I again took possession of the family bed-room and my widowed couch. This was a sore

* See *ante* Vol. VII. p. 13.

† Song of *The Hunting of the Hare.*

trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten.*

"*June* 19.—This morning wrote till half twelve—good day's work—at Canongate Chronicles. Methinks I can make this answer. Then drove to Huntly-Burn, and called at Chiefswood. Walked home. The country crying for rain; yet, on the whole, the weather delicious, dry, and warm, with a fine air of wind. The young woods are rising in a kind of profusion elsewhere. Let me once clear off these incumbrances, and they shall wave broader and deeper yet.

"*June* 21.—For a party of pleasure, I have attended to business well. Twenty pages of Croftangry, five printed pages each, attest my diligence, and I have had a delightful variation by the company of the two Annes. Regulated my little expenses here.

"*Edinburgh, June* 22.—Returned to my Patmos. Heard good news from Lockhart. He mentions Wife well, and John Hugh better. Regulated poor Southey

* This entry reminds me of Hannah More's account of Mrs Garrick's conduct after her husband's funeral—"She told me," says Mrs More, "that she prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."—See *Memoirs of Mrs More*, vol. i. p. 135.

testifying much interest for me, even to tears. It i
odd—am I so hard-hearted a man? I could no
have wept for him, though in distress I would hav
gone any length to serve him. I sometimes think
do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainl
my feelings are rather guided by reflection tha
impulse. But everybody has his own mode of ex
pressing interest, and mine is stoical even in bitteres
grief. I hope I am not the worse for wanting the
tenderness that I see others possess, and which is so
amiable. I think it does not cool my wish to be of
use when I can. But the truth is, I am better at
enduring or acting, than at consoling. From child-
hood's earliest hour, my heart rebelled against the
influence of external circumstances in myself and
others—*non est tanti!* To-day, I was detained in
the Court from half past ten till near four, yet I
finished and sent off a packet to Cadell, which will
finish one-third of the Chronicles, vol. 1st. Henry
Scott came in while I was at dinner, and sat while
I eat my beef-steak. A gourmand would think me
much at a loss, coming back to my ploughman's meal
of boiled beef and Scotch broth, from the rather *ré-*
cherché table at Abbotsford, but I have no philoso-
phy in my carelessness on that score. It is natural,
though I am no ascetic, as my father was.

"*June* 23.—I received to-day £10 from Black-
wood for the article on *The Omen*. Time was I

would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, and I, with many depending on me, must do the best can with my time; God help me.

"*Blair-Adam, June* 24.—Left Edinburgh yesterday after the Court, and came over here with the Lord Chief Baron and William Clerk, to spend as usual a day or two at the Chief-Commissioner's. His Lordship's family misfortunes and my own make our holiday this year more quiet of a more melancholy usual, and a sensible degree of hold on life in the re-union of our party. It was wise, however, not to omit it; for your is the sooner to any agreeable point of slacken your connexion, reduce yourself to the indifference and passive vegetation of old age.

"*June* 25.—Another melting day:—we have lounged away the morning, creeping about the place, sitting a great deal, and walking as little as might be, on account of the heat. Blair-Adam has been successively in possession of three generations of persons attached to and skilled in the art of embellishment, and may be fairly taken as a place where art and taste have done a great deal to improve nature. A long ridge of varied ground sloping to the foot of Benarty, and which originally was of a bare, mossy, boggy character, has been clothed by the son, father,

and grandfather; while the undulations and hollows, which seventy or eighty years since must have looked only like wrinkles in the black morasses, being now drained and lined, are skirted with deep woods, particularly of spruce, which thrives wonderfully, and covered with excellent grass. We drove in the droskie, and walked in the evening.

"*June* 26.—Another day of unmitigated heat; thermometer 82°: must be higher in Edinburgh, where I return to-night, when the decline of the sun makes travelling practicable. It will be well for my works to be there—not quite so well for me: there is a difference between the clever nice arrangement of Blair-Adam and Mrs Brown's accommodations, though he who is insured against worse has no right to complain of them. But the studious neatness of poor Charlotte has perhaps made me fastidious. She loved to see things clean, even to Oriental scrupulosity. So oddly do our deep recollections of other kinds correspond with the most petty occurrences of our life. Lord Chief Baron told us a story of the ruling passion strong in death. A Mr * * * *, a Master in Chancery, was on his deathbed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other Masters whom he enquired after, ventured to ask if Mr * * * * would be able to receive the deposition. The pro-

posal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The Master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—'Wallace.'—'Sir?'—'Your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the half-crown?' He was dead before morning.

"*Edinburgh, June* 27.—Returned to Edinburgh late last night, and had a most sweltering night of it. This day also cruel hot. However, I made a task, or nearly so, and read a good deal about the Egyptian expedition. I have also corrected proofs, and prepared for a great start, by filling myself with facts and ideas.

"*June* 29.—I walked out for an hour last night, and made one or two calls—the evening was delightful—

'Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose,
Even a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.'—

I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The Magazine seems to have paralyzed him. The poet was then Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, but has soon gave it up.

* Campbell's *Turkish Lady*.

only of the Pleasures of Hope, but of Hohenlinden, Lochiel, &c., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education. Many a clever boy is flogged into a dunce, and many an original composition corrected into mediocrity. Tom ought to have done a great deal more: his youthful promise was great. John Leyden introduced me to him. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated Hohenlinden to Leyden, he said—'Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him;—but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer—'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.' This feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!'

"Gave a poor poetess £1. Gibson writes me that £2300 is offered for the poor house; it is worth £300 more, but I will not oppose my own opinion and convenience to good and well-meant counsel: so farewell, poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there! It has sheltered me, from the prime of life to its decline; and now I must bid

good-by to it. I have bid good-by to my poor wife, so long its courteous and kind mistress — and I need not care about the empty rooms; yet it gives me a turn. Never mind; all in the day's work.

"*June* 30. — Here is another dreadful warm day, fit for nobody but the flies. I was detained in Court till four; dreadfully close, and obliged to drink water for refreshment, which formerly I used to scorn, even in the moors, with a burning August sun, the heat of exercise, and a hundred springs gushing around me. Corrected proofs, &c. on my return.

"*Abbotsford, July* 2. — I worked a little this morning, then had a long and warm walk. Captain and Mrs Hamilton, from Chiefswood, the present inhabitants of Lockhart's cottage, dined with us, which made the evening pleasant. He is a fine soldierly-looking man *—his wife a sweet good-humoured little woman. Since we were to lose the Lockharts, we could scarce have had more agreeable neighbours.

"*Edinburgh, July* 6. — Returned last night, and suffered, as usual, from the incursions of the black horse. Mr B—— C—— writes to condole with me. I think our acquaintance scarce warranted this; but

* Thomas Hamilton, Esq. — the author of Cyril Thornton — Men and Manners of America — Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, &c. &c.

it is well meant, and modestly done. I cannot conceive the idea of forcing myself on strangers in distress, and I have half a mind to turn sharp round on some of my consolers.

"*July* 8.—Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken; but I do think the tale of Elspat M'Tavish* in my bettermost manner—but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world, or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time.—Returning from the Court, looked into a fine show of wild beasts, and saw Nero the great lion, whom they had the brutal cruelty to bait with bull-dogs, against whom the noble creature disdained to exert his strength. He was lying like a prince in a large cage, where you might be admitted if you wish. I had a month's mind—but was afraid of the newspapers. I could be afraid of nothing else, for never did a creature seem more gentle and yet majestic. I longed to caress him. Wallace, the other Lion, born in Scotland, seemed much less trustworthy. He handled the dogs as his namesake did the southron.

"*July* 10.—Dined with John Swinton *en famille*. He told me an odd circumstance. Coming from Ber-

* The Highland Widow

wickshire in the mail-coach, he met with a passenger who seemed more like a military man than anything else. They talked on all sorts of subjects, at length on politics. Malachi's letters were mentioned, when the stranger observed they were much more seditious than some expressions for which he had three or four years ago been nearly sent to Botany Bay. And perceiving John Swinton's surprise at this avowal, he added, I am Kinloch of Kinloch. This gentleman had got engaged in the Radical business (the only real gentleman by the way who did), and harangued the weavers of Dundee with such emphasis, that he would have been tried and sent to Botany Bay, had he not fled abroad. He was outlawed, and only restored to his estates on a composition with Government. It seems to have escaped Mr Kinloch, that the man who places a lighted coal in the middle of combustibles and upon the floor, acts a little differently from him who places the same quantity of burning fuel in a fire grate.

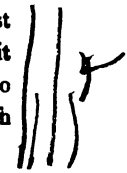
"*July* 13.—Dined yesterday with Lord Abercromby at a party he gave to Lord Melville and some old friends, who formed the Contemporary Club. Lord M. and I met with considerable feeling on both sides, and all our feuds were forgotten and forgiven; I conclude so at least, because one or two people, whom I know to be sharp observers of the weather-glass on occasion of such squalls, have been

earnest with me to meet him at parties — which I am well assured they would not have been (had I been Horace come to life again) were they not sure the breeze was over. For myself, I am happy that our usual state of friendship should be restored, though I could not have *come down proud stomach* to make advances, which is, among friends, always the duty of the richer and more powerful of the two. To-day I leave Mrs Brown's lodgings. I have done a monstrous sight of work here, notwithstanding the indolence of this last week, which must and shall be amended.

So good-by, Mrs Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not;
But all is fresh, and clear, and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play;
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
Which looks as if it had been sown only the other day,
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a-boll, they say,
But all's one for that, since I must and will away.

July 14, *Abbotsford.* — Anybody would think, from the fal-de-ral conclusion of my journal of yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humour — *cujus contrarium verum est.* But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy — I know not what to call it — that

mingled even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride — I fancy it will be so most truly termed — which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth 'which have no mirth in them.'



"*July* 16. — Sleepy, stupid, indolent — finished arranging the books, and after that was totally useless — unless it can be called study that I slumbered for three or four hours over a variorum edition of the Gill's-Hill tragedy.* Admirable escape for low spirits — for, not to mention the brutality of so extraordinary a murder, it led John Bull into one of his most uncommon fits of gambols, until at last he became so maudlin as to weep for the pitiless assassin, Thurtell, and treasure up the leaves and twigs of the hedge and shrubs in the fatal garden as valuable relics, nay, thronged the minor theatres to see the roan horse and yellow gig in which his victim was transported from one house to the other. I have not stept over the threshold to-day, so very stupid have I been.

* The murder of Weare by Thurtell and Co. at Gill's-Hill, in Hertfordshire. Sir Walter collected printed trials with great assiduity, and took care always to have the contemporary ballads and prints bound up with them. He admired particularly this verse of Mr Hook's broadside —

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

"*July* 17.—*Desidiæ tandem valedixi.*—Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye. I set stoutly about seven this morning to Boney—

> And long ere dinner time, I have
> Full eight close pages wrote;
> What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
> Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

"*July* 21.—To Mertoun. Lord and Lady Minto and several other guests were there, besides their own large family. So my lodging was a little room which I had not occupied since I was a bachelor, but often before in my frequent intercourse with this kind and hospitable family. Feeling myself returned to that celibacy which renders many accommodations indifferent which but lately were indispensable, my imagination drew a melancholy contrast between the young man entering the world on fire for fame, and busied in imagining means of coming by it, and the aged widower, *blasé* on the point of literary reputation, deprived of the social comforts of a married state, and looking back to regret instead of looking forward to hope. This brought bad sleep and unpleasing dreams. But if I cannot hope to be what I have been, I will not, if I can help it, suffer vain repining to make me worse than I may be. We

left Mertoun after breakfast, and the two Annes and I visited Lady Raeburn at Lessudden. My aunt is now in her ninetieth year—so clean, so nice, so well arranged in every respect, that it makes old age lovely. She talks both of late and former events with perfect possession of her faculties, and has only failed in her limbs. A great deal of kind feeling has survived, in spite of the frost of years. Home to dinner, and worked all the afternoon among the Moniteurs—to little purpose, for my principal acquisition was a headach.

"*July* 24.—At dinner-time to-day came Dr Jamieson* of the Scottish Dictionary—an excellent good man, and full of auld Scottish cracks, which amuse me well enough, but are *caviare* to the young people.

"*July* 26.—This day went to Selkirk, to hold a court. The Doctor chose to go with me. Action and reaction—Scots proverb—'The unrest (*i. e.* pendulum) of a clock gangs aye as far the ae gait as the t'other.'

"*July* 27.—Up and at it this morning, and finished four pages. An unpleasant letter from London,

* The venerable lexicographer often had lodgings near Abbotsford in the angling season, being still very fond of that sport. [Dr Jamieson died 12th July 1838, aged eighty-one.]

as if I might be troubled by some of the creditors there, if I should go up to get materials for Nap. I have no wish to go — none at all. I would even like to put off my visit, so far as John Lockhart and my daughter are concerned, and see them when the meeting could be more pleasant. But then, having an offer to see the correspondence from St Helena, I can make no doubt that I ought to go. However, if it is to infer any danger to my personal freedom, English wind shall not blow on me. It is monstrous hard to prevent me doing what is certainly the best for all parties.

"*July* 28. — I am wellnigh choked with the sulphurous heat of the weather — and my hand is as nervous as a paralytic's. Read through and corrected Saint Ronan's Well. I am no judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way. The story is horribly contorted and unnatural, and the catastrophe is melancholy, which should always be avoided. No matter; I have corrected it for the press.* Walter's account of his various quarters per last despatch. Query, if original: —

* This Novel was passing through the press in 8vo, 12mo, and 18mo., to complete collective editions in these sizes

'Loughrin is a blackguard place,
To Gort I give my curse,
Athlone itself is bad enough,
But Ballinrobe is worse.
I cannot tell which is the worst,
They're all so very bad;
But of all towns I ever saw,
Bad luck to Kinnegad.'

August 1.—Yesterday evening I took to arranging old plays, and scrambled through two. One, called *Michaelmas Term*, full of traits of manners; and another a sort of bouncing tragedy, called the Hector of Germany, or the Palsgrave. The last, worthless in the extreme, is like many of the plays in the beginning of the seventeenth century, written to a good tune. The dramatic poets of that time seem to have possessed as joint-stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them remind you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than in ours, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune or the Red Bull, which could not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain. Now to work.

"*August 2.*—I finished before dinner five leaves, and I would crow a little about it, but here comes Duty like an old housekeeper to an idle chambermaid. Hear her very words—

"*Duty.* Oh! you crow, do you? Pray, can you deny that your sitting so quiet at work was owing to its raining heavily all the forenoon, and indeed till dinner-time, so that nothing would have stirred out that could help it, save a duck or a goose? I trow, if it had been a fine day, by noon there would have been aching of the head, throbbing, shaking, and so forth, to make an apology for going out.

"*Egomet Ipse.* And whose head ever throbbed to go out when it rained, Mrs Duty?

"*Duty. Answer not to me with a fool-born jest,* as your friend Erskine used to say to you when you escaped from his good advice under the fire of some silly pun. You smoke a cigar after dinner, and I never check you—drink tea, too, which is loss of time; and then, instead of writing me one other page, or correcting those you have written out, you rollock into the woods till you have not a dry thread about you; and here you sit writing down my words in your foolish journal instead of minding my advice.

"*Ego.* Why, Mrs Duty, I would as gladly be friends with you as Crabbe's tradesman fellow with his conscience;* but you should have some consideration with human frailty.

"*Duty.* Reckon not on that. But, however, good night for the present. I would recommend to you to think no thoughts in which I am not mingled—

* See Crabbe's Tale of "The Struggles of Conscience."

to read no books in which I have no concern—to write three sheets of botheration all the six days of the week *per diem*, and on the seventh to send them to the printer. Thus advising, I heartily bid you farewell.

"*Ego.* Farewell, madam (*exit* DUTY)——and be d——d to ye for an unreasonable bitch! 'The devil must be in this greedy gled!' as the Earl of Angus said to his hawk; 'will she never be satisfied?'*

"*August* 3.—Wrote half a task in the morning. From eleven till half-past eight in Selkirk taking precognitions about a *row*, and came home famished and tired. Now, Mrs Duty, do you think there is no other Duty of the family but yourself? Or can the Sheriff-depute neglect his Duty, that the Author may mind *his*? The thing cannot be;—the people of Selkirk must have justice as well as the people of England books. So the two Duties may go pull caps about it. My conscience is clear.

"*August* 6.—Wrote to-day a very good day's work. Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs Tytler, a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal

* See Tales of a Grandfather, Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. xxii. p. 72.

of the family, who were very kind to us as newly entered on the world. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother; yet there we sat, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is over, the difference of years, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence.

"*August* 10.—Rose early, and wrote hard till two, when I went with Anne to Minto. I must not let her quite forego the custom of good society. We found the Scotts of Harden, &c., and had a very pleasant party. I like Lady M. particularly, but missed my facetious and lively friend, Lady Anna Maria. It is the fashion of some silly women and silly men to abuse her as a blue-stocking. If to have good sense and good-humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing—if of this the result must be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of fools who fear those who can turn them into ridicule: it is a common trick to revenge supposed raillery with good substantial calumny. Slept at Minto.

"*August* 11.—I was up as usual, and wrote about two leaves, meaning to finish my task at home; but found my Sheriff-substitute here on my return, which took up the evening. But I shall finish the volume

in less than a month after beginning it. The same exertion would bring the book out at Martinmas, but December is a better time.

"*August* 14.—Finished Vol. IV. yesterday evening—*Deo gratias.* This morning I was seized with a fit of the clevers, and finished my task by twelve o'clock, and hope to add something in the evening. I was guilty, however, of some waywardness, for I began Vol. V. of Boney instead of carrying on the Canongate as I proposed. The reason, however, was that I might not forget the information I had acquired about the treaty of Amiens.

"*August* 16.—Walter and Jane arrived last night. God be praised for restoring to me my dear children in good health, which has made me happier than anything that has happened these several months. If we had Lockhart and Sophia there would be a meeting of the beings dearest to me in life. Walked to ———, where I find a certain lady on a visit—so youthy, so beautiful, so strong in voice—with sense and learning—above all, so fond of good conversation, that, in compassion to my eyes, ears, and understanding, off I bolted in the middle of a tremendous shower of rain, and rather chose to be wet to the skin than to be bethumped with words at that rate. In the evening we had music from the girls, and the voice of the harp and viol were heard in my halls

once more, which have been so long deprived of mirth. It is with a mixed sensation I hear these sounds. I look on my children and am happy; and yet every now and then a pang shoots across my heart.

"*August* 19.—This morning wrote none excepting extracts, &c. being under the necessity of reading and collating a great deal, which lasted till one o'clock or thereabouts, when Dr and Mrs Brewster and their young people came to spend a day of happiness at the Lake. We were met there by Captain and Mrs Hamilton, and a full party. Since the days of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, these days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered; but we came off indifferently well. We did not indeed catch much fish; but we lounged about in a delightful day, eat and drank—and the children, who are very fine infantry, were clamorously enjoying themselves. We sounded the loch in two or three different places—the deepest may be sixty feet. I was accustomed to think it much more, but your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than was expected.

"*August* 23, *Bittock's-bridge.*—Set off early with Walter, Charles, and ladies, in the sociable, to make a trip to Drumlanrig. We breakfasted at Mr Boyd's, Broadmeadows, and were received with Yar-

row hospitality. From thence climbed the Yarrow, and skirted Saint Mary's Lake, and ascended the Birkhill path, under the moist and misty influence of the *genius loci*. Never mind—my companions were merry and I cheerful. When old people can be with the young without fatiguing them or themselves, their tempers derive the same benefits which some fantastic physicians of old supposed accrued to their constitutions from the breath of the young and healthy. You have not—cannot again have their gaiety or pleasure in seeing sights; but still it reflects itself upon you, and you are cheered and comforted. Our luncheon eaten in the herd's cottage;—but the poor woman saddened me unawares, by asking for poor Charlotte, whom she had often seen there with me. She put me in mind that I had come twice over those hills and bogs with a wheel-carriage, before the road, now an excellent one, was made. I knew it was true; but, on my soul, looking where we must have gone, I could hardly believe I had been such a fool. For riding, pass if you will; but to put one's neck in such a venture with a wheel-carriage was too silly.

"*Drumlanrig, August* 24.—What visions does not this magnificent old house bring back to me! The exterior is much improved since I first knew it. It was then in the state of dilapidation to which it had been abandoned by the celebrated old Q——, and was indeed scarce wind and water tight. Then

the whole wood had been felled, and the outraged castle stood in the midst of waste and desolation, excepting a few scattered old stumps, not judged worth the cutting. Now, the whole has been, ten or twelve years since, completely replanted, and the scattered seniors look as graceful as fathers surrounded by their children. The face of this immense estate has been scarcely less wonderfully changed. The scrambling tenants, who held a precarious tenure of lease under the Duke of Queensberry, at the risk (as actually took place) of losing their possession at his death, have given room to skilful men, working their farms regularly, and enjoying comfortable houses, at a rent which is enough to forbid idleness, but not to overpower industry.

"*August* 25.—The Duke has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man, and received us most kindly. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. The heart is excellent, so are the talents,—good sense and knowledge of the world, picked up at one of the great English schools (and it is one of their most important results), will prevent him from being deceived; and with perfect good-nature, he has a natural sense of his own situation, which will keep him from associating with unworthy companions. God bless him!—his father and I loved each other well, and his beautiful mother had as much of the angel

as is permitted to walk this earth. I see the balcony from which they welcomed poor Charlotte and me, long ere the ascent was surmounted, streaming out their white handkerchiefs from the battlements. There were *four* merry people that day—now one sad individual is all that remains. *Singula prædantur anni.* I had a long walk to-day through the new plantations, the Duchess's Walk by the Nith, &c. (formed by Prior's 'Kitty young and gay';) fell in with the ladies, but their donkies outwalked me—a flock of sheep afterwards outwalked me, and I began to think, on my conscience, that a snail put in training might soon outwalk me. I must lay the old salve to the old sore, and be thankful for being able to walk at all. Nothing was written to-day, my writing-desk having been forgot at Parkgate, but Tom Crichton fetched it up to-day, so something more or less may be done to morrow-morning—and now to dress.

"*Bittock's-bridge, August* 26.—We took our departure from the friendly halls of Drumlanrig this morning, after breakfast. I trust this young nobleman will be

'A hedge about his friends,
A heckle to his foes.'*

* Ballad on *young* Rob Roy's abduction of Jean Key.—*Cromek's Collection.*

I would have him not quite so soft-natured as his grandfather, whose kindness sometimes mastered his excellent understanding. His father had a temper which better jumped with my humour. Enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused, is no bad ingredient in their disposition who have favours to bestow.

"In coming from Parkgate here, I intended to accomplish a purpose which I have for some years entertained, of visiting Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, of which King James said, when he visited it, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. It rained heavily, however, which prevented my making this excursion, and indeed I rather over-walked myself yesterday, and have occasion for rest.

'So sit down, Robin, and rest thee.'

"*Abbotsford, August* 27. To-day we journeyed through the hills and amongst the storms; the weather rather bullying than bad. We viewed the Grey Mare's Tail, and I still feel confident in crawling along the ghastly bank, by which you approach the fall. I will certainly get some road of application to Mr Hope Johnstone, to pray him to make the place accessible. We got home before half-past four, having travelled forty miles.

. . . . .

"*Blair-Adam, August* 28.—Set off with Walter

and Jane at seven o'clock, and reach
the middle of dinner-time. By some
usual blunders, we had come a day
expected. Luckily, in this ceremonious
there are still houses where such blunders
a little raillery, and Blair-Adam is one
excellent friend is in high health and spirits
the presence of Sir Frederick adds not
lady is here — a beautiful woman, whose
realizes all the poetic dreams of Byron
certainly something of full maturity of
seems framed to be adoring and adored
to be found in the full dark eye, luxuriant
and rich complexion of Greece, and not
pale unripened beauties of the north.'
a mind this exquisite casket may contain
easily known. She is anxious to please,
to be pleased, and, with her striking beauty
fail to succeed.

"*August* 29. — Besides Mrs and Admiral
Mrs Loch, and Miss Adam, I find here
son of that Sir Elijah celebrated in India,
He has himself been in India, but has
deal of sense and observation, much better
than always falls to the share of the
venturer. The art of quiet, easy, entertaining
versation is, I think, chiefly known in England
Scotland we are pedantic, and wrangle,

away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean. They are the Gascons of Britain. George Ellis was the first converser I ever knew; his patience and good-breeding made me often ashamed of myself going off at score upon some favourite topic. Richard Sharp is so celebrated for this peculiar gift as to be generally called *Conversation Sharp.** The worst of this talent is, that it seems to lack sincerity. You never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover in what extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent.

"Thorough decided downfal of rain. Nothing for it but patience and proof-sheets.

"*August* 30.— The weather scarce permitted us more license than yesterday, yet we went down to Lochore, and Walter and I perambulated the pro

* Mr Sharp published, in 1834, a very elegant and interesting little volume of "Letters and Essays in prose and verse." See Quarterly Review, No. 102.

perty, and discussed the necessity of a new road from the south-west, also that of planting some willows along the ditches in the low grounds. Returned to Blair-Adam to dinner.

"*Abbotsford, August* 31.—Left Blair at seven in the morning. Transacted business with Cadell and Ballantyne. Arrived here at eight o'clock at night.

"*September* 6.—Walter being to return to Ireland for three weeks, set off to-day, and has taken Charles with him. I fear this is but a wild plan, but the prospect seemed to make them so happy, that I could not find in my heart to say 'No.' So away they went this morning to be as happy as they can. Youth is a fine carver and gilder. I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him! full of remonstrance deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of Buonaparte. The rogue is right, too. But, as to correcting my style, to the

'Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle

tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d——d if I do. Drew £12 in favour of Charles for his Irish jaunt; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could.

"*September* 8.—Sir Frederick Adam deeply re-

grets the present Greek war, as prematurely undertaken before knowledge and rational education had extended themselves sufficiently. The neighbourhood of the Ionian Islands was fast producing civilisation; and as knowledge is power, it is clear that example and opportunities of education must soon have given them an immense superiority over the Turk. This premature war has thrown all back into a state of barbarism. It was, I cannot doubt, precipitated by the agents of Russia. Sir Frederick spoke most highly of Byron — the soundness of his views, the respect in which he was held — his just ideas of the Grecian cause and character, and the practical and rational wishes he formed for them. Singular that a man whose conduct in his own personal affairs had been anything but practical, should be thus able to stand by the helm of a sinking State! Sir Frederick thinks he might have done much for them if he had lived. The rantipole friends of liberty, who go about freeing nations with the same success which Don Quixote had in redressing wrongs, have, of course, blundered everything which they touched. — Task bang-up.

" *September* 12.— I begin to fear Nap. will swell to seven volumes. I had a long letter from James B., threatening me with eight; but that is impossible. The event of his becoming Emperor is the central point of his history. Now I have just attained it,

and it is the centre of the third volume. Two volumes and a half may be necessary to complete the whole.— As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names.' *

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodements of good or evil to come. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come.

"*September* 13.—Wrote my task in the morning, and thereafter had a letter from that sage Privy-counsellor ——. He proposes to me that I shall propose to the —— of ——, and offers his own right honourable intervention to bring so beautiful a business to bear. I am struck dumb—absolutely mute and speechless—and how to prevent him making me farther a fool is not easy, for he has left me no time to assure him of the absurdity of what he proposes; and if he should ever hint at such a piece of d—d impertinence, what must the lady think of my conceit or of my feelings! I will write to his

* Milton's *Comus*, v. 208.

present quarters, however, that he may, if possible, have warning not to continue this absurdity.*

"*September* 14. — I should not have forgotten, among the *memorabilia* of yesterday, that two young Frenchmen made their way to our sublime presence, in guerdon of a laudatory copy of French verses sent up the evening before, by way of 'Open Sesamum,' I suppose. I have not read them, nor shall I. No man that ever wrote a line despised the *pap* of praise so heartily as I do. There is nothing I scorn more, except those who think the ordinary sort of praise or censure is matter of the least consequence. People have almost always some private view of distinguishing themselves, or of gratifying their animosity — some point, in short, to carry, with which you have no relation — when they take the trouble to praise you. In general, it is their purpose to get the person praised to puff away in return. To me their rank praises no more make amends for their bad poetry, than tainted butter would pass off stale fish.

"*September* 17. — Rather surprised with a letter

* Lady Scott had not been quite four months dead, and the entry of the preceding day shows how extremely ill-timed was this communication, from a gentleman with whom Sir Walter had never had any intimacy. This was not the only proposition of the kind that reached him during his widowhood. In the present case there was very high rank and an ample fortune.

from Lord Melville, informing me he and Mr Peel had put me into the Commission for enquiring into the condition of the Colleges in Scotland. I know little on the subject, but I daresay as much as some of the official persons who are inserted of course. The want of efficient men is the reason alleged. I must of course do my best, though I have little hope of being useful, and the time it will occupy is half ruinous to me, to whom time is everything. Besides, I suppose the honour is partly meant as an act of grace for Malachi.

"*Jedburgh, September* 19. — Circuit. Went to poor Mr Shortreed's, and regretted bitterly the distress of the family, though they endeavoured to bear it bravely, and to make my reception as comfortable and cheerful as possible. My old friend R. S. gave me a ring found in a grave at the Abbey, to be kept in memory of his son. I will certainly preserve it with especial care.*

"Many trifles at circuit, chiefly owing to the cheap whisky, as they were almost all riots. One case of an assault on a deaf and dumb woman. She was herself the chief evidence; but being totally without education, and having, from her situation,

* Mr Thomas Shortreed, a young gentleman of elegant taste and attainments, devotedly attached to Sir Walter, and much beloved in return, had recently died.

very imperfect notions of a Deity and a future state, no oath could be administered. Mr Kinniburgh, teacher of the deaf and dumb, was sworn interpreter, together with another person, her neighbour, who knew the accidental or conventional signs which the poor thing had invented for herself, as Mr K. was supposed to understand the more general or natural signs common to people in such a situation. He went through the task with much address, and it was wonderful to see them make themselves intelligible to each other by mere pantomime. Still I did not consider such evidence as much to be trusted to on a criminal case. Several previous interviews had been necessary between the interpreter and the witness, and this is very much like getting up a story. Some of the signs, brief in themselves, of which Mr K. gave long interpretations, put me in mind of Lord Burleigh in the Critic. 'Did he mean all this by a shake of the head?' 'Yes, if he shook his head as I taught him.' The man was found not guilty. Mr K. told us of a pupil of his whom he restored, as it may be said, to humanity, and who told him that his ideas of another world were that some great person in the skies lighted up the sun in the morning as he saw his mother light a fire, and the stars in the evening as she kindled a lamp. He said the witness had ideas of truth and falsehood, which was, I believe, true; and that she had an idea of punishment in a future state, which I doubt. He confessed she could

not give any guess at its duration, whether temporary or eternal. Dined of course with Lord Mackenzie, the Judge.

"*September* 20.—Waked after a restless night, in which I dreamed of poor Tom Shortreed. Breakfasted with the Rev. Dr Somerville. This venerable gentleman is one of the oldest of the literary brotherhood—I suppose about eighty-seven,*—and except a little deafness, quite entire. Living all his life in good society as a gentleman born—and having, besides, professional calls to make among the poor—he must know, of course, much that is curious concerning the momentous changes which have passed under his eyes. He talked of them accordingly, and has written something on the subject, but has scarce the force necessary to seize on the most striking points. The bowl that rolls easiest along the green goes farthest, and has the least day sticking to it I have often noticed that a kindly, placid, good-humour is the companion of longevity, and, I suspect, frequently the leading cause of it. Quick, keen, sharp observation, with the power of contrast and illustration, disturbs this easy current of thought. My

* The Rev. Dr Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, author of the "History of Great Britain during the reign of Queen Anne," and other works, died 14th May 1830, in the 90th year of his age, and 64th of his ministry. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 349.

good friend, the venerable Doctor, will not, I think, die of that disease.

"*September* 23.—Wrought in the morning, but only at reading and proofs. That cursed battle of Jena is like to cost me more time than it did Buonaparte to gain it. I met Colonel Fergusson about one, to see his dogs run. It is a sport I have loved well; but now, I know not why, I find it little interesting. To be sure, I used to gallop, and that I cannot now do. We had good sport, however, and killed five hares. I felt excited during the chase, but the feeling was but momentary. My mind was immediately turned to other remembrances, and to pondering upon the change which had taken place in my own feelings. The day was positively heavenly, and the wild hill-side, with our little coursing party, was beautiful to look at. Yet I felt like a man come from the dead, looking with indifference on that which interested him while living. We dined at Huntly-Burn. Kind and comfortable as usual.

"*September* 24.—I made a rally to-day, and wrote four pages, or nearly. Never stirred abroad the whole day, but was made happy after dinner by the return of Charles, full of his Irish jaunt, and happy as young men are with the change of scene. To-morrow I must go to Melville Castle. I wonder what I can do or say about these Universities. One

thing occurs — the distribution of bursaries only *ex meritis*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinction acquired at school to hold those scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who, doubtless, intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs — it is sharping a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet. Well, something we will do.

"*Melville Castle, September* 25. — Found Lord and Lady M. in great distress. Their son Robert is taken ill at a Russian town about 350 miles from Moscow — dangerously ill. The distance increases the extreme distress of the parents, who, however, bore it like themselves. I was glad to spend a day upon the old terms with such old friends, and believe my being with them, even in this moment of painful suspense, as it did not diminish the kindness of my reception, might rather tend to divert them from the cruel subject. Dr Nicoll, Principal of St Andrews, dined — a very gentlemanlike sensible man. We spoke of the visitation, of granting degrees, of public examinations, of abolishing the election of professors by the Senatus Academicus (a most pregnant source

of jobs), and much beside—but all desultory. I go back to Abbotsford to-morrow morning.

"*Abbotsford, September* 29.—A sort of zeal of working has seized me, which I must avail myself of. No dejection of mind, and no tremor of nerves, for which God be humbly thanked. My spirits are neither low nor high—grave, I think, and quiet—a complete twilight of the mind. I wrote five pages, nearly a double task, yet wandered for three hours, axe in hand, superintending the thinning of the home planting. That does good too. I feel it give steadiness to my mind. Women, it is said, go mad much seldomer than men. I fancy, if this be true, it is in some degree owing to the little manual works in which they are constantly employed, which regulate in some degree the current of ideas, as the pendulum regulates the motion of the time-piece. I do not know if this is sense or nonsense; but I am sensible that if I were in solitary confinement, without either the power of taking exercise or employing myself in study, six months would make me a madman or an idiot.

"*October* 3.—I wrote my task as usual;—but, strange to tell, there is a want of paper. I expect some to-day. In the meantime, to avoid all quarrel with Dame Duty, I cut up some other leaves into the usual statutory size They say of a fowl, that

if you draw a chalk line on a table, and lay chick-a-diddle down with his bill upon it, the poor thing will imagine himself opposed by an insurmountable barrier, which he will not attempt to cross. Suchlike are one-half of the obstacles which serve to interrupt our best resolves, and such is my pretended want of paper. It is like Sterne's want of *sous*, when he went to relieve the *Pauvre Honteux*.

"*October 5.*—I was thinking this morning that my time glided away in a singularly monotonous manner,—like one of those dark grey days which neither promise sunshine nor threaten rain — too melancholy for enjoyment, too tranquil for repining. But this day has brought a change which somewhat shakes my philosophy. I find, by a letter from J. Gibson, that I *may* go to London without danger, and if I may, I in a manner *must*, to examine the papers in the Secretary of State's office about Buonaparte when at St Helena. The opportunity having been offered, must be accepted; and yet I had much rather stay at home. Even the prospect of seeing Sophia and Lockhart must be mingled with pain; — yet this is foolish too. Lady Hamilton* writes me that Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Minister at Paris,

* Now Lady Jane Hamilton Dalrymple—the eldest daughter of the illustrious Admiral Lord Duncan. Her Ladyship's kindness procured several valuable communications to the author of the Life of Buonaparte.

is willing to communicate to me some particulars of Buonaparte's early life. Query might I not go on there? In for a penny, in for a pound. I intend to take Anne with me, and the pleasure will be great to her, who deserves much at my hand.

"*October* 9. — A gracious letter from Messrs Abud and Son, bill-brokers, &c.; assure my trustees that they will institute no legal proceedings against me for four or five weeks. And so I am permitted to spend my money and my time to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of this journey. They are Jews: I suppose the devil baits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from.

"*October* 10. — I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris. I have great unwillingness to set out on this journey; I almost think it ominous; but

> 'They that look to freits, my master dear,
> Their freits will follow them.'

I am down-hearted about leaving all my things, after I was quietly settled; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journeys. And to be at the mercy of these fellows. God help—but rather God bless—man must help himself.

"*October* 11.—We are ingenious self-tormentors This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears—'Scott, do not go.' It half frightens me. Strange throbbing at my heart, and a disposition to be very sick. It is just the effect of so many feelings which had been lulled asleep by the uniformity of my life, but which awaken on any new subject of agitation. Poor, poor, Charlotte!! I cannot daub it farther. I get incapable of arranging my papers too. I will go out for half an hour. God relieve me!"

H. May 31

END OF VOL. VIII.

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

H

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.